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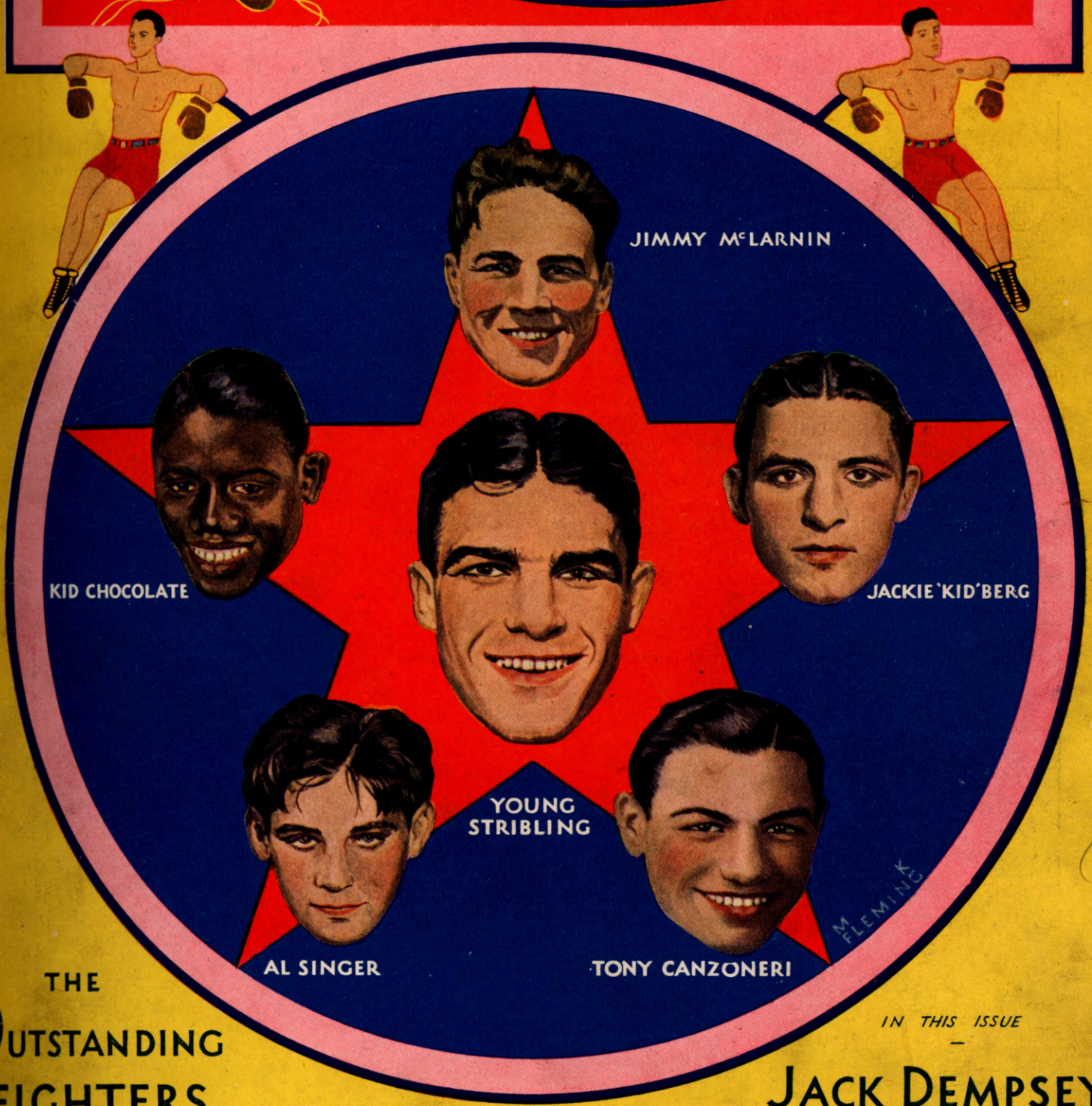
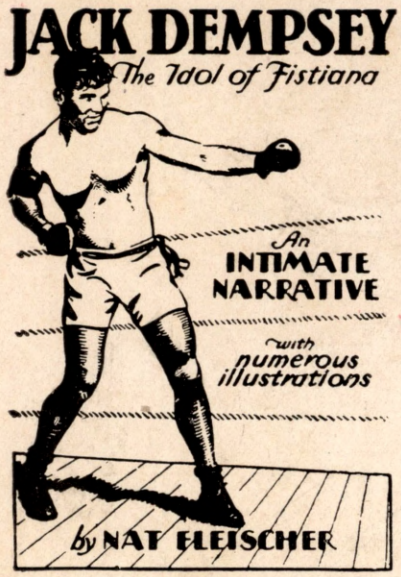


THE OUTSTANDING FIGHTERS OF 1930

IN THIS ISSUE

JACK DEMPSEY'S RANKING OF BOXERS

A Story with a PUNCH



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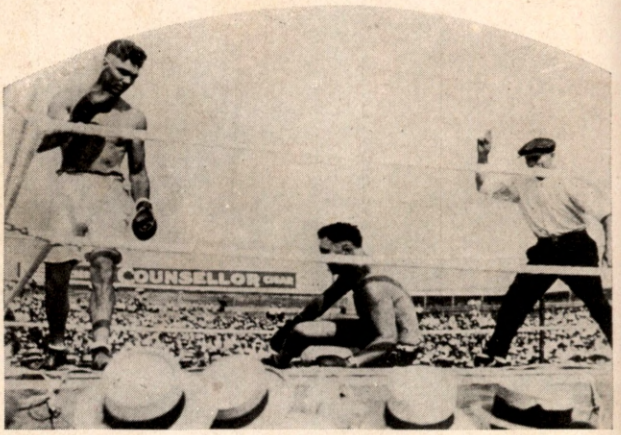

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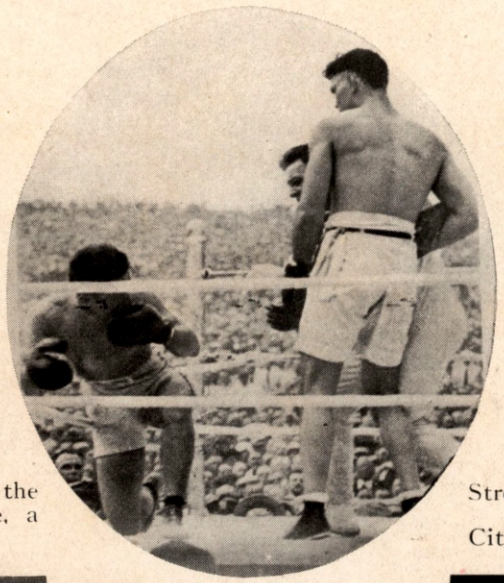

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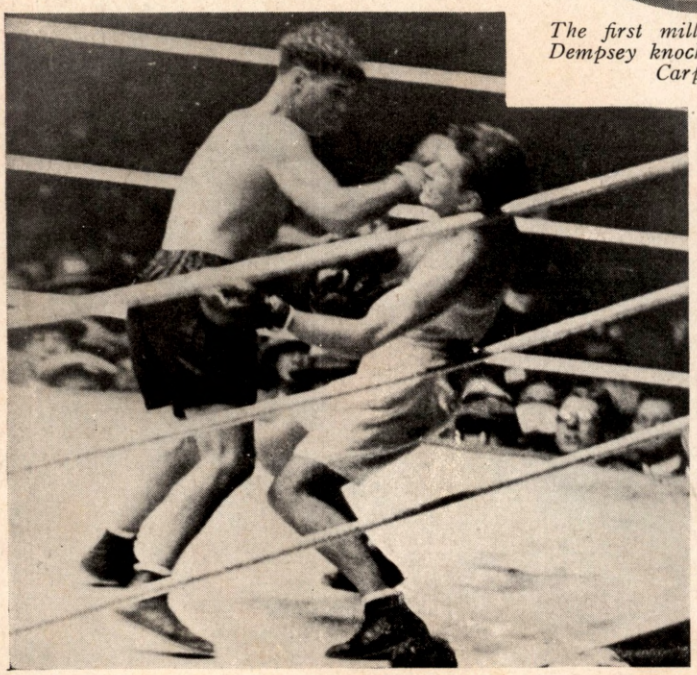
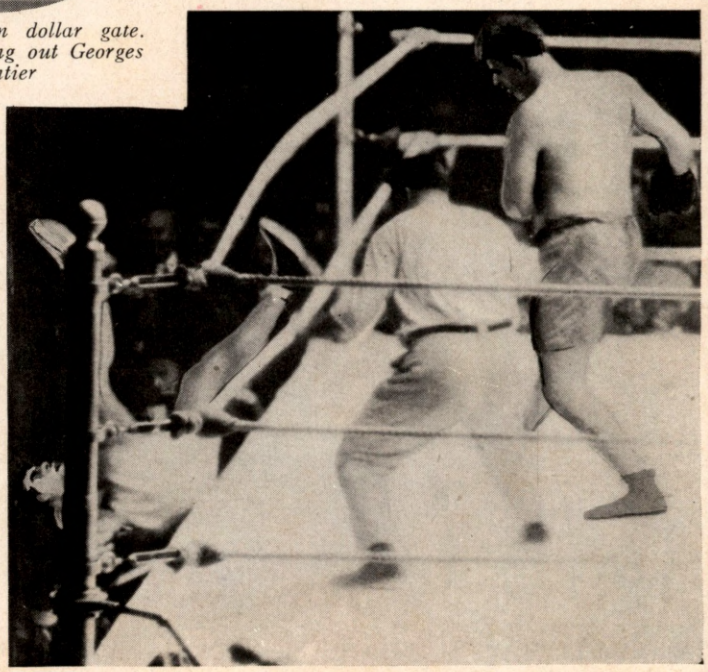
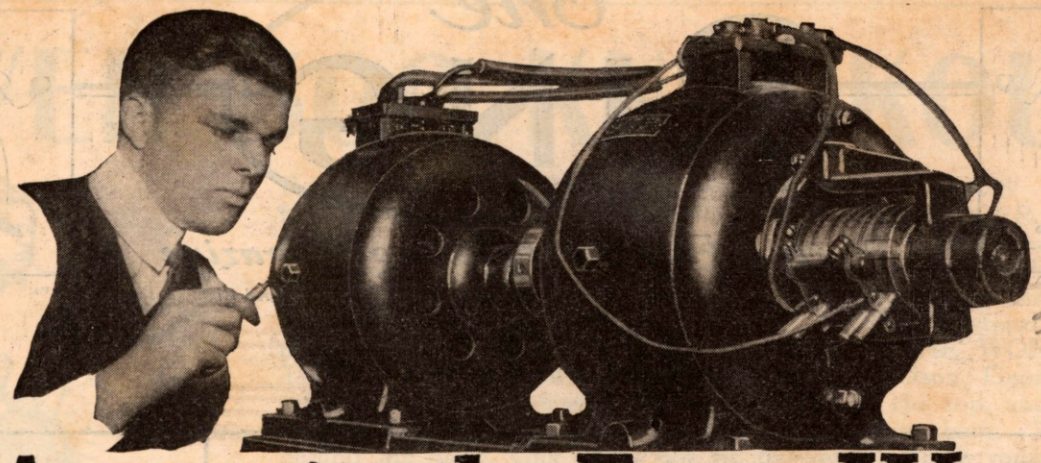


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



The most thrilling moment—Dempsey hurled out of the ring by one of Luis Firpo's wallops



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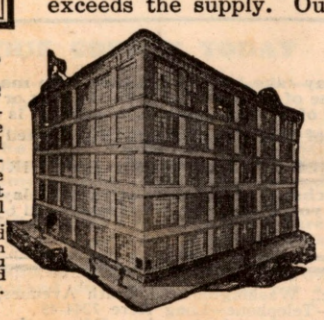

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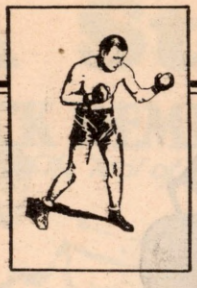

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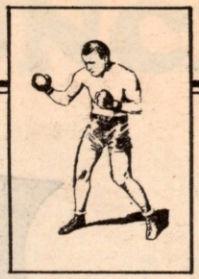

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X FEBRUARY, 1931 No. 1

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Contents

GOOD RIDDANCE TO FOULS—An Editorial		4
HEAVYWEIGHTS WHO ARE COMING ALONG		6
JACK DEMPSEY RANKS BOXING FOR 1930	Jack Dempsey	7
GROUP RATING OF BOXERS		14
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS—An Editorial		16
RATED HIGH IN 1930 RING RANKING		17
WHISKEY BARREL FIGHTS	A. D. Phillips	18
THEY HAVE KEPT PENNSYLVANIA ON THE MAP		19
PIONEER DAYS IN NEW YORK	Charles F. Mathison	20
NEW ENGLAND FISTIC STARS		22
OLD GRUDGES DIED HARD	Ed. W. Smith	23
FOREIGNERS WHO BASKED IN LIMELIGHT		24
WHEN TONOPAH WAS PUT ON THE MAP	Clarence Riordan	25
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER	Jack Curley As told to Frank Graham	26
KNOCKOUT WALLOPS	Wilbur Wood	28
GREEKS IN WRESTLING	Jack Curley	30
CREAM OF CHICAGO MITT WIELDERS		32
FITZ LIKED 'EM BIG	John Knight	33
THE TORGESSEN CLAN	Daniel M. Daniel	34
FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS	A. D. Phillips	36
THOSE GATE CRASHERS	Dan Morgan	37
BATTLING NELSON, THE DURABLE DANE	Nat Fleischer	38
THE BATTLE ON THE BARGE	Joe Humphreys	39
GIFT OF GAB	Kid McPartland	40
IN THE HALL OF FAME	Halsey Stuart	42
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Charles F. Mathison	47
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	48
News from Around The Globe		
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	50
THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA	Ross E. Kaufmann	51
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO	Frank (Mitt) Mastro	52
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	Ted Broadribb	54
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS	Sparrow Robertson	55
TIMELY GOSSIP AND NEWS FROM GREATER BOSTON	Doc Almy	56
DETROIT GLEANINGS	Ray Bouslog	57
SOUTHERN OHIO	Jimmy Amann	58
CLEVELAND AND OTHER OHIO NEWS	Parson Tommy McGinty	58
CANADIAN GOSSIP	Jack Jarvis and Lawson Bampton	60

In Our Next Issue

Jack Dempsey writes a most interesting article on "The Ten Best Matches for 1931," based on his ranking of boxers in this issue. Boxers, managers, promoters and fight fans should not miss this feature.

Charley Harvey, veteran promoter and manager, says the present day fighters are below the standard of those who starred years ago and he backs his verdict with ample proof in his article, "Boxing Busy Getting Its Second Wind."

Just an Air Bubble is a story of a great fistic card in Kentucky that a governor's edict halted. Doc Almy, noted Boston veteran scribe, is the author.

Another tale of New York in "the good old days" is told by America's foremost boxing writer, Charles F. Mathison.

Also special feature stories by Nat Fleischer, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys, Wilbur Wood and Jack Curley, make the March issue one worth having.

Don't miss this number.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.

Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45 General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary

Advertising Manager—Norman H. Meiners, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Ed Sullivan, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Jack Kofoed.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

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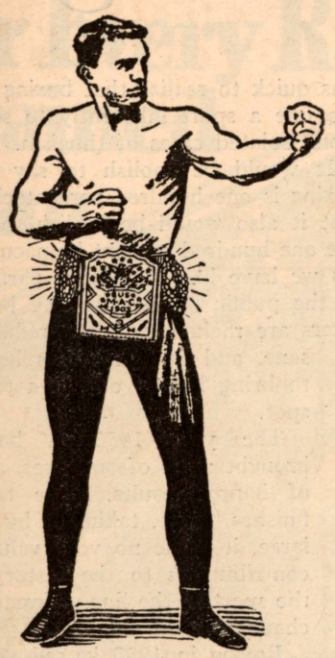

GUS MARTEL

Famous developer of champions and K. O. record holder of the world

Read about Gus Martel, AMATEUR WORLD'S CHAMPION, KNOCKOUT RECORD HOLDER, and DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS. Gus tells the world how he did it. A secret punch, adopted by Police Departments throughout the country, as a police weapon, is revealed, for the first time, by the world's greatest fighter. His system gave Griffo the speed of lightning. He made Griffo stand on a piece of paper and duck all blows to face or body. THE WORLD KNOWS THAT. Gus made world champions of Bat Nelson, George Dixon and others. Ten minutes with Gus sent Nelson to the top, and Dixon's long arms were useless until Gus showed him how to use them. With his hands behind his back, Gus could not be touched in three rounds by one of Sharkey's trainers, and Carnera, the biggest man in the ring today, could not lay a glove on Gus. Gus stopped Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil in 2½ rounds, it took Bob Fitz 13 rounds.

"Strange As It Seems" (same as believe it or not) has Gus among the wonders of the *World* with 500 knockouts: and in Chicago, 1905, knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, and a light-heavy. John L., Gus's old Pal, showed Gus how to fight. Bob Fitz, Peter Jackson, Jeffries and the other old timers never fouled. "They don't know how to hit today and neither do they know how to be a real K. O. fighter," says Gus.

With Gus's system you can't foul, and every punch is a K. O.

Tony Canzoneri won the lightweight championship of the world in one minute and six seconds—that's Gus's system. The Corbett jabs, the Fitz plexus and shifts, the McGovern scowl, side steps, parries, ducks, etc., etc., can be learned from fifty-cent books, and are all old stuff, but Martel's copyrighted course can only be bought from MARTEL. Send for his course, boys, and get the record of the greatest fighter on earth, and names, with addresses, of his pupils, including F. J. Pierson, Box 162, Bayside, New York, writes, "Eight knockouts, all in first round with secret punch. Time will soon come when any fighter going against Martel's system will only go in the ring to be knocked out," and many others who are on their way to championship honors. Gus's system can be learned at home, his personal demonstrations are only for men like Sharkey, Canzoneri, Berg, and such. LEARN FROM A FIGHTER. Dempsey, Tunney, Fitz knew what to do at the right time in the ring.

Before sending one cent for other boxing courses, ask them to send you write ups of who they ever K. O. Now how in Hell can a man that is or was a trainer or seller of boxing courses tell you how to K. O. anyone when he never had a Ring fight in his life, what he sends you is what you can get from 50c books. I consider Muldoon the greatest trainer the world ever had, was he a fighter, no he was a wrestler. You can't tell a champion how to fight, he already knows; can a primary school boy educate a Harvard professor. Get your instructions, boys from the knockout record holder of the world, and that's Gus Martell. After sending for Gus's course he makes arrangements to be your manager if so desried and advises you in all fights you may have. Tell Gus how the man you are going to fight fights, and holds his guard when fighting, and he will tell you how to knock him out first round like Canzoneri did with or without his secret punch.

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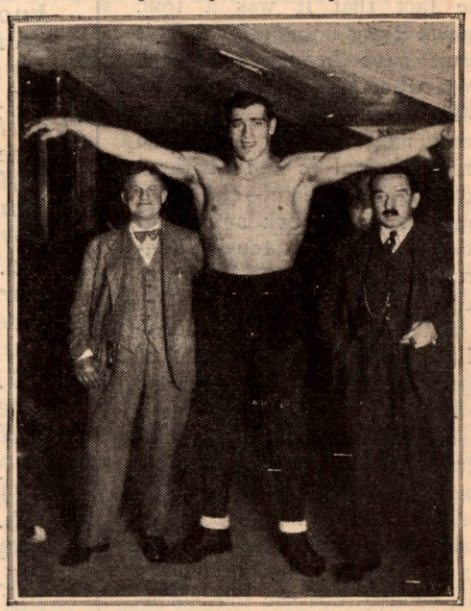

Primo Carnera, Italian Giant, with his manager, Leon See, on right, and Gus Martel, from whom Carnera has consented to take pointers in an effort to redeem himself for the defeat at the hands of Jim Maloney

Good Riddance *to* Fouls *and* Muckraking

By Jack Dempsey

USUALLY we look back at a year's boxing developments with considerable satisfaction and perhaps a measure of regret. We feel sorry sometimes that certain hitherto outstanding figures were beaten out of the big picture and sometimes we are not so glad that some of the new champions were able to make their way to the top. But in the main, a year's boxing picture has been a pleasant one.

However, there is no great regret over the passing of 1930 in boxing. It was a year of widespread attack on the game. It was a year of financial depression, which left its mark on the sport and its attractions and developments.

And it was the Year of the Foul. From coast to coast there was an epidemic of fouling which put the sport under serious fire. The worst blow came in the bout between Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling, for the world's heavyweight title.

* * *

THIS was ended in the fourth round, at a time when Sharkey apparently was winning. The American struck low. There was no doubt about the fact that it was a foul, though it was unintentional. This result gave boxing a setback from which it still is suffering.

The foul in the Scott-Von Porat fight in New York, the claim of foul in the Sharkey-Scott fight at Miami—the lesser fouls in New York and other cities—all made a tough situation for the sport we all love so well.

That's why I say that there will be no tremendous feeling of regret over the passing of 1930.

The year was marked by a record epidemic of muckraking against boxing. Taking the foul epidemic as the basis for the series of attacks, newspapers and magazines made the unthinking public believe that boxing in this country was the football of racketeers, that thugs and plug uglies ran the sport and managed the fighters—that we were back in the days of Morrisey and Yankee Sullivan.

Happily, this campaign did not affect the game. The public was quick to realize that boxing was too fine a sport inherently to suffer from isolated cases of thugism.

It would be foolish to say that boxing is one hundred percent clean. But it also would be foolish to say that banking and industry are one hundred percent immaculate. A few bank failures such as we have had in various parts of the country have not made the public believe that all banks are wrong and that all bankers are racketeers. The public is sane, and its sanity has helped to bring boxing out of a tough spot.

The year 1930 in boxing brought a lot of surprises, a lot of happy results, some tragic finishes. But, taking it by and large, it made no very valuable contributions to the history of the sport or the line of immortal champions.

Boxing in 1930 lacked stability. It was flighty. Take Singer's victory over Mandell in one round, then Canzoneri's one-round victory over Singer. Take the Schmeling success, or Petrolle's triumph over McLarnin. Take Battalino's victory over Chocolate, LaBarba's decisive success against the Cuban Negro, Berg's decision over Chocolate.

The year had its high lights, it had its shadows. Let us hope that 1931 will bring more light, more interest, a greater financial uplift, and profit by the lessons we learned in 1930.

Let us hope that 1931 will bring us a real heavyweight champion; a clearer understanding between fighters and promoters, and between them and the public.

* * *

LET us hope that we have seen the last of the muckrakers. And let us, in closing, thank those who fought so staunchly for the game in 1930 and will keep fighting in 1931—men like Jim Farley of the New York Commission, whose integrity and work pulled boxing through some hard knockdowns this past year.

There are others of his fine type who have contributed their share toward keeping the sport from falling by the wayside. I for one, feel confident that boxing will come back with a bang this year, and it will, if all hands pull together.

Boxing Highlights for Year 1930

1. The passing of the world's heavyweight championship on a foul for the first time in the history of the title, Max Schmeling of Germany winning from Jack Sharkey of the United States in the fourth round at New York.

2. The winning of the heavyweight championship by a Continental European for the first time.

3. The failure of the year to match the old Million Dollar Gate, which had become a habit with "Tex" Rickard. The Sharkey-Schmeling fight attracted only $746,000.

4. The double shift of the world's lightweight championship in bouts that failed to go one round, Al Singer knocking out Sammy Mandell in the first, and Tony Canzoneri stopping Singer in one session.

5. The Great Carnera Extravaganza, which ran through the United States like a brand new circus feature, and collapsed with the defeat of the gargantuan Italian by Jim Maloney in Boston.

6. The 90,000 attendance at the Carnera-Paulino bout in Madrid a record for boxing outside of the United States.

7. The Berg victory over Kid Chocolate in New York, which marked the Cuban negro's first setback, and lifted boxing at a time when it was under serious fire.

8. Jack Sharkey's third round victory over Phil Scott at Miami.

9. Young Stribling's triumph over Phil Scott in two rounds in London.

10. Billy Patrolle's startling success against Jimmy McLarnin in New York, after Petrolle had retired for a year and McLarnin had beaten everybody in sight.

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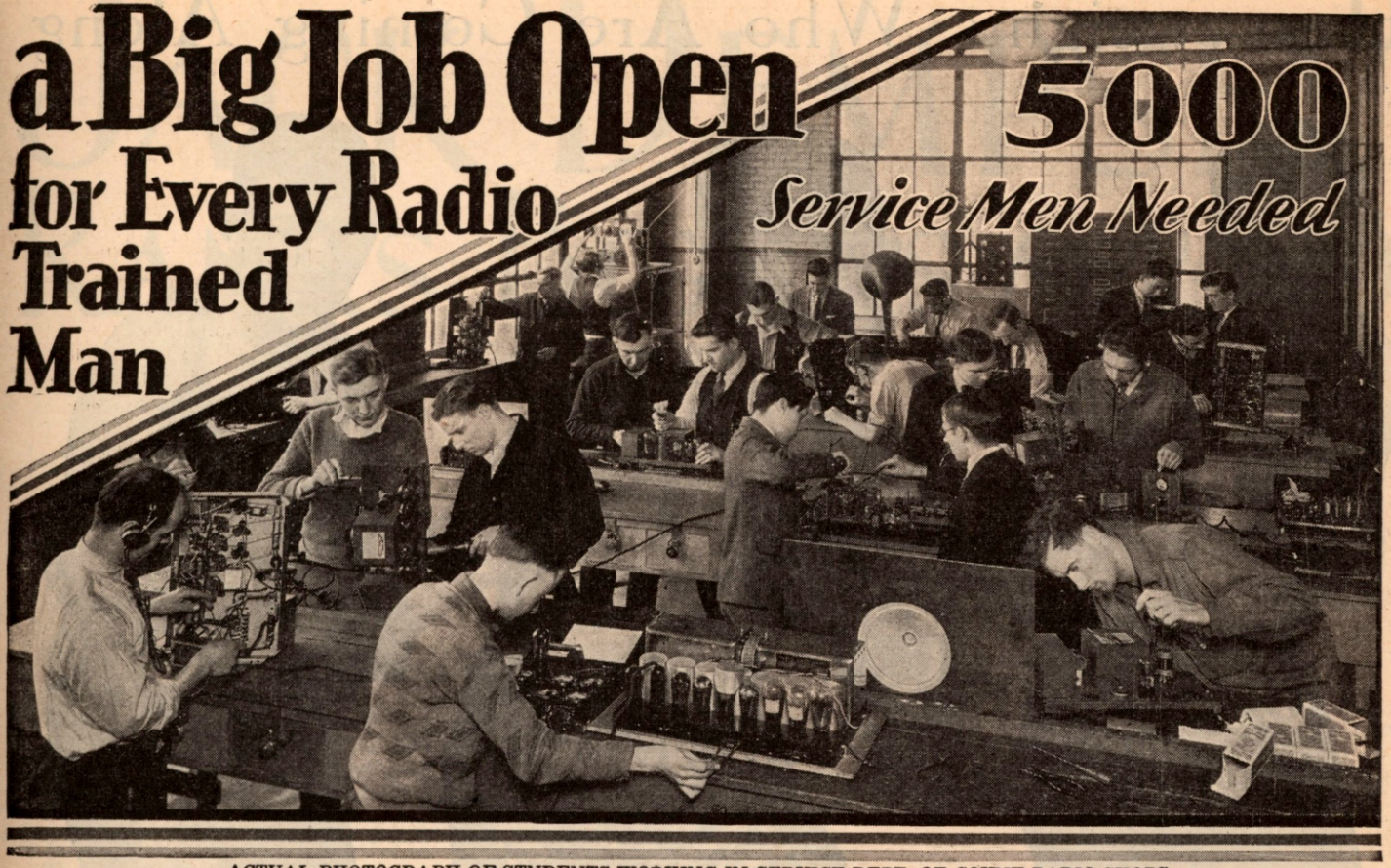

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Heavyweights Who Are Coming Along

1—Stanley Poreda of New Jersey; 2—Max Baer, California's Star; 3— King Levinsky, the Pride of Chicago's Ghetto; 4—Ralph Ficucello, New York Italian; 5—Dick Daniels of Michigan; 6—Mateo Osa of Spain

JACK DEMPSEY RANKS BOXERS for 1930

By Jack Dempsey

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AFTER having gone over the results of several thousand fights and tabulated all the data essential for a thorough and fair job in this eighth annual ranking of the boxers of the world—a feature originated by THE RING—I am forced to believe that 1930 was a somewhat strange year for the sport.

The results of the year contradict themselves so often as to make ranking more difficult than ever before. Right here I want to stress the fact that the mere fact that a boxer was able to win a world title did not always impress me with the claims of that man to a No. 1 position.

In fact, in making up my ratings I have been forced to decline first places to two title holders—Max Schmeling, heavyweight, and Tommy Freeman, welterweight. I was tempted strongly to pass up two other champions, but finally gave them the benefit of the doubt.

When "Tex" Rickard first started this work for THE RING he made it quite clear that championships did not mean a thing in the annual ranking, and I have adhered to that policy.

It will be suspected that I do not regard Schmeling as a champion of the old type—a true title holder. That is true. I do not believe that in his victory over Sharkey on a foul the German exhibited the undoubted class that must stand out in an undoubted champion of the world's heavyweights. I hope that 1931 will rectify that situation.

Jack Dempsey, (left), compiling the ratings. His able secretary, Leonard Sacks, is aiding him

I have no personal feeling in this matter. I like Schmeling as a man, I admire Sharkey, I like Young Stribling. But I do deplore a condition that has cast the world's heavyweight title back into the doubt from which it suffered before the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

In rating the heavyweights I have passed up both Schmeling and Sharkey, and have elevated Stribling to the top. My reasons will be given later.

The year was a most unusual one in boxing, owing to the general business depression and the foul epidemic, both of which played havoc with the boxing game. Then again, it must be admitted that the calibre of fighters is not the equal of that of the period when I was in my prime and this also had its effect on the gate receipts. Yet boxing stood up admirably despite these severe handicaps, and as we enter a new year, we find the prospects bright for a quick revival.

* * *

BEFORE entering into a general discussion of the ratings I shall review a few of the major points of 1930. The thing that stands out is the fact that the business depression brought about a better understanding between fighter and promoter. The boxers have come to realize that they must gamble on their drawing powers.

I often wonder whether it was my own individual drawing power or the magnetic hand of "Tex" Rickard, the master of all promoters, that brought on the million dollar gate, a mark, I'm afraid, that won't be reached again for many a day. I find it difficult to carry on this work that the master showman, with the aid of Nat Fleischer, started eight years ago, without saying a word about Rickard's contribution to boxing.

Rickard is gone. The million dollar gate is temporarily gone. The sport is passing through a trying period. The shrewd mind and the tactful hand of Tex are missing.

* * *

NOW that I have paid my respects to the man who made boxing, I shall delve into the review of the past year. As I remarked above, boxing receipts took a decided drop in 1930 and I don't blame the business depression for this so much as I do the foul epidemic which swept the nation. The only organizations that held their head above the water were the Madison Square Garden of New York and the Chicago Stadium, guided by Nate Lewis. Every other club of importance faced a most unprofitable year. However, the outlook for 1931 looks brighter.

This is attributed to the elimination of the fouls, brought about mainly through the efforts of the New York State Commission; the rise of an exceptionally fine lot of boys in the smaller divisions; a revival of interest in the sport through

the lowering of admission prices and better matchmakng and the more settled state in the heavyweight division as a result of the crowning of a champion, even though the title holder, Max Schmeling, gained the crown through the medium of a foul.

The year just passed found the limelight focused on a lot of foreigners, who, while they have not yet reached the top, showed sufficient color and fighting ability to bring out the fans in droves.

After all, that is what counts most in professional boxing. Carnera, the Venetian giant, led the field of invaders not only in the number of contests in which he was engaged, but as a special attraction. His American tour, which netted him a snug fortune, enough to live on comfortably for his remaining days in Italy should he decide to retire, was one of the outstanding events of the year.

Although he stood out above all others, there also were Jose Santa, the Portuguese heavyweight; Hans Guehring, the German heavyweight; Justa Suarez, the Argentinian lightweight; Angel Clivelle of Porto Rico, and Vittorio Livan of Italy, two very good middleweights. Of these, I think Carnera and Suarez, properly guided, may yet reach the top.

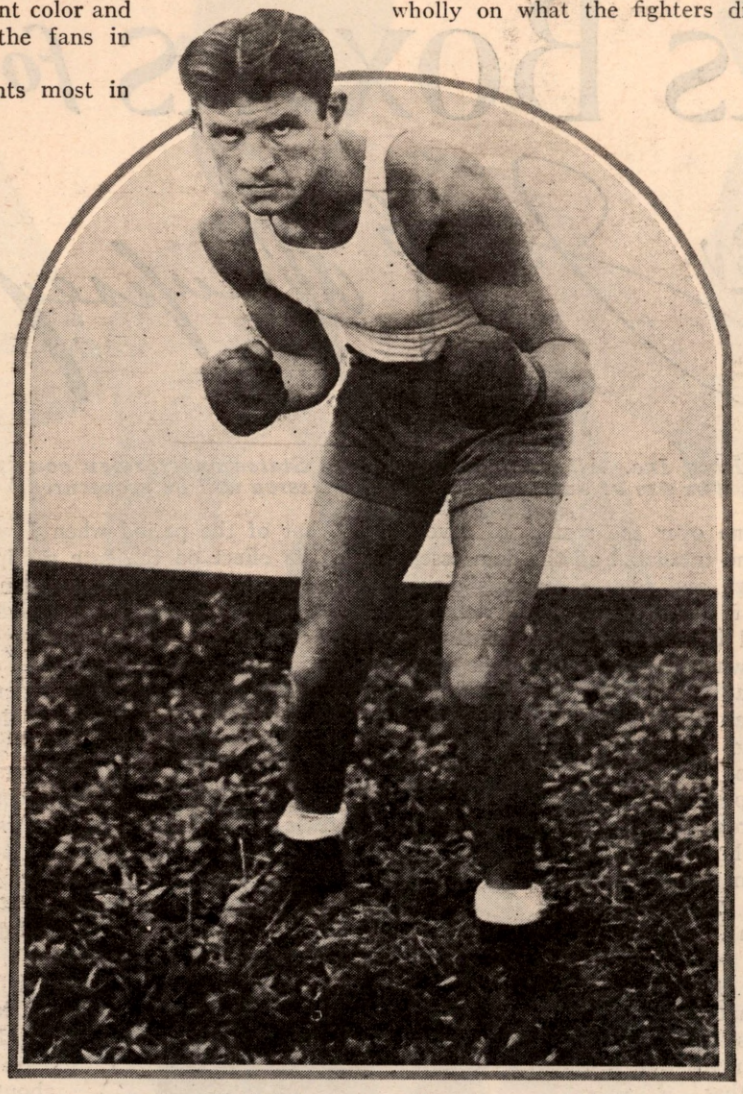
The fall of Phil Scott; the passing of Otto Von Porat; the rise of Schmeling to the heavyweight throne; the failure of Sharkey to make good despite the many chances he has had; the rise of Young Stribling to the outstanding positon of heavyweight challenger; the comeback of Tommy Loughran; the fall of Sammy Mandell and Al Singer; the extraordinary showing of Billy Petrolle after a year's retirement; the crowning of seven new champions and the progress made by Max Baer, Dick Daniels, Mateo Osa, Ralph Ficucello and Stanley Poreda in the heavyweight ranks, these take their place as the leading events in 1930.

* * *

BUT the greatest achievement of the year was accomplished by Jackie Kid Berg, the holder of the junior welterweight championship to whom goes the credit for bringing boxing interest back at a time when foul cries and general discontent had all but caused a repeal of the sport.

With his two busy fists, this young Englishman, unheralded, a foreigner with plenty of dash and fighting ability to offer, took the fans by storm in a series of battles that made them forget the fouls that had dragged the sport into the mire, and to-day, he stands out as one of the leading figures in pugilism.

With this completed, I shall now offer my reasons for the rankings which appear elsewhere in this issue. First, I want to make it clear, as I did last year, that my ranking is based wholly on what the fighters did in 1930, and not what had happened a year or more ago, or what is likely to take place in 1931.



Jackie Kid Berg of England, who is rated by Dempsey the outstanding fighter of the year

* * *

THE year set a record for upsets. In fact, so many form reversals were listed that the ranking of the boys is doubly difficult. Here and there in my rating, my readers may feel that a boxer does not deserve the high place allotted to him. But I think that one great upset should not be sufficient reason for a severe setback in the ratings, provided the rest of that fellow's record is an exceptional one.

And, as in the rating of 1929, I have decided to group the talent because I believe that often there is so slight a difference in favor of one fighter over another, that they merit an equal rating. Where there is an outstanding boxer in any division, I have given him the highest rating possible.

Included in the year's biggest upsets were the defeat of Primo Carnera by Jimmy Maloney; the knockout of Tuffy Griffiths by Jack Gagnon; the victory of Bat Battalino over Kid Chocolate; the triumph of Johnny Risko over Maloney after it was generally conceded that the Cleveland Baker was all washed up; the loss of the decision by Larry Johnson to Pete Latzo; the one-round knockout of Rene De Vos by Angel Cliville; the knockout of Sammy Mandell by Al Singer in one round and the victory of Tony Canzoneri over Singer in a one-round knockout.

Others were the fifteen-round triumph of Young Jack Thompson over Jackie Fields in a welterweight championship bout and Thompson's defeat in a titular affair by Tommy Freeman; the three-round knockout of Singer by Jimmy McLarnin; the victory of Kid Berg over Tony Canzoneri; the defeat of Jimmy McLarnin by a wide margin by Billy Petrolle; the triumph of Fidel La Barba over Kid Chocolate and the defeat of Dave Shade by Len Harvey.

With this completed, I might add

How Dempsey Ranks the Boxers of the World for 1930

Heavyweight—Young Stribling, Macon, Ga.
Light Heavyweight — Maxey Rosenbloom, New York City.
Middleweight—Mickey Walker, Rumson, N. J.
Welterweight—Young Corbett, San Francisco, Calif.
Junior Welterweight—Jack Kid Berg, England
Lightweight—Tony Canzoneri, New York City
Junior Lightweight — Benny Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.
Featherweight — Battling Battalino, Hartford, Conn.
Bantamweight—Al Brown, Panama.
Flyweight—Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia, Pa.

Max Schmeling, heavyweight champion. He is placed second in the year's ranking

that although the majority of those listed in my ranking have been seen in action by me either in my capacity as a referee or as a spectator, I have not depended wholly on my judgment in making my selections.

Through the editor of this publication, I have received the help of THE RING correspondents and fight experts in all parts of the world and with the rating submitted by these 104 individuals, plus my own observation, I believe THE RING ranking for 1930 is an exceptionally fine one.

* * *

NOW for the outstanding feature of the 1930 ranking. Naturally, we consider the heavyweights first. That is the one, dominant division of the boxing world. You will find that as the interest and success—or failure and lack of popular concern—in the heavyweights go, so goes all boxing. My faith in bigger things in boxing this year is based largely on my faith in the heavyweight division, because, for the first time in several years, a crop of heavies has come to the front that presages increased interest in the division over which I ruled for many years.

First of all I want to go on record with the statement that in my opinion, the best of the present field of heavyweights is Young Stribling, the Pride of Georgia. I fully realize that Jack Sharkey is still the American heavyweight champion and the choice of the New York Boxing Commission as official challenger for the title, and that Sharkey beat the Georgian two years ago, but that does not alter the fact that on their relative performances of 1930, Stribling stands ahead of Sharkey.

I am also fully aware that Max Schmeling was crowned heavyweight king when he won on a foul from Sharkey in what was generally recognized as a battle for the world's heavyweight crown, but on Schmeling's showing in that bout, and his long period of idleness since, Maxie does not merit the rating which ordinarily falls to a champion.

In his bout with Sharkey, Herr Maxie was a much beaten gladiator when the American title holder threw the punch that put Sharkey out of the picture and that also must be taken into consideration in ranking Stribling ahead of Schmeling.

* * *

I MAY be criticized for placing Schmeling ahead of Sharkey, but I feel that Sharkey has had so many chances to come through and failed, that he doesn't deserve being placed any higher than third. Furthermore, both of his battles, the only two fights he engaged in last year, resulted in fouls. Down in Miami he won from Phil Scott in a bout that was characterized throughout the world as a questionable victory for him and in his contest with Schmeling, he again employed foul tactics.

Furthermore, where Sharkey scored a questionable knockout over Scott, Stribling knocked the Englishman out in the fourth round. Previously, Stribling also put Otto Von Porat out of the picture with a one-round knockout and still more recently, the Georgian scored a triumph over Tuffy Griffiths, the young man who was shunned by Sharkey.

While Sharkey has remained idle, awaiting the chance for another crack at Schmeling, Stribling has seen fit to engage in many contests. He, in my opinion, is the hope of America.

To him, I think, we must look to regain American supremacy in the heavyweight ranks, for it is my opinion that if Sharkey has ten more opportunities to win the crown, he still will fall short of the mark. Were I to attempt a comeback, as poor as I might be, there is one heavyweight I'm sure I can knock-out—none other than Jack Sharkey.

As for Schmeling, I think Stribling would prove his master were they to meet. Certainly, on their respective performances in 1930, the Georgian is entitled to a higher post than the champion. In fact, so much improved a fighter do I think Stribling is, and so much headway has he made during the year, that I regard him as the outstanding heavyweight, and as such, I give him the highest rating possible—I place him at the head of Group No. 1, with Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey following in the order named.

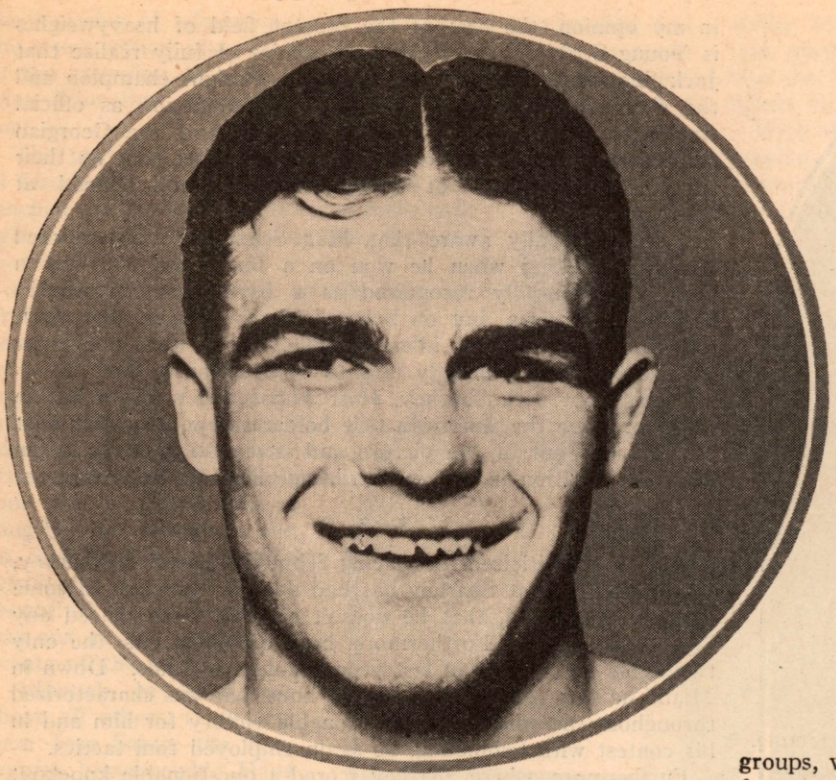
Then comes a group headed by a foreign invader who is making rapid strides and who if he continues to improve, will be a menace to the leaders—Carnera. Then Griffith, and George Godfrey. While I feel that Godfrey, were he inclined to fight as he is capable of, could take the measure of the best of 'em, too many of his fights have been quite unsatisfactory, including his bout with Carnera which he lost on a foul.

If he gave his best every time he entered the ring, Godfrey would to-day be occupying a position close to the top, but on his showing last year, I am complimenting him by placing him sixth.

* * *

CARNERA, despite many contests with set-ups, displayed sufficient ability to warrant a high rating. I place him first in Group No. 2, notwithstanding his defeat at the hands of Jimmy Maloney because he defeated Godfrey, the Negro fouling him after Primo had taken his best body punches without a whimper and was on the road to sure victory and later Primo beat Paulino by a wide margin.

True he met a Tartar in Maloney, but the decision in that bout could just as readily have been called a draw. I still



Young Stribling, who receives Dempsey's highest award in the heavyweight ranks

believe that Carnera's prospects are exceedingly bright, provided his mentors will pit him against more fighters of the type of Maloney.

As the heavyweight division is the most important, I shall discuss my reasons for placing those in the next division, Group No. 3. In this section I name Tommy Loughran as the leader, because of his fine comeback. Tommy ran into two defeats at the hands of Ernie Schaaf and it was freely predicted then that he would hang up his gloves. Instead, Loughran began a period of intensive training, went out west and came through with victories over Dick Daniels, King Levinsky and Dave Maier, three good prospects.

Johnny Risko, next in line, lost a decision to Mickey Walker and was floored, but upset the dope by coming back with a well-earned triumph over Maloney after the latter had conquered Carnera. That earned him a position one notch higher than Maloney, who is followed by Paulino and Campolo. Campolo fought Risko twice, a draw and a victory for Risko, and had he engaged in more fights, the Argentinian might have gained a higher rating as he appears to have many of the assets that make a good fighter. Idleness, however, has balked his progress.

Of the other heavyweights, most of whom are named simply as a complimentary gesture, the leading prospects in the roll of honor, are Jack Dorval, who after a long lapse, scored several good victories; Ralph Ficucello, Mateo Osa, Ernie Schaaf, Maxie Baer, Al Friedman, King Levinsky, Babe Hunt, Dick Daniels, Pierre Charles, champion of Europe; Stanley Poreda and Angus Snyder, and of this bunch, Ficucello, Baer, Schaaf and Poreda look like the brightest prospects.

* * *

WITH the heavyweights taken care of, we now enter the field of light-heavyweights. This division, in my opinion, is among the weakest. The stars of a few years ago—Harry Greb, Georges Carpentier, Battling Levinsky, Gene Tunney, Jack Delaney, Tom Gibbons and others of their ilk, are sadly missed. Where less than a decade ago, the division comprised by far the best men in fistiana, now there is only a handful of talent and most of those comprising the division, are of mediocre calibre.

Of those worthy of special attention, only one stands out—the champion, Maxie Rosenbloom. He is so far ahead of the rest of the field that he must receive the highest ranking—No. 1 in a group all by himself. Maxie may not be the equal in ability of those mentioned above, but he has demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of all that he is master of the division.

I have read many statements to the effect that Mickey Walker could whip any man among the light-heavyweights and also plenty of propaganda on Walker as a challenger for Max Schmeling's title, but it seems to me that Mickey will do well to stick to the class over which he rules and in which he will find some very fine talent which to date he has ignored. If Walker is so good, he should give Dave Shade or Len Harvey a chance at the crown instead of mingling with the light-heavyweights and heavyweights.

As there are so few light-heavies worthy of high ranking, I find it necessary to group Jimmy Slattery and Larry Johnson, Negro aspirant to the title, in a second section in the order named, with a third group, consisting of Lew Scozza, Tait Littman, the young Milwaukee prospect; Pete Latzo and George Courtney.

The remaining boys are divided into three groups, with the roll of honor lads, those who gave good performances but failed to reach the most select circle, occupying the fourth group, headed by Joe Banovic, the Binghamton slugger.

Rosenbloom captured the crown when he defeated Jimmy Slattery. He is regarded as the clown of the ring, yet he seems to gain decision after decision. His style is such that he makes his opponent miss and slaps his way to victory in a tantalizing manner. His victories over Leo Lomski, Larry Johnson, twice, and Ace Hudkins and his knockout of Abie Bain, entitle him to the award I've given him. His best fight of the year was an overweight match with Battling Bozo in Birmingham, which ended in a draw. Bozo has rapidly outgrown the light-heavyweight ranks in which he would have rated high, and now finds himself a legitimate heavyweight with a bright future.

* * *

COMING down to the middleweights, I find it necessary to rank the three leaders, Mickey Walker, Len Harvey and Dave Shade in the first group. Mickey, who is seeking to emulate Bob Fitzsimmons, although there is little comparison between them in fighting ability, has sadly neglected his duty as crown wearer. Instead of answering the call to arms in defense of his title, he seeks to build up a reputation as a "man killer" by engaging in contests with men in the higher divisions. His recent battle with Johnny Risko, in which he floored the Baker Boy and won handily, gained him some recognition, but what he won then, he lost in his bout with K. O. Christner, which contest did him no credit because of his opponent's sorrowful showing. It is only fair to the legitimate middleweights, that Walker give those in his own class an opportunity to win the crown instead of neglecting them to build himself into a heavyweight challenger.

I do not want to belittle Walker, for he is a good, hard-hitting, game fighter. But a champion, before attempting to rise to heights in other divisions, should first convince the public that he is complete master of his own by eliminating the boys whom the fight fans acknowledge are his foremost rivals.

Walker's victories over Leo Lomski, two over Paul Swiderski, a ten-round decision over Risko and his knockout of Christner were his outstanding feats of the year.

Behind Walker, I place Len Harvey of England and Dave Shade, with the British lad just a nose ahead of his American rival. I give Harvey the shade because of his recent victory over Dave in London and the drawn battle which Shade fought

with Jack Hood who previously had been whipped by Harvey. It is my opinion that both Shade and Harvey would make things hum were they given an opportunity to fight for Walker's crown.

Two Negro boys grace the second group in my selections and one the third group, thereby giving three Negroes places in the first ten choices among the middleweights. Harry Smith, New Yorker, stands out as the leader of the second section, with Angel Cliville of Porto Rico, another colored lad, holding down second place. To Cliville goes the distinction of having put Rene De Vos out of the running. It will be remembered that up to the time Cliville stopped De Vos in one round, the Belgian was considered the leading challenger for Walker's title.

Vince Dundee and Jack Hood of England, run the Negroes a close race, and accordingly are given third and fourth places in that group.

In the third division, I've ranked De Vos, Gorilla Jones, Harry Ebbets, Ben Jeby, Roy Williams and Vittorio Livan—all good fighters, but not as consistent as the men named above them.

* * *

THE welterweight division had its ups and downs last year, with the championship changing hands twice. When Jackie Fields was displaced by Young Jack Thompson, the Negro race, for the first time in many years, had one of its own at the helm, but Jack didn't hold the crown long for he was ousted by Tommy Freeman, a veteran. Yet I do not consider Freeman the outstanding figure in his division.

That honor goes to a Californian, Young Corbett III, who, despite his recent shade victory over a comparatively unknown Negro boy, Sammy Jackson of Los Angeles, has by far the best record among the welters. Corbett defeated two champions in overweight matches when they held the title, Fields and Thompson and special efforts on the part of the country's leading promoters to get Jimmy McLarnin to fight Corbett, failed.

On the basis of this record, I find it necessary to give Corbett first choice, the outstanding fighter of the division. He is honored by being placed in Group No. 1, all by his lonely.

Had Jimmy McLarnin, the Vancouver Walloper, scored a decisive victory over Billy Petrolle, he would have earned a place in the same group with Corbett and probably would have been paired on equal terms with Corbett, just as I gave him an equal ranking with Fields last year.

However, his complete rout by Petrolle, in which he was floored twice and was on the verge of a knockout, necessitates a change.

That defeat brings Jimmy down two notches, for I feel that Tommy Freeman, the champion, is deserving of second choice and as such, heads my second group with McLarnin close behind him.

That McLarnin is a better man than either Fields or Thompson, is generally recognized, yet if Fields continues to show the improvement he has since losing his crown to Thompson, I think we may yet see Jackie regain the title. As Thompson has remained inactive since losing the championship to Freeman, I have placed Fields ahead of him.

Of the rest of the welterweights, I pick Johnny Indrisano, Baby Joe Gans, Sammy Jackson, Bucky Lawless and Paul Pirrone as the outstanding lads, who, I think, will make rapid strides this year.

* * *

FOR the third time in my selections I find that one fighter rates so high above his rivals, that he must be ranked in a group by himself. The chap I refer to is the great little English Whirlwind, Jackie Kid Berg, champion junior-welterweight.

To him must go the credit for reviving the interest in boxing at a time when the sport was being attacked because of the many fights that had ended in fouls. It was his sterling battle against Kid Chocolate, which he won, that turned the tide.

Jack Sharkey who is placed third in Dempsey's selection

Fighters of his type are not so easy to find. Coming here unheralded two years ago, Berg fought his way into the hearts of American fans by his willingness to mix at all times, his courageousness and his fighting ability. Taking the measure of Tony Canzoneri at a time when Tony was at his best, he then crossed the sea and knocked out Mushy Callahan, the champion, in the tenth round.

Coming back to America, he tackled Chocolate when that Cuban marvel was still undefeated, and although Berg had a nine pound weight advantage, he beat the Keed so decisively that he has not been the same fighter since. Then came his victory over Petrolle, who only a short time later handed McLarnin the worst trimming he ever got. That is why I honor Berg with a place by himself among the junior welters. Berg's brilliancy was stressed by what Petrolle did to McLarnin.

There are only two more outstanding junior-welters, King Tut and Manuel Quintero, and these I have named in Group No. 2. Of the other boys in this division, Billy Townsend, Sammy Mandell and Joey Medill rate best.

* * *

IF I were not averse to naming one boy at the head of more than one division, I would not hesitate to honor Berg by rating him also as the leading lightweight because of his victory early last year, over the present champion, Tony Canzoneri.

However, the fact that Tony, after losing the featherweight crown, started on a new campagn that finally brought him the world's lightweight crown through a one-round knockout of Al Singer, and that he scored a victory over Benny Bass, junior-lightweight title holder, in a match in which he was forced to drink water in order to scale a quarter pound over the weight limit, entitles Canzoneri to special recognition.

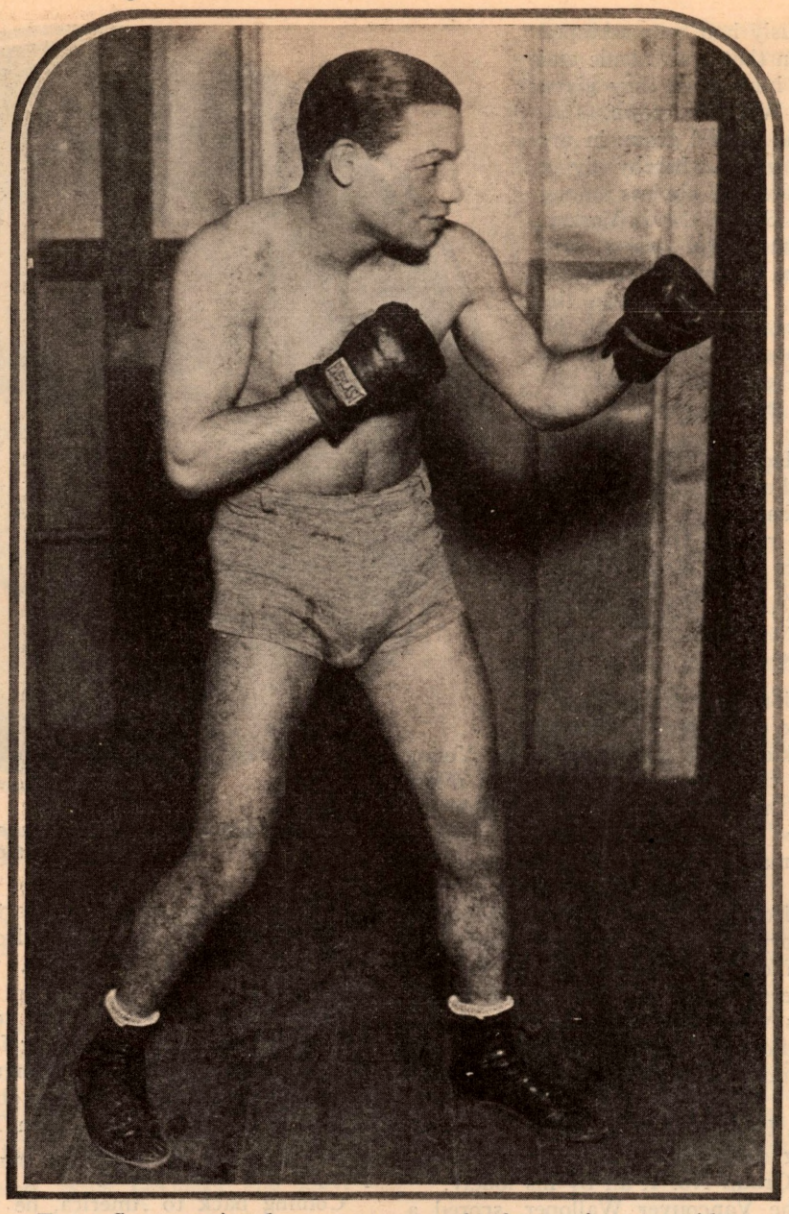
Ordinarily a boy who has lost a championship hits the downgrade. Not so, however, with Tony. He was not discouraged. He aimed high and he landed the goal.

Any fighter who wins one championship in a year and takes a second one but is forced to come in over the weight to save the title for the victim, certainly deserves a high position on the year's ranking. That is why I have decided to give Tony Canzoneri the No. 1 post among the lightweights and place Berg, second and Billy Petrolle, third.

There is no doubt that Berg can easily make the lightweight limit and so can Petrolle. Both defeated Canzoneri, but as Berg readily whipped Petrolle, and Petrolle only shaded Canzoneri, and Tony had scored a near record knockout over Singer, the champion, and in view of the excellent comeback staged by Canzoneri after the Berg defeat, I feel that Tony earns the right to be placed over Petrolle.

Beating the tough Joe Glick, Johnny Farr and Stanislaus Loayza, winning over Goldie Hess and Benny Bass and knocking out Solly Ritz and Frankie La Fay are sufficient reasons for putting Tony over Petrolle.

In the second group are two former title holders and the Argentinian star, Justo Suarez. The former champions placed here are Al Singer, who knocked out Sammy Mandell and then was knocked out in turn by Canzoneri. In these bouts a new record for winning and losing a crown in less than one round was set. Kid Kaplan, one time feather king, rates behind Singer. For a time Singer looked like the kingpin of the division, but his knockouts by McLarnin and Canzoneri altered things.



Tony Canzoneri, whose great comeback receives considerable praise

* * *

THE lightweights have several other fine prospects, the leading ones being Tony Herrera, Steve Haliako, Sammy Dorfman and Johnny Jadick. Herrera and Haliako look best.

There is very little to be said about the junior-lightweights as almost all the boys in this division fight either as feathers or lightweights. Benny Bass, who saved his crown by a hairline when he forced Canzoneri to add to his weight, is the best of the lot with Roger Bernard a close second and Al Foreman, Canadian and British title holder, right behind Bernard.

Bernard made most progress, as he was undefeated and numbered among his victims Bat Battalino, the feather king and Tony Herrera. Foreman, though a good fighter, was held to a draw by Johnny Cuthbert, the British featherweight champion, who in turn, fought a draw with Nel Tarleton, a British featherweight who made only a fair showing in America.

The featherweight division offers an enigma because of the complications arising from the defeats recently of those who, prior to the final month, were looked upon as the outstanding figures. LaBarba, following his victory over Chocolate, was regarded as the leading world's featherweight, yet in his next fights, he made two disappointing showings. He was unimpressive when he shaded Taylor, the veteran who a few weeks previously had announced on the coast that he would retire, and followed that with the loss of his battle with Eddie Shea.

* * *

IN the meantime, Kid Chocolate, who was giving LaBarba a close run for the featherweight honors, met with defeat at the hands of Battalino who successfully defended his crown. Although opinion was divided, with the majority favoring Chocolate, we must go by the official decisions and therefore the Keed is forced from the high perch he would have occupied, to a lower ranking.

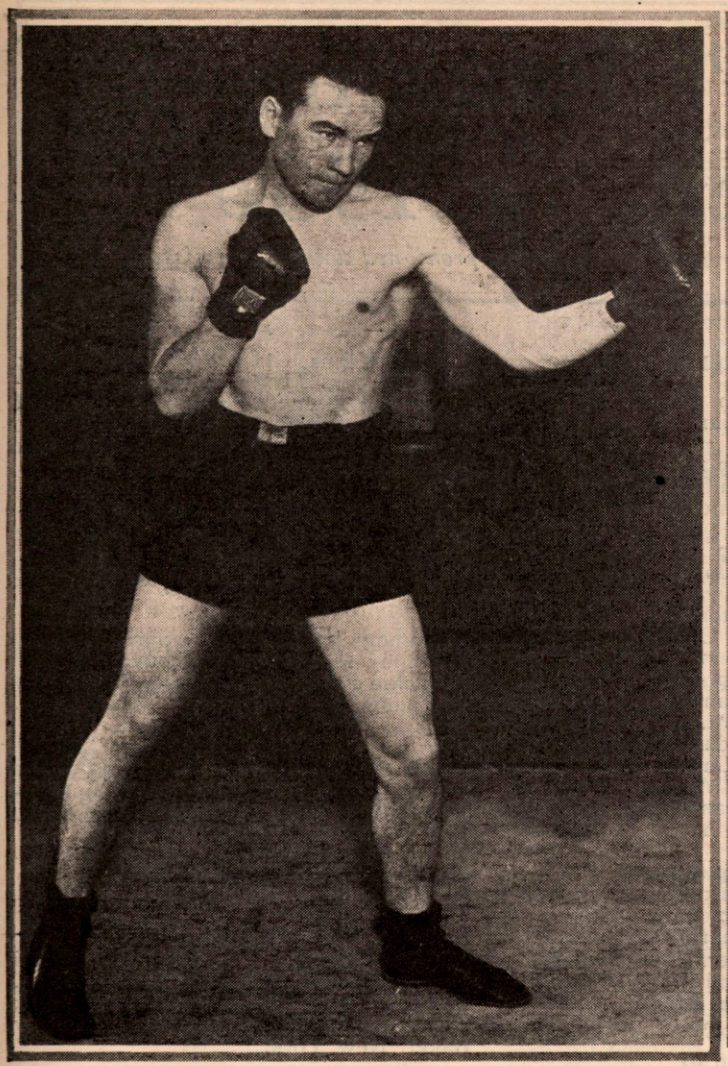
The outstanding fighter of the division is the Chicago Buzz Saw, Earl Mastro. Although Earl did not fight Chocolate, he beat Taylor easily, fought a draw with LaBarba, scored heavily over Eddie Shea the previous year and won decisively over several other good boys.

However, as Battalino gained the championship and in the two bouts for the defense of his crown succeeded in winning, one by a knockout and the other through a decision, he receives the highest rating. I have placed him and Mastro in Group No. 1, with LaBarba heading Group No. 2 which also finds in it Kid Chocolate and Shea.

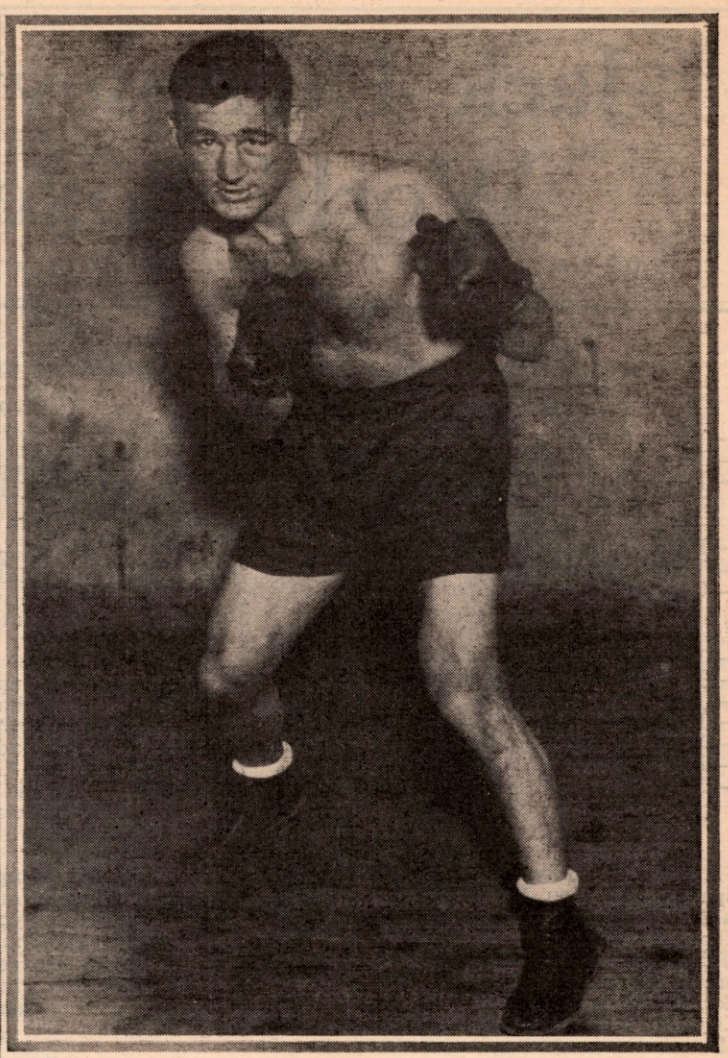
Two Englishmen are named in the

Dempsey's Selection of Negro Champions for 1930

Heavyweight—George Godfrey, Leiperville, Pa.
Light Heavyweight—Larry Johnson, Chicago, Ill.
Middleweight — Harry Smith, New York City
Welterweight—Young Jack Thompson, Oakland, Calif.
Lightweight — Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Junior Lightweight — Koli Kolo, Porto Rico
Featherweight—Kid Chocolate, Cuba
Bantamweight—Al Brown, Panama
Flyweight—Frankie Kid Anslem, British Honduras



Jimmy McLarnin, whose defeat by Petrolle, lost for him the chance to lead the welterweights



Billy Petrolle who receives a high ranking among the lightweights

third section, the honorable mention group which is headed by Tommy Paul. Nel Tarleton and Johnny Cuthbert are the British lads.

* * *

NOW for the bantams. In this division I have decided to award the leading posts to Al Brown, generally recognized as the bantam king, and Kid Francis. I don't think there is much to choose between them but as Brown is the titleholder, he goes on top.

I have placed six boys in the second group with Newsboy Brown of California No. 1, and Joe Scalfaro of New York close on his trail. Newsboy Brown beat Midget Wolgast, flyweight titleholder, and many lesser lights on the Coast where he has been doing fine work. Scalfaro, Pete Sanstol and Archie Bell are about on a par and are ranked in that order.

Al Singer who dropped to fifth place as a result of his defeat at the hands of Canzoneri and McLarnin

Over in England, there are several good youngsters who promise to show well this year. Dick Corbett, Johnny Peters and Benny Sharkey are coming along.

By far the poorest division of all in pugilism is the flyweight class. In this, the only lad who showed any class is Midget Wolgast and he does not rank with the stars of the past. He heads the division because he did far better work than Genaro, the recognized National Association champion.

Although Wolgast and Genaro recently fought a draw, most critics figured Wolgast the winner by a good margin and, therefore I place Wolgast in group No. 1 by himself.

Genaro leads the second group with Phil Tobias behind him. Others in that group are Frankie Kid Anselm, Steve Rocco, Mart Gold and Black Bill.

Jack Dempsey's Ranking of World Boxers for 1930

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Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)
1—Young Stribling, Macon, Ga.
2—Max Schmeling, Germany.
3—Jack Sharkey, Boston, Mass.

(Group 2)
1—Primo Carnera, Italy.
2—Tuffy Griffiths, Sioux City, Iowa.
3—George Godfrey, Leipersville, Pa.

(Group 3)
1—Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia, Pa.
2—Johnny Risko, Cleveland, Ohio.
3—Jim Maloney, Boston, Mass.
4—Paulino Uzcudun, Spain.
5—Vittorio Campolo, Argentine.
6—Ernie Schaaf
7—Max Baer

(Group 4)
Jack Dorval, Leiperville, Pa.; Ralph Ficucello, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mateo Osa, Spain; Otto Von Porat, Oslo, Norway; Al Friedman, Boston, Mass.; Al Fay, Charleroi, Pa.; Babe Hunt, Ponca City, Okla.; Pierre Charles, Belgium; Angus Snyder, Dodge City, Kan.; King Levinsky, Chicago, Ill.; Stanley Poreda, Jersey City, N. J.; Dick Daniels, Minneapolis, Minn.

(Group 5)
Les Kennedy, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ernest Guhring, Germany; Harold Mays, Bayonne, N. J.; Jimmy Braddock, North Bergen, N. J.; Ted Sandwina, Sioux City, Iowa; Marty Fox, New York City; Armand Emanuel, Los Angeles, Calif.; Emmett Rocco, Ellwood City, Pa.; Tom Heeney, Australia; Frank Cawley, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Tony Galento, Orange, N. J.; Charley Retslaff, Duluth, Minn.; Jose Santa, Portugal; Jack Renault, New York City.

(Group 6)
Paul Swiderski, Syracuse, N. Y.; Paul Cavalier, Paterson, N. J.; Frankie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio; Buddy Howard, New Haven, Conn.; Roberti Roberto, Italy; Jack Gross, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jack Gagnon, Boston, Mass.; Marty Gallagher, Boston, Mass.; Con O'Kelly, Ireland; Henry Lamar, Boston, Mass.; Hein Muller, Germany; Charley Smith, Arthur De Kuh, England; K. O. Christner, Akron, Ohio; Battling Bozo, Birmingham, Ala.

(Group 7)
Norman Tomasulo, Argentine; Add Warren, South Carolina; Joe Barlow, Boston, Mass.; Paul Pantaleo, Chicago, Ill.; Steve Hamas, Passaic, N. J.; Gene Stanton, Cleveland, Ohio; Frank Morris, New York City; George Panka, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bud Doran, Chicago, Ill.; Walter Pickard, Indianapolis, Ind.; Harold Scarney, Youngstown, Ohio; Max Glickman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tiny Powell, Huntington, W. Va.; Riccardo Bertazzolo, Italy; Salvatore Ruggirello, Italy; Bud Gorman.

Light-heavyweight Division

(Group 1)
Maxey Rosenbloom, New York.

(Group 2)
1—Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo, N. Y.
2—Larry Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 3)
1—Lew Scozza, Buffalo, N. Y.
2—Tait Littman, Milwaukee, Wis.
3—Pete Latzo, Scranton, Pa.
4—George Courtney, Oklahoma.

(Group 4)
Joe Banovic, Binghamton, N. Y.; Billy Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charley Belanger, Winnipeg, Canada; Tiger Thomas, Leipersville, Pa.; Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.; Leo Lomski, Aberdeen, Wash.; Rosy Rosales, Cleveland, Ohio; George Nichols, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Group 5)
Bob Olin, New York City; Phil Kaplan, New York City; Yale Okun, New York City; Fred Lenhart, Portland, Ore.; George Manley, Denver, Colo.; Roy Wallace, Indianapolis, Ind.; Joe Anderson, Covington, Ky.; "One Punch" Williams, New York.

(Group 6)
Abie Bain, Newark, N. J.; Tiger Payne, Australia; Dan Gasparo, Chicago, Ill.; Tom Patrick, Hollywood, Calif.; Tony Cancela, Detroit, Mich.; Dave Maier, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mickey McFarland, Chicago, Ill.; Milton Hutner, New York; Jack Kelly, Waterbury, Conn.

Middleweight Division

(Group 1)
1—Mickey Walker, Rumson, N. J.
2—Len Harvey, England.
3—Dave Shade, Oakland, Calif.

(Group 2)
1—Harry Smith, New York.
2—Angel Cliville, Porto Rico.
3—Vince Dundee, Newark, N. J.
4—Jack Hood, England.

(Group 3)
1—Rene De Vos, Belgium.
2—Gorilla Jones, Akron, Ohio.
3—Harry Ebbetts, New York.
4—Ben Jeby, New York.
5—Roy Williams, Chicago, Ill.
6—Vittorio Livan, Italy.

(Group 4)
Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn.; Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada; Joe Zelinski, Binghamton, N. Y.; Haakon Hansen, Chicago, Ill.; Pal Silvers, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jack McVey, New York City; Ignacio Ara, Spain; Herman Retlzaff, Portland, Ore.; Wesley Ketchell, Oakland, Calif.; My Sullivan, St. Paul, Minn.

(Group 5)
Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg, Canada; Johnny Roberts, Huntington, W. Va.; Jack McKenna, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia; Oddone Piazza, Italy; Joe Zeman, Cleveland; Ray Tramblie, Rockford, Ill.; Paul Rojas, Hartford, Conn.; Allie Wolff, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jack Haines, Australia; Danny Devlin, Allentown, Pa.

Welterweight Division

(Group 1)
Young Corbett, San Francisco, Calif.

(Group 2)
1—Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs, Ark.
2—Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver, B. C.
3—Jackie Fields, Los Angeles, Calif.
4—Young Jack Thompson, Oakland, Calif.

(Group 3)
1—Johnny Indrisano, Boston, Mass.
2—Baby Joe Gans, Los Angeles, Calif.
3—Bucky Lawless, Auburn, N. Y.
4—Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, Ohio.
5—Sammy Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.
6—Paulie Walker, Trenton, N. J.
7—Jackie Brady, Syracuse, N. Y.

(Group 4)
Ruby Goldstein, New York; Andy Di Vodi, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pete Suskey, Scranton, Pa.; Eddie Ran, New York; Billy Light, St. Paul, Minn.; Sammy Baker, New York.

(Group 5)
Young Ketchell, Chester, Pa.; Freddy Fitzgerald, Youngstown, Ohio; Young Harry Wills, Los Angeles, Calif.; Billy Angelo, Leiperville, Pa.; Young Terry, Trenton, N. J.; Eddie Murdock, Denver, Colo.; Joey Harrison, Paterson, N. J.; Vincent Hambright, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Group 6)
Pee Wee Jarrell, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Freddy Polo, Newark, N. J.; Johnny O'Keefe, Garfield, N. J.; Jackie Horner, St. Louis, Mo.; Bobby O'Hara, Chicago, Ill.; Jack Hoskey, Newark, N. J.; Hans Mueller, Germany; Red Affinito, New York; Walter Palm, New York; Eddie Dempsey, New York; Jay Macedon, Orange, N. J.

Junior Welterweight Division

(Group 1)
Jack Kid Berg, England.

(Group 2)
1—King Tut, Minneapolis, Minn.
2—Manuel Quintero, Tampa, Fla.

(Group 3)
1—Billy Townsend, Vancouver, B. C.
2—Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ill.
3—Joey Medill, Chicago, Ill.
4—Stanislaus Loayza, Chile.
5—Herman Perlick, Kalamazoo, Mich.
6—Mickey Cohen, Denver, Colo.

(Group 4)
Ralph Lenny, Union City, N. J.; Joe Glick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jackie Shupack, Paterson, N. J.; Bruce Flowers, New

Rochelle, N. Y.; Joey Goodman, Cleveland, Ohio; Pinky Kaufman, Youngstown, Ohio.

(Group 5)

Lope Tenorio, Philippines; Armando Aguilar, Chile; Solly Schwartz, England; Tommy Grogan, Omaha, Nebr.; Eddie Elkins, New York; Henry Perlick, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Bobby Mays, New London, Conn.; Young Firpo, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 6)

Kid Kober, Dallas, Texas; Mickey O'Neill, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Tommy Syracuse, New York; Benny Levine, Newark, N. J.; Tony Lambert, Newark, N. J.; Johnny Husic, Youngstown, Ohio; Young Lefty, Fall River, Mass.; Eddie Shapiro, New York; Joey Kaufman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lightweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Tony Canzoneri, New York.
2—Jack Kid Berg, England.
3—Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D.

(Group 2)

1—Justo Suarez, Argentine.
2—Al Singer, New York.
3—Louis Kid Kaplan, Meriden, Conn.

(Group 3)

1—Tony Herrera, Chicago, Ill.
2—Sammy Dorfman, New York.
3—Steve Haliako, Auburn, N. Y.
4—Johnny Jadick, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 4)

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Maxie Strub, Erie, Pa.; Andy Callahan, Boston, Mass.; Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass.; Billy Wallace, Cleveland, Ohio; Lew Paluso, Salt Lake City, Utah; Eddie Mack, Denver, Colo.; Harry Dublinsky, Chicago, Ill.; Ray Miller, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 5)

Mel Aragon, Chile; Harry Blitman, New York; Eddie Anderson, Chicago, Ill.; Jack Portney, Baltimore, Md.; Jimmy McNamara, New York; Billy McMahon, New York; Eddie Guida, New York; Luis Vicentini, Chile; Patsy Ruffalo, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Harry Carlton, Jersey City, N. J.; Eddie Kid Wolfe, New Orleans, La.

(Group 6)

Jackie Pilkington, New York; Emory Cabano, Philadelphia, Pa.; Al Ridgeway, Jersey City, N. J.; Eddie Provoe, New York; Benny Duke, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Willie Siegel, New York; Billy Lynch; Providence, R. I.; Tony Caragliano, New York; Tommy King, Fall River, Mass.; Joe Barbara, New York; Hubert Gillis, Belgium.

(Group 7)

Phil Rafferty, New York; Al Rossi, Newark, N. J.; Pancho Villa, New Bedford, Mass.; Tommy Rawson, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Harry Devine, Worcester, Mass.; Tony Falco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Al Rowe, Philadelphia, Pa.; Philly Griffin, Newark, N. J.; Herman Folins, Newark, N. J.; Nat Arno, Newark, N. J.; Marty Stone, Detroit, Mich.

Junior-Lightweight Class

(Group 1)

Benny Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 2)

1—Roger Bernard, Flint, Mich.
2—Al Foreman, England.

(Group 3)

1—Johnny Farr, Cleveland, Ohio.
2—Pete Nebo, New York.
3—Freddy Miller, Cincinnati, Ohio.
4—Davey Abad, Panama.
5—Maurice Holtzer, France.
6—Cecil Payne, Louisville, Ky.
7—Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill.
8—Jimmy Slavin, New York.

(Group 4)

Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.; Dom Volante, England; Eddie Koppy, Detroit, Mich.; Erwin Berlier, New Orleans, La.; Santiago Zorilla, Panama; Yamie Katz, Buffalo, N. Y.; Steve Smith, Bridgeport, Conn.; Young Zazzerino, Bayonne, N. J.; Bobby Brady, Bayonne, N. J.; Al Tripoli, Yonkers, N. Y.; Dominick Petrone, New York.

(Group 5)

Prince Saunders, Chicago, Ill.; Joe Belair, Worcester, Mass.; Rocco Vigan, New York; Frankie Carlton, Jersey City, N. J.; Eddie Cerda, New York; Sammy Linder, New York; Vic Morosco, New York; Pat Gillen, Ireland; Frankie Lazzeri, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Johnny Gaito, Yonkers, N. Y.

Featherweight Class

(Group 1)

1—Battling Battalino, Hartford, Conn.
2—Earl Mastro, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 2)

1—Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles, Calif.
2—Kid Chocolate, Cuba.
3—Eddie Shea, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 3)

1—Tommy Paul, Buffalo, N. Y.
2—Lew Massey, Philadelphia, Pa.
3—Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, Ind.
4—Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y.
5—Nel Tarleton, England.
6—Johnny Cuthbert, England.

(Group 4)

Andy Martin, Boston, Mass.; Teddy Baldock, England; Mike Gelb, Hungary; Lew Feldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sindulfo Diaz, Cuba; Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Tracey Cox, Indianapolis, Ind.; Tony Leto, Tampa, Fla.; Johnny Datto, Cleveland, Ohio; Phil Zwick, Cleveland, Ohio; Pete De Grasse, New York; Allen Whitlow, Phoenix, Ariz.; Agnacio Fernandez, Philippines; Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines, Iowa.

(Group 5)

Solly Schuman, Chicago, Ill.; Jose Girones, Spain; Max Koshover, Cincinnati, Ohio; Benny Goldstein, Baltimore, Md.; Carlo Mazzolo, Detroit, Mich.; Eddie Law, Philadelphia, Pa.; Martin Zunega, Los Angeles, Calif.; Sammy Farber, New York; Oscar Goldman, New York; Ray Meyers, New York; Boomer Brooker, Duluth, Minn.; Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis, Minn.; Paris Apice, Providence, R. I.; Phil Stark, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bantamweight Class

(Group 1)

1—Al Brown, Panama.
2—Kid Francis, Italy.

(Group 2)

1—Newsboy Brown, Sioux City, Iowa.
2—Joe Scalfaro, New York.
3—Pete Sanstol, Norway.
4—Archie Bell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
5—Vidal Gregario, Spain.
6—Domencio Bernasconi, Italy.

(Group 3)

Dick Corbett, England; Harry Fierro, Chicago, Ill.; Johnny Peters, England; Willie Davies, Charleroix, Pa.; Johnny Pena, New York; Eugene Huat, France; Emile Pladner, France; Benny Sharkey, England.

(Group 4)

George Nate, South Bend, Ind.; Petey Hayes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Johnny Gale, Three Rivers, Mich.; Pee Wee Gale, Three Rivers, Mich.; Ernie Peters, Chicago, Ill.; Peter Jackson, New York; Emil Paluso, Salt Lake City, Utah; Juan Cruz, Mexico; Billy Kelly, Scranton, Pa.; Frisco Grande, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Group 5)

Pee Wee Wilson, Detroit, Mich.; Frankie Bauman, Paterson, N. J.; Mickey Cohen, Cleveland, Ohio; Ollie Bartlett, Minneapolis, Minn.; Bud Walley, New York; Francisco Magnelli, Argentine; Joey O'Connell, Fall River, Mass.; Paul Liberto, Chicago, Ill.; Sammy Levine, Chicago, Ill.; Blas Rodriquez, Mexico.

Flyweight Class

(Group 1)

Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 2)

1—Frankie Genaro, New York.
2—Phil Tobias, Brooklyn, N. Y.
3—Frankie Kid Anslem, Honduras.
4—Steve Rocco, Toronto, Canada.
5—Marty Gold, Philadelphia, Pa.
6—Black Bill, Cuba.

(Group 3)

Art Giroux, Portland, Maine; Happy Atherton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Johnny McCoy, Buffalo, N. Y.; Speedy Dado, Philippines; Jackie Harmon, Waterbury, Conn.; Antol Kocsis, Hungary; Ruby Bradley, Holyoke, Mass.; Pablo Dano, Philippines; Frenchy Bellanger, Toronto, Canada.

(Group 4)

George Paulin, Bridgeport, Conn.; Jackie Evans, Kansas City, Mo.; Britt Gorman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Wille La Morte, Jersey City, N. J.; Victor Ferrand, Spain; Pep Jennings, Des Moines, Iowa; Abe Israel, Portland, Ore.; Al Little, Philadelphia, Pa.; George Keen, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Ruling Passion

YOUNG SAM BELASCO, the son of the celebrated Abe, once had a set-to with a costermonger. Old Abe was looking after his boy and noticed that Sam stood on one spot and took blows that he could have avoided by breaking ground.

This rattled the old man, who went to him and said: "Get back, Sammy my boy, get back."

To which Sammy replied: "Hush, Father. I can't, I've got my foot on a quid!"

(Note—A Quid is an equivalent of $5.00 in U. S. currency.)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Aggressiveness Seems to Sway Ring Officials
Give Too Much Credit for "Forcing the Mill"
Kid Chocolate Merited Verdict in Titular Bout

HOW much does aggressiveness in fighting count? Is aggressiveness the chief factor in determining the victor?

Like many of those who raised a hue and cry when the verdict was rendered against Kid Chocolate in his recent championship fight with Battalino in Madison Square Garden, I was among the dissenters for, in that contest I recorded eight rounds for the Cuban, five for the title holder and two even. Yet it was the unanimous opinion of Referee Arthur Donovan and two capable judges, George Kelly and Harold Barnes, that the title holder had successfully defended his crown, and I shall not attempt to attack their honest opinion.

Each person views a contest from a different point of view. Some award a greater number of points to the lad who is forcing the fighting, the fellow who is showing most aggressiveness. Others give more credit to the fighter who scores most hits. Still others favor the boxer whose clever defensive work brings about many misses by his opponent while some forget all about such cleverness as soon as they see the opponent crash one good blow to the body. That is why there is so much booing whenever a battle is close.

In the Battalino-Chocolate tilt, the champion was doing all the forcing. He was the aggressor, yet despite his charging, he was outscored on hits, four to one. In the matter of heavy hitting, Chocolate also did far more damage than did the champion. Every time Battalino came boring in, he received four or more stinging stabs to the face and several beautifully delivered right hooks before he was able to land one wallop.

In the matter of holding, there was little difference. Certainly the Keed could not be charged with holding in that fight, for the affair was so fast that he had little opportunity to do so. In his contest with Fidel La Barba he was penalized heavily for holding, but such could not be the case in his titular affair.

What then was it that caused three competent officials and many newspapermen to award the fight to the champion? There were more scribes who favored Chocolate than those who sided with the officials, and of those who thought Battalino the victor, the majority gave it as their opinion that his aggressiveness won him the battle. That being the general verdict, let us see what aggressiveness in boxing really means.

* * *

Aggressiveness in Boxing

THE rules of boxing under which contests are judged in this country, and of which the average spectator appears to have vague ideas, present no greater puzzle than that contained in the word "AGGRESSIVENESS." The construction placed on that word by patrons of boxing is decidedly elastic, and covers a great variety of situations.

One of the favorite arguments advanced in favor of a boxer is that he "forced the fight, and therefore should be declared the winner."

It is conceded that many a boxer who forces the fight is entitled to much credit, yet in numerous instances the man who forces the fight by rushing at his opponent and swinging with both hands fails to hit anything but the empty air, his work is ineffective and he is himself the recipient of volleys of stiff punches. In fact, the aggressive man may force the fight from beginning to end, but if he fails to land with effect, his aggressiveness is merely wasted effort. Quite naturally, competent judges of boxing do not give any attention to a boxer who forces the fight but fails to do any effective hitting. Unfortunately the gallery gods cannot see the misses and hoot and hiss when the verdict fails to fall to the fighter they think is the aggressor.

In recent years a new system of aggressiveness has developed. This consists of rushing to close quarters, pinning the right arm of an opponent, and cuffing him with the free hand until the victim manages to free the held arm. Whereupon the aggressor shifts his clutch to the left arm and continues to cuff and slap with his left hand.

If the "aggressor" is a man of vitality and stamina, he can continue these tactics indefinitely and make a distinct impression on the onlookers.

But his tactics are not sustained by the rules, especially by No. 1, which says:

"A CLEAN, FORCEFUL HIT, landed on any vulnerable part of the body above the belt, should be credited in proportion to its damaging effect."

* * *

Foul Tactics in Holding

THE new style of "forcing the fight" by hanging to an opponent with one hand and cuffing him with the other hand may look like aggressiveness, but it is really foul, as it violates the rule which forbids clinching.

The rule regarding aggressiveness says:

"Aggressiveness is of importance, and points should be awarded to the contestant who sustains the action of a round by the GREATEST NUMBER OF SKILLFUL ATTACKS."

There is no skill in a system that impels a boxer to hold with one hand and slap or cuff with the other. Nor is there any reason why a fighter who shows an abundance of aggressiveness but displays a lack of effectiveness, should be credited with points merely because he keeps boring in.

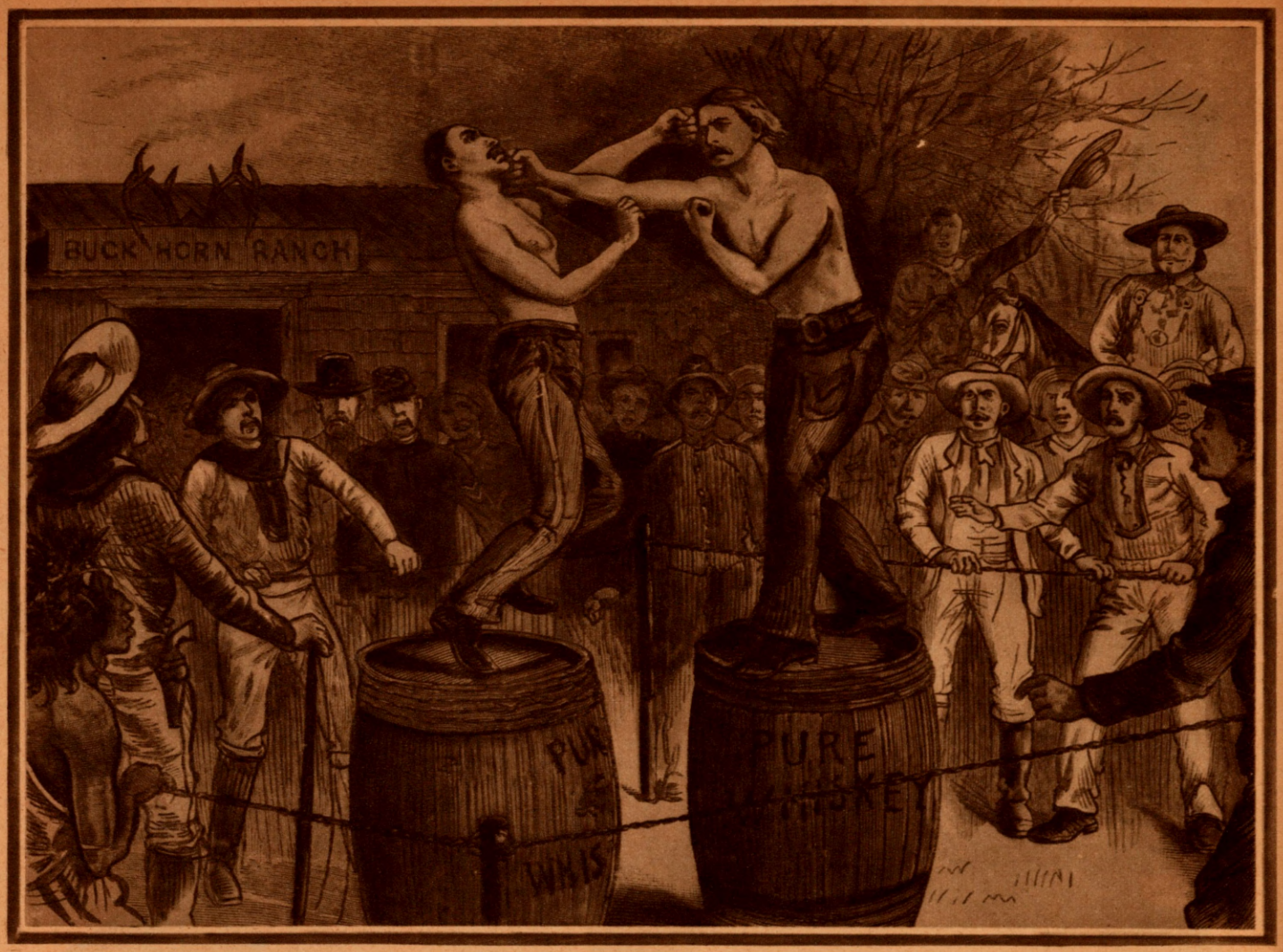
A better understanding on this subject should be made a point of issue between the various boxing commissions and their officials.

Although I was happy to see Battalino vindicate himself from the charge that he is a "cheese champion," I do not think that he was entitled to the decision in his bout with Kid Chocolate because all he showed was a fighting spirit, a spirit of aggressiveness and courageousness that apparently caught the eye of a number of boxing scribes and the officials.

If aggressiveness alone is to be considered, Battalino won the fight by a mile, but on general work, Kid Chocolate earned the laurels.

Rated High in 1930 Ring Ranking

1—Mickey Walker, middleweight champion; 2—Tommy Freeman, welter king; 3—Midget Wolgast, flyweight title holder; 4—Jimmy Maloney, who beat Carnera; 5—Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavy crown wearer; 6—Roger Bernard; 7—Al Brown, bantam champion; 8—Johnny Peters, of England; 9—Jackie Fields; 10—Benny Bass, junior lightweight king; 11—Len Harvey, England's middleweight champion; 12—Bat Battalino, featherweight champion; 13—Jack Thompson; 14—Young Corbett, III; 15—Dom Volante, of England; 16—Steve Haliako, upper N. Y. State star



A form of pugilism inaugurated by the settlers in the days when the Indians and pale-faces fought for supremacy in the Wild West

WHISKEY BARREL FIGHTS

A Favorite Pastime on the Government Reservations in the Days of the Wild West

By A. D. PHILLIPS

WHEREVER and whenever men have congregated in unsettled territory, the desire to prove by test that one man excels another in brute strength or fistic skill invariably crops out. Particularly was this true in the days of the Wild West, when adventurers, gold and oil seekers, flocked to newly-discovered veins to establish claims.

Out in Oklahoma, years ago, when the government announced the opening of new lands, there was a wild rush, a stampede that resulted in many injuries. Much to the disgust of these settlers, the best land was kept by Uncle Sam and the poorest passed along. Indignation rose to a high pitch and in defiance of the government and its minions of the law, a wild rush was made by the settlers to what was then known as the "Cherokee Strip." This strip on the reservation soon became the haven for many illegal squatters who defied all efforts on the part of the government to oust them.

Those who remained put up ramshackle homes and when they began to plow and plant, Uncle Sam changed his mind about driving them out and no further attempts were made to evict the settlers.

As these bootlegged settlements increased in size and population, saloons and gambling houses, the most usual form of pastime in the Wild West of that period, flourished.

Faro, roulette, chuck-a-luck and wheel of fortune outfits were everywhere out of doors. Gambling flourished with a recklessness seldom seen anywhere in this country.

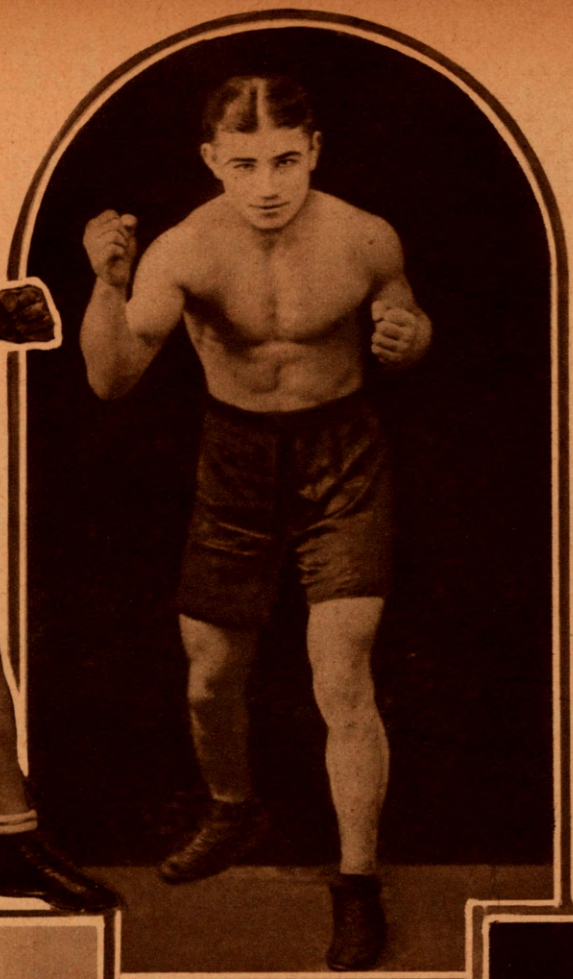
It didn't take long before the soldiers who were sent to clear the strip of the squatters, became part of the crowd, and monte, shell and other fake games went on undisturbed. Naturally, when too much liquor was imbibed, gun play and fist fights flourished and soon the population was able to point to the strong men of the settlement.

* * *

ON a Sunday afternoon when all hands would pass the time either at the dance halls or the gambling joints, an occasional fistic encounter was put on to relieve the boys of some of their "hard-earned" cash. The fistic affairs became increasingly popular until they were staged as a regular part of the Sunday programme. Unlike our modern bouts, however, these Oklahoma affairs were known as "Whiskey Barrel Fights."

In these contests four stakes were (*Continued on page* 45)

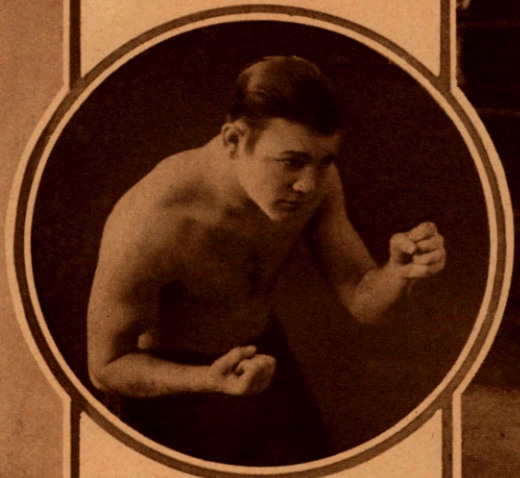
Matt Adgie, one of Philly's popular idols



Benny Bass, world's junior-lightweight leader

Buck McTiernan, Pittsburgh's middleweight

Below—Marty Collins, rugged Philadelphia welterweight



Left—Pete Latzo, welter champion, now a good light-heavyweight

Right—Billy Jones, Philadelphia's Negro light-heavy

THEY'VE KEPT PENNSYLVANIA *On the* MAP

PIONEER DAYS

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE pioneer days of boxing in New York City were fraught with sorrow for all concerned and filled with lamentations by promoters and boxers alike. Not only did the reform element blow the police whistle on the slightest pretext, but in many instances the boxers, spectators and officials were not only chased all over the city, but in numerous cases were caught, arrested and fined or imprisoned.

It is true that the leading fighters did not take chances of being incarcerated for the good reason that title contests or those between foremost boxers were not staged within the limits of the Empire State, but the younger element of the boxing clan frequently challenged opponents and Fate in an effort to show their skill and courage. Whenever a title was at stake, or an important match to be made, the promoters staged the contests in some spot remote from New York.

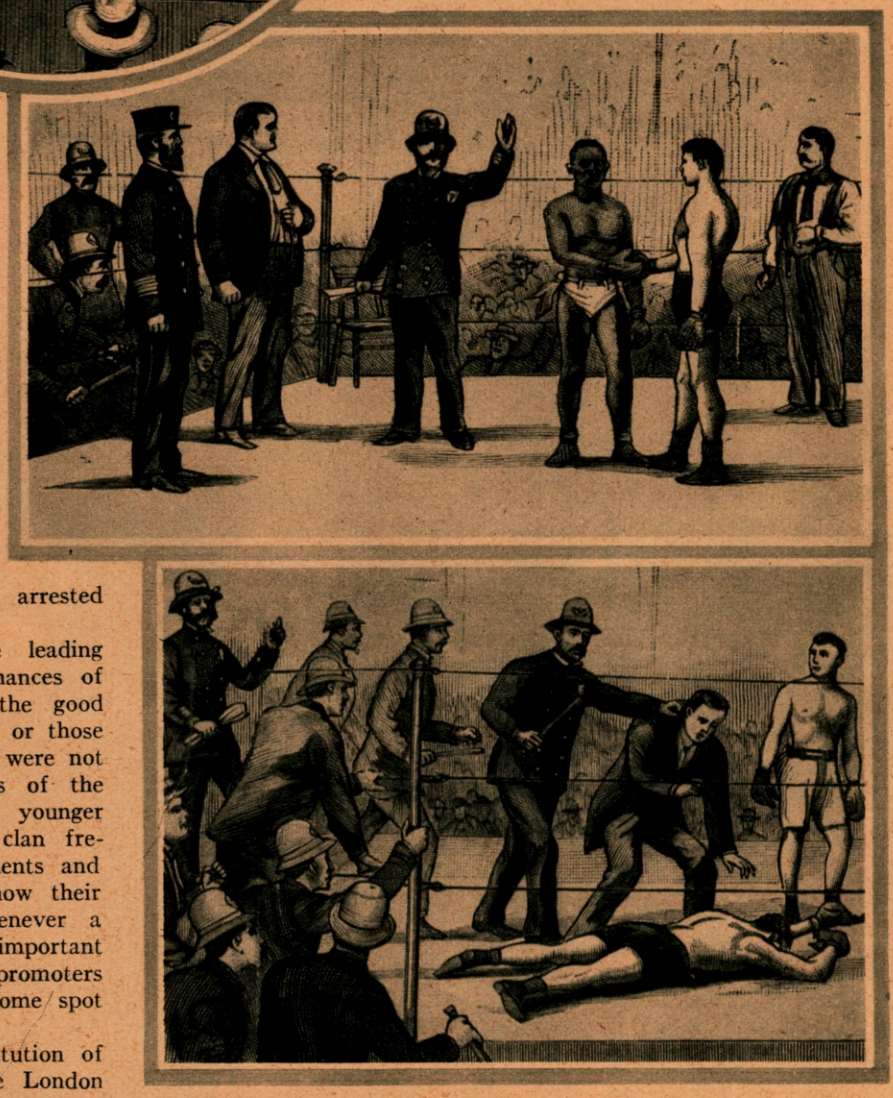
Previous to the substitution of the Queensberry for the London rules, a number of places managed to hold short bouts between more or less famous pugilists, but their lease of life was short. Harry Hill's resort was the most noted of these clubs, and he managed to keep the hounds of the law at bay for many years.

However, late in the eighties, the promoters hit on what they regarded as a happy means of eluding the unwelcome attentions of the authorities. This was known as the "Club Membership" plan, and it was joyfully utilized by promoters at a dozen or more points in the city. In substance, the clubs enrolled as many members as possible, each of whom was required to pay his membership "dues" on or before the fight nights.

* * *

AMONG the clubs that took advantage of the "membership" plan was the New Polo A. C. at 158th Street and 8th Ave., close to the headquarters of the Giants. Billy Newman was the promoter. Newman made a success of his club. He survived a series of attacks by the constabulary and by politicians.

Newman restricted his boxers to the bantams, featherweights and lightweights, and he staged some very interesting contests. Among his attractions were Spike and Dave Sullivan, George Monroe, Dave Wall and others of equal ability. The bouts drew packed houses and Newman did very well indeed until the Horton Law hove in sight and wrecked the entire membership plan.



In circle—A scene during club membership days when the police arrived. "Gentlemen," says the announcer, "the cops are here to raid our club. There'll be no fight to-night." (Center) "Quiet, please," says this courteous cop, "there'll be no arrests except of the principals. We want you all to clear out. Any rough stuff and you'll all be taken in." And below we see cops entering the ring to arrest the referee and fighters after a knockout has been delivered

Among other membership clubs were Billy Newman's Longacre A. C. on West 29th Street; Bill Brown's on West 28th Street; the Sharkey on Broadway at 66th Street, run by Jim Buckley; the Fairmount A. C. managed by Billy Gibson, and the Bohemian A. C., Amsterdam Avenue and 81st Street, with Charles Henry Genslinger in command.

Genslinger fashioned a club emblem, showing an owl in the center of a circle, with this warning attached:

"Weaving Spiders Come Not Here."

But the spiders, in shape of the police, ignored the warning and gave the promoter many a sleepless night. The Bohemian operated during 1896, and among the chief attractions was a fifteen-round bout between Joe Gans and Dal Hawkins, the latter getting the decision on points.

in NEW YORK

Famous Fights Staged During the Club Membership Period—Police Raids and Smashed Heads of Frequent Occurrence

A visit to the dressing room enables the bluecoats to march the preliminary boys and their seconds to the station house

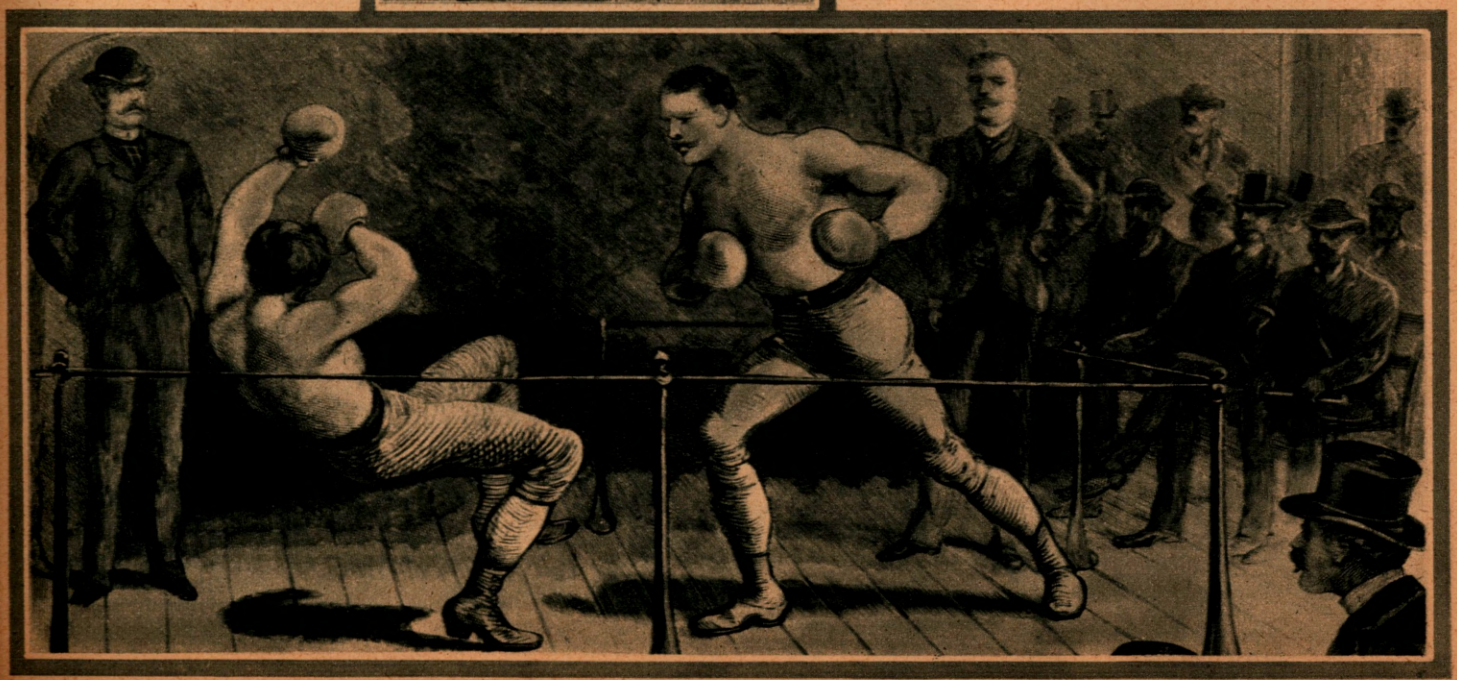
THE Horton Law made its appearance in 1898, and all the "membership" clubs went to smash.

In short, Big Tim Sullivan, who managed to put through the so-called Horton Law, was actuated by a determination to restrict boxing in New York City to two clubs—the Lenox at 107th street and Lexington avenue, and the Broadway A. C. at Broadway and Fourth street. Therefore the police, who always paid attention to what Big Tim said, proceeded to close up the membership clubs and give full right of way to the Lenox and the Broadway. The closing of Newman's Polo A. C. was tragic. Newman had arranged an attractive bout between Dave Sullivan and George Monroe, and it attracted a record crowd, but when the enthusiasts reached the scene of the conflict, they found the club surrounded by a cordon of police and a notice on the club doors to the effect that there would be "No more boxing for members at this club."

With the membership clubs out of the way, the Sullivan clan, with Tom O'Rourke as general manager, started in to show New Yorkers exactly how boxing should be conducted in the metropolis. With the hobbles removed from the game, the leading boxers of the country flocked to New York and showed their wares in one of the two monopolistic clubs.

It was at the Broadway A. C. that the great Terry McGovern wrested George Dixon's featherweight title from the then fast slipping Negro, and it was in the same club that Joe Gans, the incomparable lightweight, suffered two apparent defeats. One was at the hands of Frank Erne, whom Gans later stopped (*Continued on page* 43)

Left—These bluecoats are handy with their clubs. They are smashing their way into a private resort. There was no escape once the charge got under way. (Below) A private club in the pioneer days where the elite witnessed thrilling mills

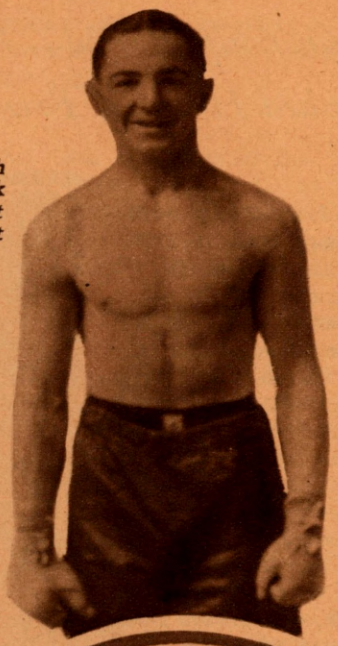


Some *of* *New England's* Stars

Vittorio Livan, Italian middleweight from Boston

Left — Joe Venuti, Boston's former amateur star

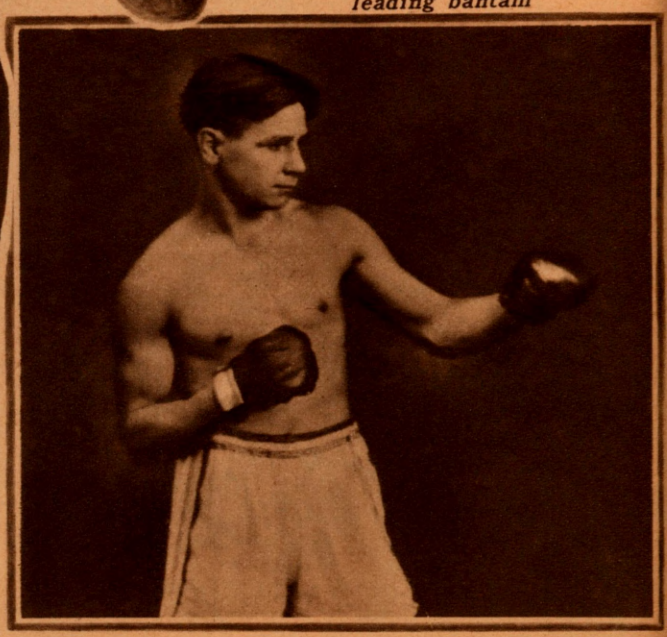
Right — Hugh Devlin, crack Connecticut featherweight



Al Beauregard, Connecticut's leading bantam

Sammy Fuller, rugged Boston Italian lightweight

Mike Esposito, Stamford, Conn., featherweight



Harry Devine, lightweight star from Worcester, Massachusetts

Old Grudges Died Hard

How Corbett and Sullivan Buried Hatchet After 18 Years of Enmity

By ED. W. SMITH

Famous Referee and Sports Writer

The reconciliation. When friends patched up a truce after 18 years of enmity. Left to right—Jim Corbett; John L. Sullivan; Joe Choynski, the ambassador who made peace; Jim Jeffries, grasping the hand of Sullivan; Otto Floto, Denver sports authority; William Muldoon, present New York Boxing Commissioner, and "Wurra Wurra" McLaughlin.

Corbett, in belligerant attitude, invites Sullivan to start something. Left to right are Jim Corbett, Dave Lewinsohn, a friend of Corbett and John L. Sullivan.

STRANGE—and funny—how some of those ancient buzzards of the boxing business nursed their grudges almost to the last.

When they hated, they hated like they used to fight in the old days—to a finish. It was an absolute and total obsession with them. It hung on like a Mafia feud and was as bitter as anything ever shown among the Hatfields and the McCoys of Kentucky moonshining fame.

Take the unusual case of James J. Corbett and the late John L. Sullivan, two of the most bitter ring rivals the world ever saw.

John L. never could reconcile himself to the idea of "a dude of a bank clerk" licking him and, incidentally, doing such a thorough job of it.

No, sir, John L. never got over that one!

Eighteen years after the bitterness of New Orleans and the hideous sting of that defeat should have worn off, John L. was still nursing that ancient grudge.

It broke out in Reno, Nevada, in 1910, when Jim Jeffries was staging that ill-advised and entirely futile comeback against the powerful Jack Johnson. And it broke out with a roar; broke out, as our old pal Charley Seymour used to say, "like a 4—11 fire in a lard factory!"

* * *

AS soon as the late Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason had announced the transfer of this gigantic fight from San Francisco to Reno, the writing men began to pour themselves into the metropolis and within a few days, the Golden Hotel, headquarters of the fight, was fairly brimming with them.

Sullivan and his manager, Frank Hall of Chicago, an excellent showman, was one of the first on the ground and started his syndicate work at once. He represented a lot of papers for the special stuff he began turning out. This wasn't Hall's first attempt as a scribe. For many years back he was one of the editors of the *"Illustrated News."*

Whether it was because Corbett had charge of affairs in the city of quick matrimonial unhitchings or for what reason, Jeffries camp out at Moana Springs, a short distance from the John L.'s opening remarks and comments were none too complimentary to either Big Jim or Corbett.

Of course it didn't take long for some of the clippings to sift back into Reno from the East and Middle West and everybody was gabbing about the "By John L. Sullivan" stuff.

Fuse reached powder the day that the John L. party sent word out to Jeffries' camp that the old fellow, ex-champion of the world, was ready to pay them a somewhat belated visit and "look things over."

* * *

WORD went back promptly, by the same messenger, that John L. and his party would not be welcome and it would be best for all concerned if he remained away. John got the word in person. It was a hot, clammy afternoon in a stuffy, pent-up hotel room and John wasn't feeling so all-fired good anyway. The old boy's personal magazine went off like one of Mr. Paine's best Fourth of July fireworks displays.

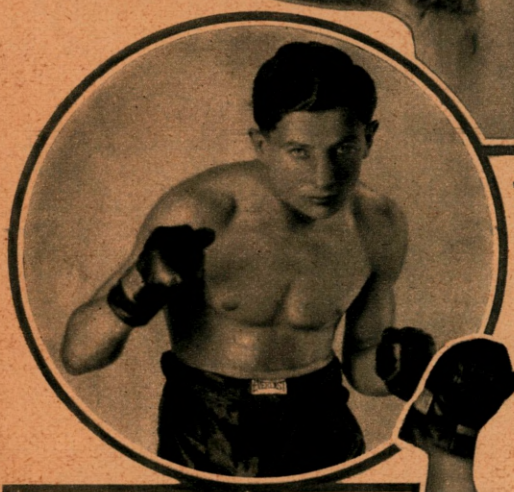
"Go back and tell that blankety-blank dude of a left-handed Corbett that if he don't let me in that camp to-morrow morning, I'll spit in his eye!" roared the famous old Boston gladiator. He said other things, for John had accumulated a rip-roarin' grand old vocabulary of peppery words during a long and painstaking practice period.

As is common in such cases, gleefully and with winged heels, those Mercurys of scandal bore this message to the other ex-champion, and you may be sure it lost nothing in the embellishment between the city's hotel and the training camp.

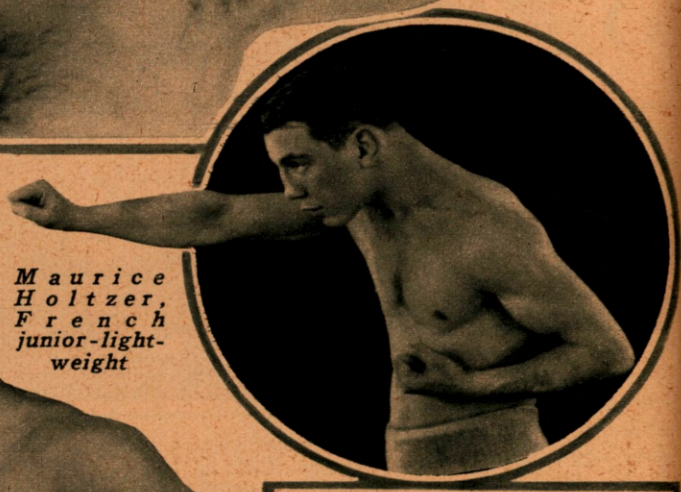
What a treat for the mongers of "the dirt" and all the rest of it! Pyrotechnics? Ah, plenty of 'em! The word rolled tripplingly off tongue to ear and soon it was all over the town like a 'Frisco fog. What a treat! *(Continued on page 44)*

Foreigners Who Basked *in* Limelight

Jose Santa, Carnera's Portuguese rival



Solly Schwartz, busy English lightweight



Maurice Holtzer, French junior-lightweight

Primo Carnera, giant heavyweight from Italy

Ernst Guehring, Germany's heavyweight comer

Eddie Ran, Polish welterweight crack

When Tonopah Was Put on the Map

Gans Knocked Out Kid Herman While Excited Miners Cheered in Bleak, Wind-swept, Snow-bound Town

By CLARENCE RIORDAN

SCENE—Tonopah, Nevada.
Day—Tuesday, New Year's day, 1907.

Principals—Joe Gans, world's lightweight champion, and Kid Herman.

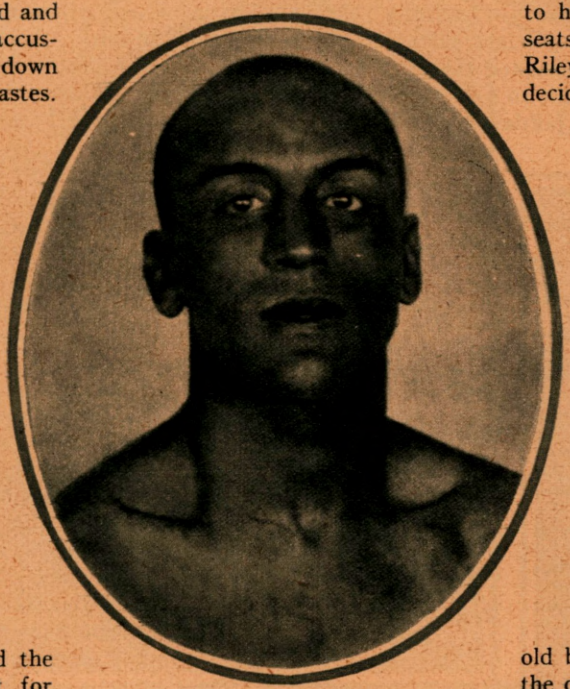
Snow out of the northwest, a bitter, biting cold blizzard. A wind that swept down the mountainside and chilled even the stout-hearted and sturdy, acclimated miners who were accustomed to the rough blasts that blew down out of the Sierras and across the wastes.

Roads blocked and the footpaths through the hills clogged and covered with the snowdrifts.

Railroads carrying fight fans from all the mountain region, and from California, operating trains far behind their schedules.

Passengers, benumbed and stiffened by the breath of the mountain ice king, alighted on the scene of the battle looking like men who had been caught in a small avalanche and rescued, half frozen from a grave of snow.

That represents a true picture of Tonopah on New Year's day, 1907, the day on which a popular Hebrew boy, born and bred in Canada, but whose popularity as a fighter was gained by his great battles in Chicago and vicinity, faced the clever Baltimore Negro in a contest for the world's title that lasted only eight rounds with Joe Gans the victor.



Joe Gans, one of world's cleverest lightweights

The scene was the most picturesque of any fight ever staged in this country, not even excepting that at Soldier's Field and Boyle's Thirty Acres where 100,000 or more persons viewed the Dempsey-Tunney and Dempsey-Carpentier bouts.

* * *

IT takes more than a blizzard to stop a hardened miner from enjoying a good fight, and such was the case that day. From the mountains and the foothills to the west and north of Tonapah, bleak, covered with two or more feet of snow, with such rigorous weather, one sniff of which would ordinarily cause even the most ardent fistic enthusiast to shrink back like a woodchuck seeking spring ahead of time, came trudging in over the hazardous roads, hordes of some of the toughest looking faces I've ever seen.

The more thrifty drove to town, their little burros pulling sledges which more than half of the time were buried so deeply in the snowslides as the sides of the vehicle crashed against the snow-banks along the roads, that "time out" had to be called quite frequently while the occupants of sleighs shivered until they got blue in the face righting them.

It was quite a procession that drifted that day into bleak Tonopah. Twisting down the roads, they trundled in and out to avoid the heavier piles. These fight enthusiasts who would brook a terrific Nevada storm to see two fellows pummel each other for a $20,000 purse in a finish fight, whistled on their fingers, told stories of more bitter, colder days, laughing at themselves for being such "derned fools" as one of the New England scribes who was on the scene, happened to remark as he viewed the spectacle with an icicle-covered face.

In the shacks where the sports gathered to have their little sip before taking their seats in the barn-like arena built by Mr. Riley, the energetic promoter who had decided to show the East what a little Western town could do in the fight promotion field, huge drum stoves with large hickory logs threw out so much heat that those in the immediate vicinity were baked to a turn on one side while they shivered on the other.

* * *

THIS was the view that greeted me as I stood in the midst of the throng, observing with eager eyes that which I had been sent 2000 miles to report for my eastern paper. When I now sit close to the ringside in the beautiful Garden arena and partake of all the comforts offered by the Garden Corporation to its fight patrons, I stop and think of what hardships we old boys went through to enjoy a fight in the days gone by. I often wonder whether it was worth the trouble and the risk, yet were I in my youth, and the opportunity again presented itself to me to go through the same mill, I would gladly jump at it.

Why? Because of the thrill. First, there was a thrill in sneaking away from the police in states where boxing was prohibited. Then there was the thrill of a journey into some wilderness, amidst picturesque scenes, with pistol-carrying miners constituting the bulk of the spectators.

And finally there was the thrill of a great battle, for seldom did the participants engage in a contest that did not meet with the hearty approval of those who paid to see it.

Different from today? Yes, there is no comparison.

There was a romance in the fight game prior to 1910 which now is lost to fistiana and that is why the old-timer loves to tell of the days when he-men fought to a finish, when everything went and commercialism was in its infancy so far as the ring was concerned.

As for the Gans-Herman affair, the Hebrew boy put up a brave, terrific battle, but found his master in the Negro phenom. His greater skill and longer experience enabled him to win. Gans kept peppering away with lefts and rights from the very first round and repeatedly snapped back the head of his opponent until he saw an opening in the eighth to shift to a body attack that ended the fray.

It was a great sight, a great fight and a great day and Tonopah was henceforth accepted as a good spot to stage finish bouts.

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART TEN

I COME now to the fall of 1909. Jack Johnson had defeated Tommy Burns in Sydney, Australia, the previous December and was heavyweight champion of the world and it was generally accepted that Jim Jeffries would emerge from retirement to fight the Negro. Only twice in recent years had I seen Jeffries, whom I knew well—so well, indeed, that it was I who had introduced him to the young woman who afterward became Mrs. Jeffries.

Jeffries and his wife at their home in California. This photo was taken a few days after Jack Curley and Billy Delaney visited him at Burbank, Cal., to induce him to return to the ring

Jeffries entering the ring for the slaughter in bout with Jack Johnson at Reno, July 4, 1910

I had seen him at his home in Burbank, California, in 1906, when I had taken Marvin Hart to Colma to fight Burns and I met him again in New York, when he was on a ten-week vaudeville tour for William Morris, following the announcements in all the papers that he contemplated a come-back against Johnson.

The visit to Burbank I made in the company of Billy Delaney, who had been Jeff's manager. As we approached the house, we could see Jeff and his wife sitting on the porch but Jeff, after an obviously unsuccessful effort to determine our identities, went indoors. Mrs. Jeffries greeted us warmly and, opening the door, called to Jeff:

"All right, Jim. It's Billy Delaney and Jack Curley."

Jim came out grinning rather sheepishly.

"Hello," he said. "You fellows gave me a bit of a scare. I like to have the people I know come to see me but I'm afraid of pests and whenever I can, I keep out of their sight. I dodged you because I couldn't make out who you were."

* * *

HE was dressed in working clothes and wore an old, wide-brimmed straw hat. His face was tanned and weather-beaten and his whole appearance was not a whit different than that of any other farmer in the neighborhood. It was a warm day and when we refused Mrs. Jeffries' offer to get us something to eat, she brought us beakers of cold milk with which to refresh ourselves.

We talked about mutual friends for a while and I asked Jeff if he wouldn't come in to Colma to see the Burns-Hart fight. I figured that it would steam up the fight if it were known he would be there, as Burns and Hart were rival claimants for the vacant heavyweight title and it would heighten interest in their meeting, I thought, if the retired champion were at the ringside.

"I probably will see it," Jeff said. "I go in once in a while to see the fights and this ought to be worth looking at."

The talk veered from the fight to Jeff's farm, a topic which interested him much more deeply.

He talked about his crops and his future plans. As he went on, I could see that Delaney was eyeing him closely but it seemed to me that Bill's mind was not on what the big fellow was saying. Bill, you see, never had accustomed himself to Jeff's retirement.

At length Jeff pointed to a tract of land adjoining his own.

"I'd like to add that to my farm and set it out in alfalfa," he said. "I'm figuring now on a way to get the money I'll need for it."

* * *

DELANEY shifted his feet uneasily for a moment.

Then he said:

"I know a way to get that much money and enough besides to buy all the land you'll ever want to own."

Jeff turned to him and looked at him steadily.

"How?" he asked.

"By coming out of retirement and fighting Johnson," Billy said.

Jeff's face, which had beamed as he had talked of his farm, clouded. He got up from his chair, walked into the house without a word or a look for either of us and slammed the door behind him.

Billy and Mrs. Jeffries and I sat there in an embarrassed silence.

"Well, Billy," I said, "I guess it's time we started back to town."

Vividly remembering that little scene, I made no reference to fighting when I saw Jeff in New York in the spring of 1909.

* * *

WHILE Dr. Roller and I were riding eastward from Seattle to Chicago, Jeff and Sam Berger, returning from Carlsbad, where Jeff had gone to take the baths, were on the ocean bound for New York. The night we arrived in Chicago, I attended the opening of the new Cort Theater, where "Fine Feathers" was the attraction, and sat in a box with John Cort, Sport Herman and Harry Frazee. During the performance, Frazee turned to me.

"I've got an idea that I think we can turn into some real money, Jack," he said.

"That interests me, what is it?" I asked.

"I'm going to hop on a train for New York to-morrow, meet Jeffries and Berger at the boat and sign them up for a tour of the country," he said. "We can bill Jeff as the man who will restore the heavyweight championship to the white race. I want you to go with me on the tour and, as supporting attractions for Jeff, to sign up Gotch and some other wrestlers. I'll add a couple of vaudeville acts to the bill and we'll put on a show that will draw well all over the country. Are you on?"

"I am," I said. "I'll line up the wrestlers and await word from you when to start for the town where we are to open."

The Boilermaker and his manager, Sam Berger, in a gym workout while Jeff was training for his mill with Johnson

Jeffries was a great hunter. Here he is with Bob Smith of Ohio (Center) and Bob Smith of New York, returning from a wild duck hunt as part of his "comeback" training

Jack Jeffries (left), Jim Jeffries and Tommy Ryan. Tommy and Jack helped train the retired champion

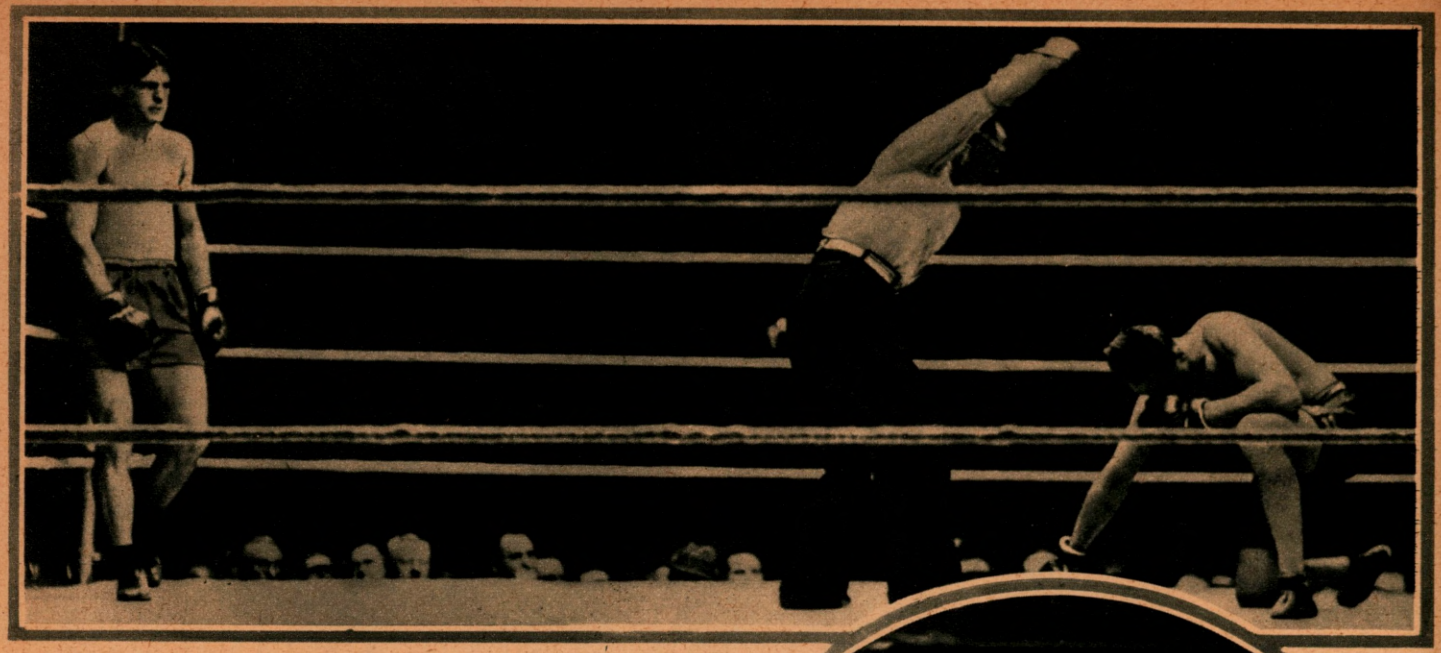
* * *

FRAZEE, meeting Jeff and Berger in New York, persuaded them after some argument to sign with him. Under the terms of their contract, Jeff was to get a flat guarantee of $1,000 a week, plus a percentage of the receipts. Frazee mapped out a tour of one-night stands and wired me to proceed with my wrestlers to Trenton for the opening.

The show drew $700 in Trenton, no more than that in Newark and less than that in Philadelphia. Our route led us into upper New York State, where we did only slightly better. Then we headed for New York, where we had leased Madison Square Garden for Saturday night.

As Johnson was in New York, we had planned a great show. Johnson was to be there and, in the ring and in full view of the crowd, Jeffries and Johnson were to sign articles to fight, the bout to be awarded to the promoter making the highest bid. Nothing like it ever before had been done. Our publicity was tremendous and we were presumably assured of a packed house.

Then came the crusher. Boxing was illegal in New York at that time. (*Continued on page* 45)



When Phil Scott was stopped by Young Stribling

Knockout Wallops—

Turn Bored Fight Fans Into a Horde of Wild Men Actuated by Primitive Passions

By WILBUR WOOD

THE most thrilling chapters in the history of boxing are written around knockouts. The knockout's the thing, as Will Shakespeare might say if he were with us to-day. It is the probability of seeing a knockout that carries the crowd toward the arena in overwhelming numbers.

A knockdown, presaging a likely knockout, turns a bored, somnolent crowd into a horde of wild men actuated by primitive passions. To be known as a knockout king is the ambition of almost every glove gladiator, the secret desire even of those who profess to put science above sock.

As one turns the pages of fistic history it is noted that the darlings of the fans, the great box office cards, have been the fighters who packed the good-night wallop. From Sullivan to Dempsey, the fellows who won by the knockout have packed 'em in.

Each year sees ring history enriched by sensational knockouts. The twelve months just passed have been no exception. Sometimes the knockout has been forecast. On other occasions it has come to pass without warning. Sometimes the victim is flattened almost before he realizes the fight has started. Again, the knockout comes midway in an evenly contested affair, or climaxes a long and painful beating.

* * *

A STANDOUT for speed and unexpectedness took place before a small gathering at the Olympia A. C. in New York a couple of months ago when Rene DeVos, sturdy Belgian veteran, was rocked to sleep in eighteen seconds by a dusky, almost unknown Porto Rican middleweight, Angel Cliville.

Here we see Al Singer holding the back of his head and kicking his legs after being floored for first time by Jimmy McLarnin

For a couple of years DeVos had been recognized as the outstanding contender for the middleweight crown. He had hounded Mickey Walker in vain for a championship fight.

It was the Belgian's proud boast that he never had been put on the floor, much less kept there for the count of ten. Rene was offered a semi-final bout in Madison Square Garden, for $2,500. At almost the same time Jess McMahon, promoter at the Olympia, told the Belgian he would like to use him against Cliville. Who was Cliville? Oh, just a mug from Porto Rico.

DeVos hadn't boxed in anything but a main event for years. The idea of appearing in a semi-final rankled. So he turned down the $2,500 offer from the Garden to box a main bout at the Olympia for a few hundred dollars.

Cliville, a dangerous right hand puncher who shoots the works in the first few rounds, knocked DeVos cold with the first punch he landed, a right to the jaw. The eighteen seconds of the bout includes the ten counted over DeVos, so they really were in action only eight seconds.

DeVos claims that, so far as he knows, the fight never happened at all. He remembers nothing from the time the opening gong sounded until he came back to life, some time later, in his dressing room.

AL SINGER, who won and lost the lightweight championship last summer, figured in three sensational knockouts within a few months. In these three fights Singer boxed only eleven minutes and four seconds. For that brief time he was paid more than some men earn in a lifetime of arduous toil.

On the night of July 17, before a crowd of 35,000 at the Yankee Stadium in New York, Singer stopped Sammy Mandell in one minute and forty-six seconds of the first round to take over the lightweight championship. Though Singer was a strong favorite, because of his punching power and the hardship to which Mandell was subjected in making the weight, nobody expected a knockout in the first round.

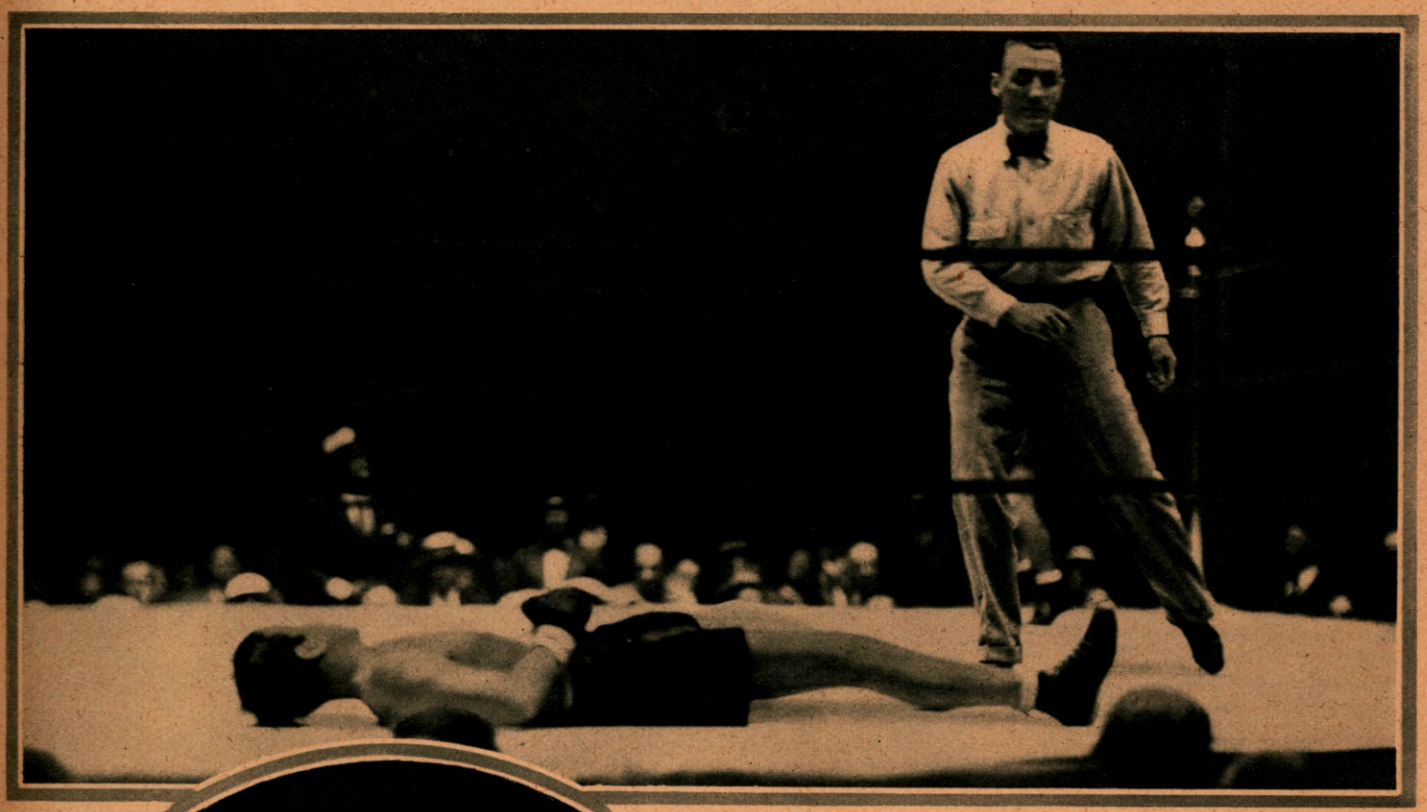
Short as the fight was, a survey of the records discloses a lightweight championship bout in which the title changed hands that was even shorter. Twenty-eight years ago, at Fort Erie, Joe Gans regained the title from Frank Erne by dropping him for the full count in a trifle less than one minute.

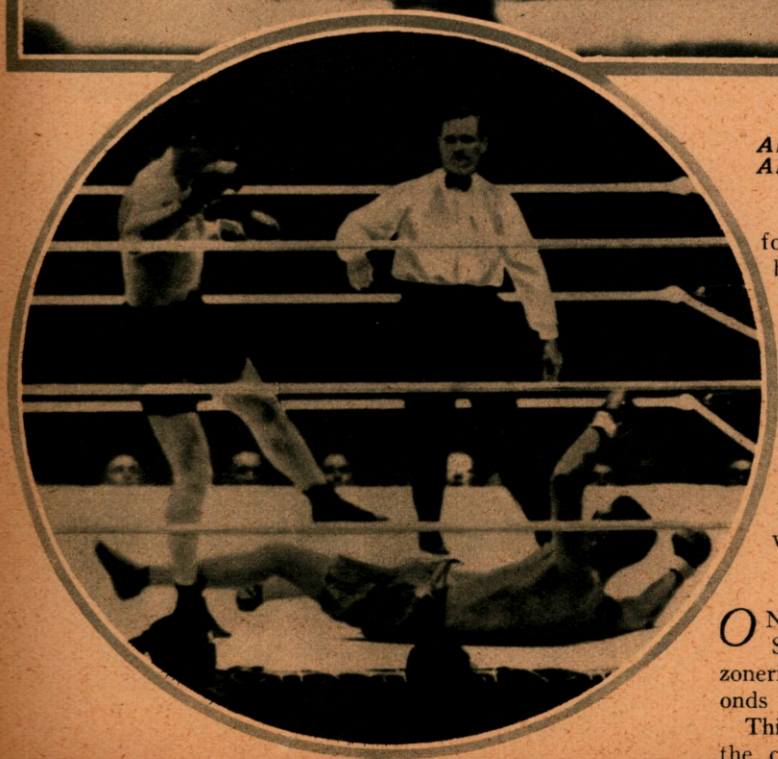
Singer's success in disposing of the battle-worn Mandell in jig time gave him an over-abundance of confidence in his powers and led him to demand a match with Jimmy McLarnin, rated the hardest hitter, pound for pound, in the game to-day.

This time the shoe was on the other foot, or rather the punch on the other chin. After Singer had surprised everyone by outboxing McLarnin in the first two rounds and dropping him to his knees in the first frame, the baby-faced Irishman from Vancouver inveigled Al into a punching bee in the third.

McLarnin's famous right flashed to Singer's chin and Al went down. The lightweight champion, whose crown was not at stake because McLarnin was over the class limit, lay with his face in the rosin-spattered canvas. At nine, he was not yet up and McLarnin came to the conclusion it was all over.

As Referee Johnny McAvoy started bringing his arm down for the final count, McLarnin turned a handspring in celebration of victory. But Singer jumped up just in time to beat the count and as Jimmy finished his handspring, he saw Singer lunging at him with a dying right hand punch McLarnin dodged the blow and went to work again. A few seconds later Baby Face upset Singer a second time with a left hook to the jaw. Singer lay there calling for water and fumbling at the back of his neck. At ten Al was still on the floor. There was fear for a moment that his neck had been broken but fortunately he was not seriously hurt. The time of the third round was two minutes and 21 seconds.





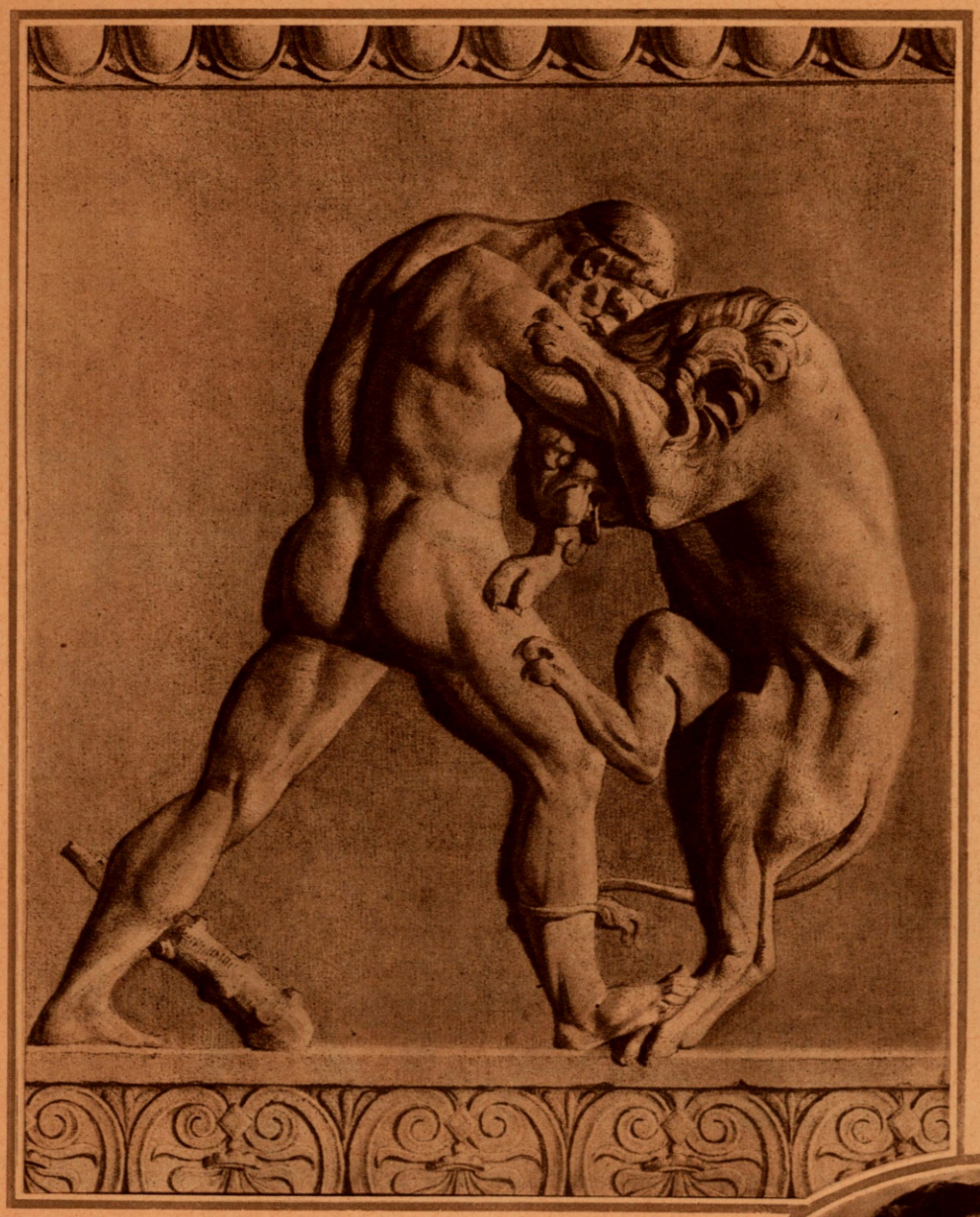
Above—Sammy Mandell counted out in bout with Al Singer and at left Otto Von Porat halted by Young Stribling

* * *

ON November 14 Singer went to the post in Madison Square Garden, to defend the title against Tony Canzoneri. This time Al was flattened in one minute and six seconds of the first round.

This knockout came with dramatic suddenness that took the crowd completely by surprise. (*Continued on page* 46)

Greeks in Wrestling



A Greek gladiator wrestling a lion

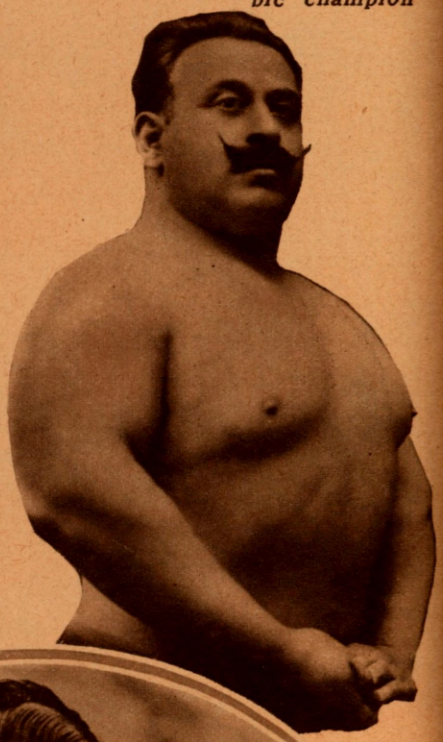
EVERY boy has his idol. That's the incentive that urges youth to reach the heights.

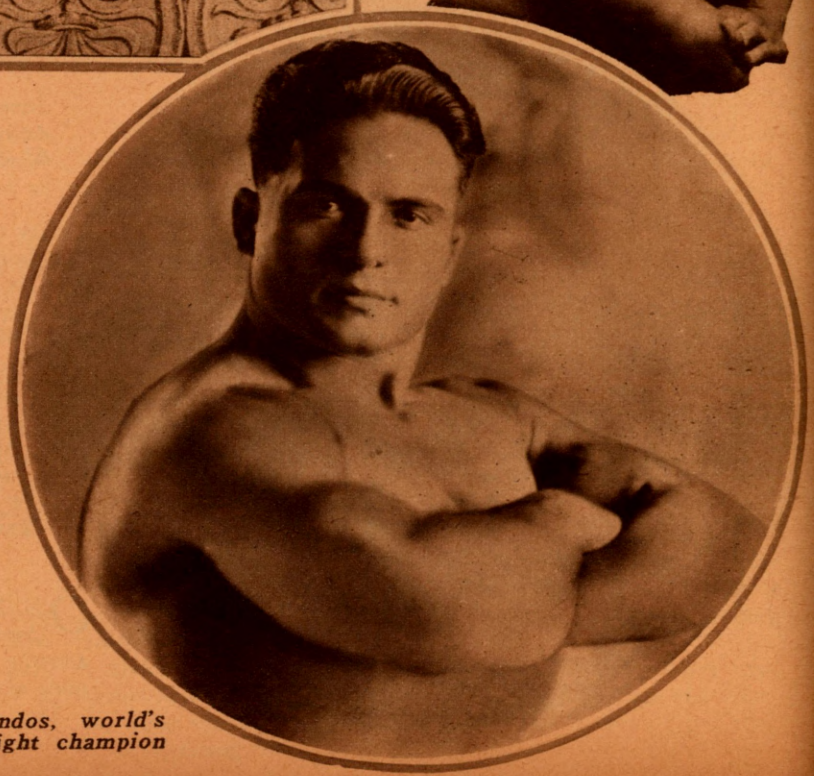
Jim Londos, world's wrestling champion, stands alone perhaps in the matter of selecting his choice from a statue. Whereas most of the younger generation of to-day try to emulate Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Earl Sande, and other sport champions, Londos as a schoolboy stood himself before the marble figure of Milo of Croton in his home town, Patras, Greece, and said to himself that he didn't want to become a policeman, fireman, lawyer, banker or what have you. All he hoped for was that he would grow up like Milo and wear a pair of cauliflower ears like those carved out of the marble that stood before him.

It was with great awe that Londos admired the wrinkled ears of Milo. No gold medals ever cast could take the place of those ears in the opinion of the Londos boy. The more he thought of that statue, the more determined he became that he would some day reach the zenith that inspired the City of Patras to erect the monument in its public square for the Grecian mat gladiator.

What was a boyhood dream developed into a reality! Londos is to-day the undisputed world's wrestling champion and is the personification of the artist's idea of a perfect specimen of manhood. All but the ears, which saddens Londos. He displays a pair of corrugated ears that give mute testimony of some hard struggles over a score of years, but they are not the kind sported by the marble figure of Milo. They are the

Demetrius Tofalos, 1904 Olympic champion



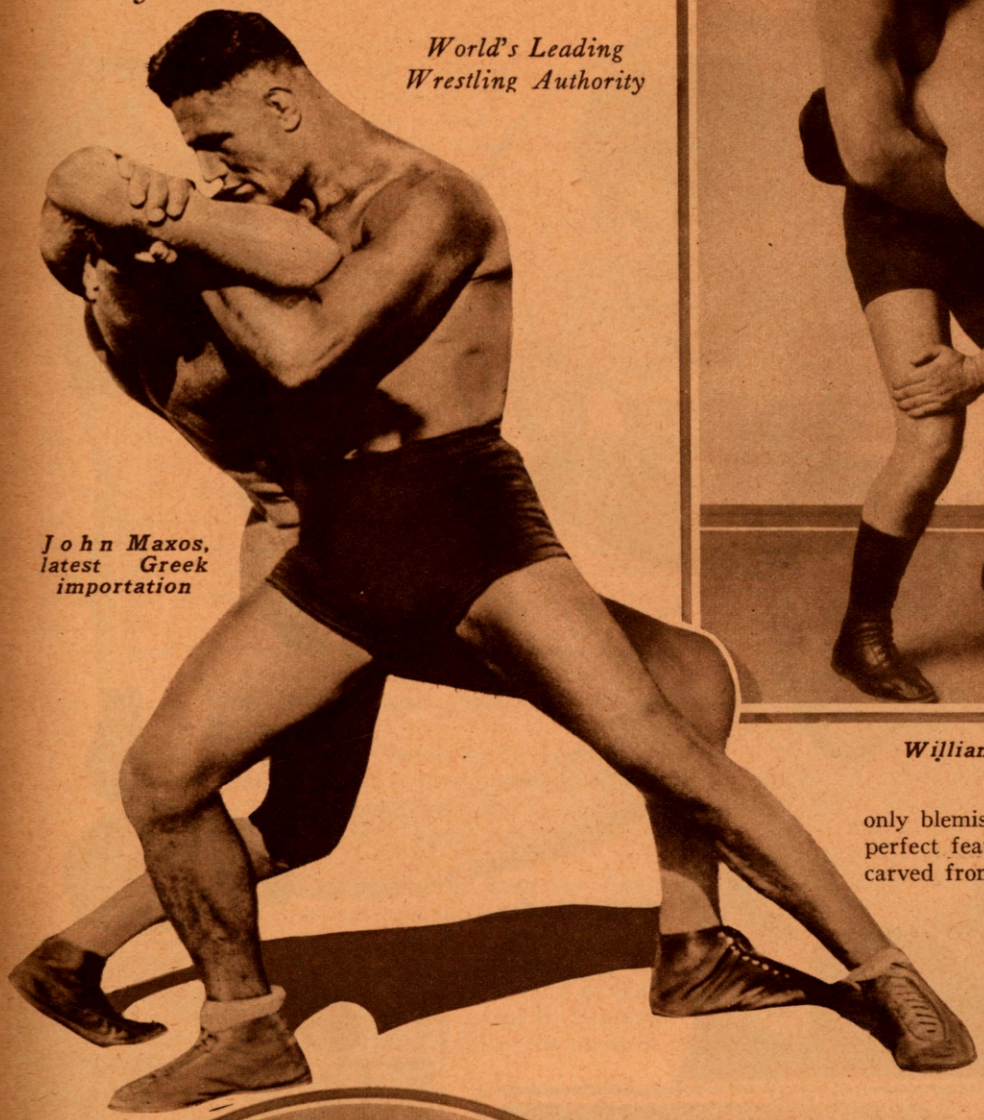


Jim Londos, world's heavyweight champion

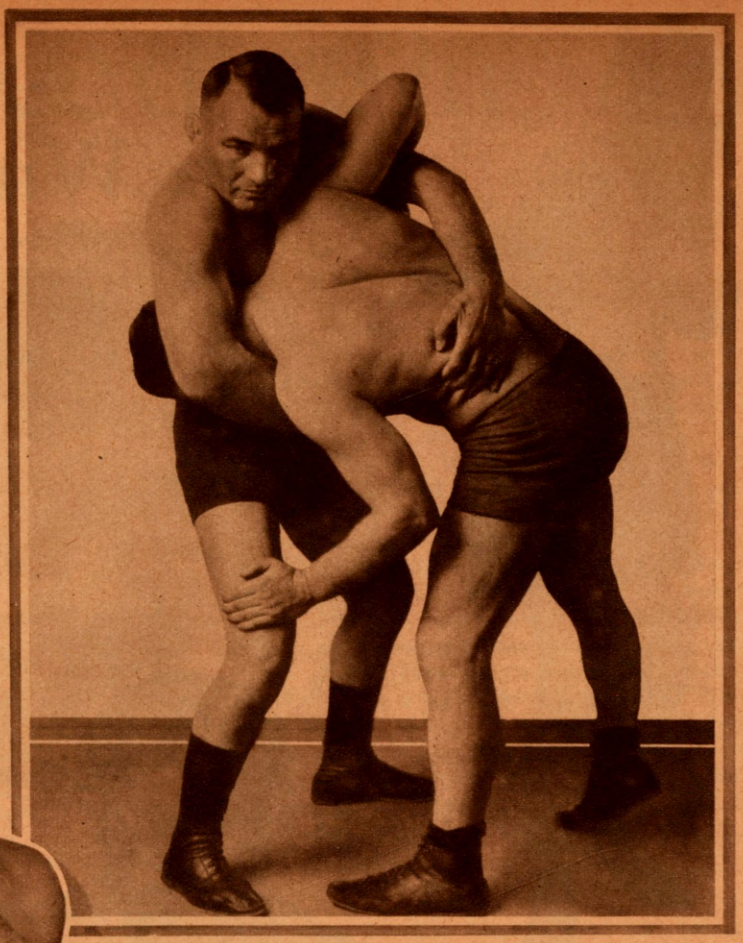
Mat Sport a Pastime in Historic Isle for More than 2,500 Years—Milo of Croton, National Hero

By JACK CURLEY

World's Leading Wrestling Authority



John Maxos, latest Greek importation



William Demetral, veteran Grecian star

"Greek" George (left), a famous Grecian wrestler

only blemishes on a body that otherwise contains perfect features and gives the impression of being carved from marble. With the exception of those ears, Londos resembles the perfect Grecian gladiator.

When he visited his homeland last year for the first time since he gained prominence on the mat, the home folks showed him what they thought of his athletic prowess. No conquering hero was ever accorded a greater reception. In addition to receiving honorary citations from the Government, he was especially invited to be the first professional athlete to compete in the historic stadium at Athens.

Following an ancient Greek custom, he was led into the arena by his father, who held him by the hand. As in the old gladiatorial age, when the patriarch led the son to the sacrificial altar, Dad Londos, with flowing white moustache and majestic stride, proudly, like a nobleman, led his gladiator son into the arena amidst thunderous applause. The elder Londos, like his son, is one of the world's strong men. He can toss a bag of olives with the ease in which his son throws a 300-pound opponent.

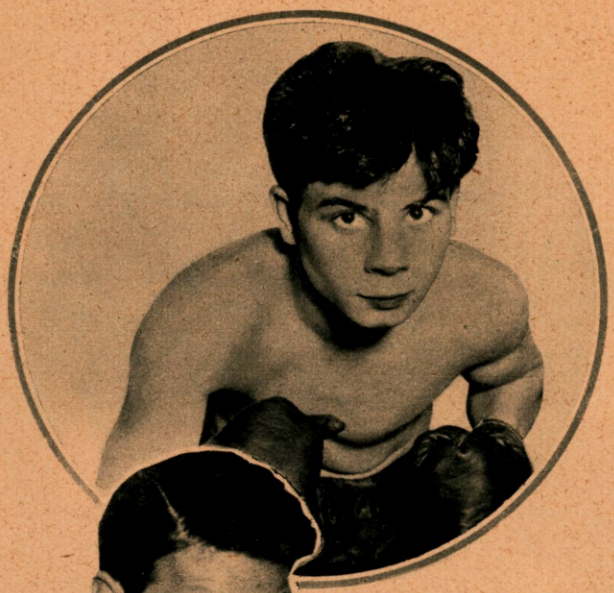
* * *

MILO OF CROTON, who in his day was the champion wrestler of Greece, flourished in 511 B. C. In his time, wrestling was always a death struggle. There was no winner until one of the contestants was sent into eternity.

The kind of wrestling we now see and which some of the spectators hiss and boo, while others cheer themselves hoarse over, is child's play compared to what history tells us took place when the old Grecian gladiators got together for a (*Continued on page* 44)

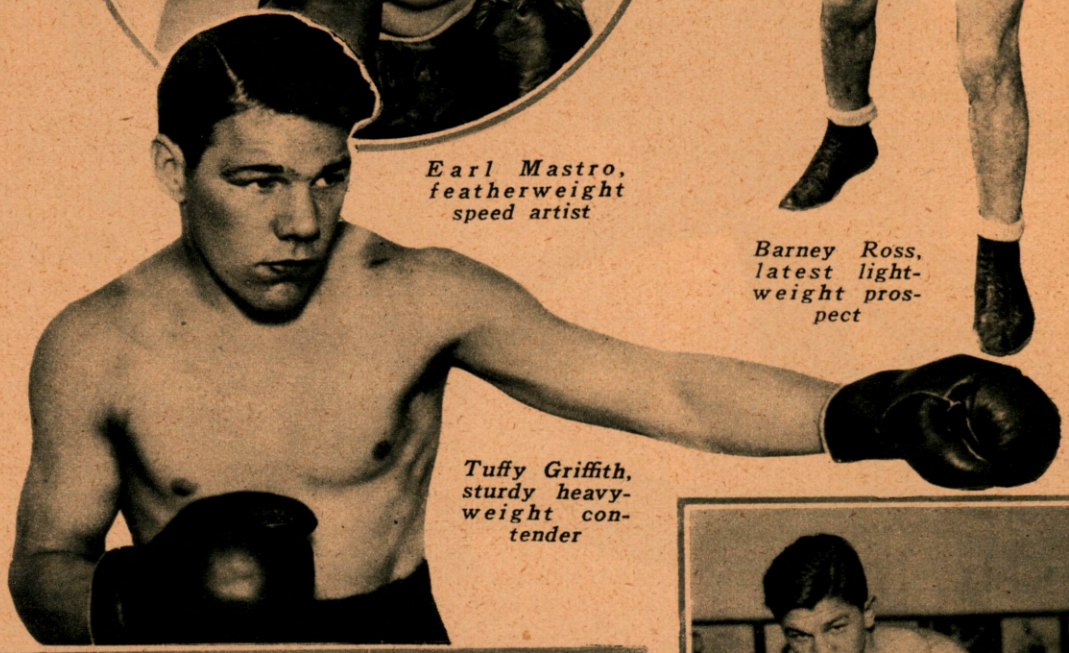
CREAM *of* CHICAGO'S MITT WIELDERS

Solly Schuman, promising featherweight

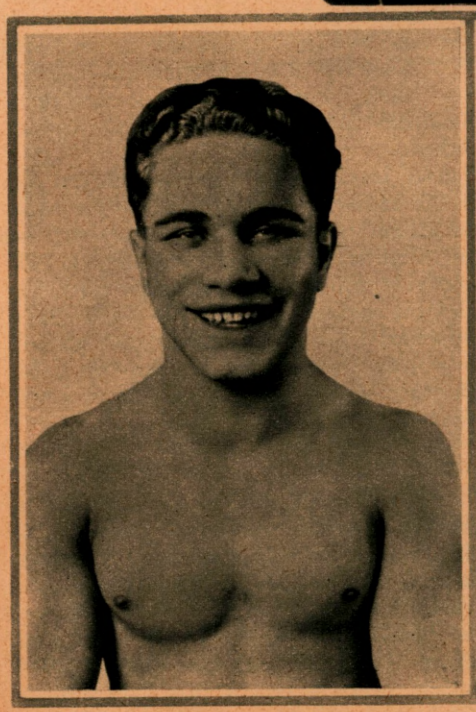


Earl Mastro, featherweight speed artist

Barney Ross, latest lightweight prospect



Tuffy Griffith, sturdy heavyweight contender



Eddie Shea, aggressive featherweight

Joe Medill, Hebrew lightweight aspirant

Harry Dublinsky, clever lightweight

FITZ Liked 'em *Big*

By JOHN KNIGHT

IF Robert Fitzsimmons, who, while on earth, enjoyed nothing so keenly as getting into the ring with an opponent of tremendous height, weight and girth, could look down to-day and envision the altitudinous forms of Primo Carnera, Victorio Campolo, Jose Santa, Prince Salah El Din, Salvatore Ruggerrello, Ricardo Bertazzola, and some others of the human Woolworth tribe, there is small doubt the Freckled Freak would burst into tears. He would also no doubt rail against the injustice of his entrance into the boxing game at a time when a majority of heavyweights were small sized. It was Fitz's fortune to have met only three large sized men during his career in the ring. They were Ed Dunkhorst, the Human Freight Car; Gus Ruhlin, the Canton Baggage Smasher and Jim Jeffries, the Boilermaker. Of this trio, Dunkhorst was the most imposing. He weighed close to 250 pounds, but he was a scant 6 feet in height and was extremely fat.

The bigger they were, the harder they fell

Fitz toyed with the Freight Car for the first round and then sent him to the resin in the second with a shift and left hook that flattened Edward and raised a dust that obscured the ring for a few minutes.

Gus Ruhlin stood 6 feet, 2 inches in his bare feet, but he was moulded on lean, muscular lines and seldom weighed more than 190. Ruhlin knew nothing about the fine points of boxing when he forsook his Canton home and journeyed to New York.

One of the first bouts he had in the East was with stumpy Tom Sharkey, the Sailorman, and the scene of the fight was Coney Island on June 29, 1898. The contest lasted about the same length of time that the Carnera-Peterson struggle did, Sharkey scoring a K. O. in round one. Several of the experts suggested to Ruhlin that his standing might be improved if he took a few boxing lessons before asking for another match in the metropolitan area.

* * *

RUHLIN took the advice and engaged the late Billy Madden as his instructor. In very truth, Madden coached Ruhlin to the extent that the trunk mauler soon developed as fine a left for the chops as had been seen for some time. With his new boxing skill, Ruhlin fought a twenty-round draw with Peter Maher, and stood off Joe Goddard and Joe Choynski in short bouts.

Then, on June 26, 1900, Ruhlin knocked out Sailor Tom in the fifteenth round of a bout in the Coney Island A. C., in the same ring where the Sailor had previously stopped him in the first round.

Madden's idea was to send Ruhlin along to a title bout with Jeffries, who had taken the championship from Fitz in 1899. Therefore it was decided by Madden that if Ruhlin could whip Fitz, Jeff would have no reason for refusing to meet the baggage smasher in a championship bout.

The match was arranged for Madison Square Garden on August 10, 1900, and there was much interest in the outcome of the contest. For five rounds Ruhlin looked a sure winner. He left-handed Fitz till the Cornishman was a forlorn sight, blood dripping from his nose and lips as Ruhlin's crashing blows landed.

At the close of the fifth round, Ruhlin looked like a 1 to 10 shot, and Fitz was the recipient of sympathetic remarks from the ringsiders. The sixth round was well under way, with Ruhlin the aggressor and prospective victor, when suddenly Fitz shifted and drove a left to the pit of the stomach, the same spot in which he struck Corbett at Carson.

Ruhlin crumpled and seemed about to fall, but straightened up and went on fighting though Fitz plied him with heavy lefts and rights to body and face and soon sent him down for the full count. Ruhlin required a lot of assistance in getting out of the ring and was put to bed in the Garden, where he remained all night.

The following day, Ruhlin was moved to Madden's cottage in South Brooklyn and lay there for weeks a very sick man. Fitz had been severely battered by Ruhlin and remained under cover for several days. However, when Ruhlin recovered, he got a match with Jeff for the title, the date being November 15, 1901, and the place San Francisco. The result was never in doubt, Jeff winning by a knockout in the fifth round. Ruhlin never fully recovered from the effects of the body punishment inflicted by Fitz, and after a few years of boxing, he retired and died in 1912 at the age of 40.

* * *

SO far as the bouts between Fitz and Jeff are concerned, Jeff won them both, although there was much question as to Fitz making a genuine effort in the Coney Island bout in 1899. In the San Francisco contest in 1902, Fitz gave Jeff a terrific drubbing for seven rounds, at which time his freckled fists gave out and Jeff again stopped the Cornishman.

The writer saw both Jeff and Fitz on Broadway after their last fight, and Jeff's face was then covered with black and blue welts. He said:

"That old rock cod gave me the worst punching I ever got."

That brings the story back as to what Fitz, if alive and in his prime to-day, would do to the Carneras, the Campolos, and Santas. Fitz always rejoiced when he could get a gigantic fellow in the ring or the gym.

One day while walking down Broadway with Martin Julian, his manager and brother-in-law, he saw a force of piano movers at work. Fitz stopped and watched the big chaps with a fascinated air. Finally he said to Julian: "Martin, get me a couple of those big boys for sparring partners."

* * *

IN the fight with Dunkhorst, which took place at the Hercules Club of Brooklyn on April 30, 1900, it was the case of the lamb being led to the slaughter, for the giant who opposed Fitz was quoted at 10 to 1, so little confidence did the public have in his chances. That the odds were gauged properly was evident when Fitz buried his left fist into the fat boy's stomach and Dunkhorst collapsed.

The Syracusan received the first crack, a left to the eye that completely closed that optic. Thereafter the job was easy. Fitz soon learned that Dunkhorst could not fight and took liberties he otherwise would have shunned.

When Fitz's knockout wallop landed, Bob's left arm sank into the "Human Freight Car" almost elbow deep, and so hard did Dunkhorst fall that the building shook.

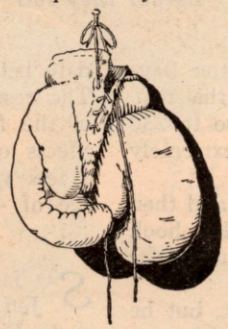
It is indeed a most fortunate thing for the present behemoths of the ring that Ruby Robert is not around now and in fighting form. If he were, instead of reaping a harvest, these giants would probably be getting a sparring mate's salary from Bob Fitzsimmons to keep him in prime condition.

THE TORGESSEN CLAN

THE Champion never fought during the Christmas holiday period. That was the time he spent at the old family homestead in the foothills of the Adirondacks. He went there in middle December and nearly always was certain to find snow on the ground and plenty of shooting in the big woods to the north.

The Champion always went back home for that and other reasons. Perhaps the girl in the big house on the hill at Lane's Corners had something to do with it. She came home from school—in later years from Vassar—home for the holidays and the dances and the sleighing. And somehow the Champion liked to be around. So during the Christmas period he never fought.

He liked to go back home—to sit around with the neighbors in "Baldy" Snaffle's garage and answer question after question about his fight with "Spike" Balton, in which he had become the world's heavyweight champion by a knockout in the ninth round. He liked to call the old familiar neighborhood figures by their first names, swap lies with them and, incidentally, slip a tenner here and a five-spot there. Money was tight up in the foothills in December.



The Torgessens were an old family in that section of New York state. The first Torgessen came from Norway—a seaman in one of John Paul Jones' men-o'-war in the 1812 unpleasantness with England. After the war he had settled down in Gloucester, Mass., and then had started inland, to come to the hills, build his homestead, and remain there—the founder of the Torgessen line.

Yes. "Devil" Torgessen, the champion heavyweight who went with Grant to Appomatox and then to the title—he was one of the clan. A studious sort of bruiser, was "Devil." They all said that the Champion—Jack Torgessen—had some of the "Devil" in him.

Jack liked to sit of an evening in that old house in the hill country and read by the hour—read while the December blasts roared down the chimney, the snow flurries buried the paths to the state highway.

When Jack rose of a morning to find himself snowed in—that was a morning well worth living. It meant hard work, the kind you could not get in a gymnasium, or even in a fairly interesting scrap. It was the sort of work that made a man sweat, and exult in his strength, and the zest of living.

* * *

IT was mid-December again, and Jack Torgessen was back home. He had been urged to accept a fight in New York, a mere breather that would have meant $50,000 in the bank, and no taking chances as his opponent would have been Joe Lake, the well known "stumblebum." But they had wanted that fight for Christmas afternoon, and Jack had turned down the offer.

So here he was, in Lonesdale again. "Hello, Spooks," and "How is the little girl, Phil?" The Champion in the old house; back among the folks that knew the Torgessens as fine farmers and good trappers—the clan that had happened to have a couple of world's heavyweight champions in its line.

Back in the old living room, with its ancient stone fireplace, its roaring fire, chestnuts roasting. The blood of the Torgessens in him made him tingle with pride and well-being. This was life! Oh, for the day when he could throw the gloves aside, retire from the ring, settle down here in Lanesdale, like the rest of the Torgessens!

"Sparky" Tailton yawned. He threw aside a copy of the world's most popular boxing magazine, which he had read and re-read from cover to cover, and now that he had finished his bible, he was ready to go to bed. Manager and trainer both, was this weazened, grey campaigner.

"For the lova Mike, Jack, what do you see in this hick life in these hills!" Tailton ejaculated. "Tom Rodgers begged you to come to his ranch out there near Hollywood. California and sunshine and a high old time with the movie gals. Tim Meeker, down in Atlantic City; Jake Reedon in Miami—all asking you to make a real time of it. Here we are, liable to freeze to death—and a fine thing if we don't get up in the morning and see fifteen feet of snow hanging on the bedroom window."

Tailton spat into the fire and yawned again. Torgessen laughed. He poked "Sparky" between the ribs. "The trouble is, you and I have different ideas," Jack chuckled.

"I'll say," moaned Tailton. "Fifty thousand dollars and Joe Lake in New York—and you up here telling lies to the yokels. Aw, hell." And Tailton climbed up to sneak between frozen sheets and spill maledictions on snow and cold, and Lanesdale.

* * *

A LONG day in the woods. A couple of moose prints. A chase for miles in the snow. What a life, this! Back, back, there must have been a Viking bold who was a Torgessen.

A long day and back by the fire. The same old Tailton maledictions, the same old Tailton threat to quit in the morning, "and when you get sane, you'll find me in Miami." But Tailton stuck—always staunch.

A few days before, when a heavy snowfall had kept them indoors, Jack had gone up to the old attic. He remembered it as a boy. He remembered the old trunks and chests his grandmother had delighted in rummaging into.

Finally he had found a seaman's chest and in it a lot of faded clippings, old newspapers, manuscript, musty books. He had brought them down to the living room.

Roaring gale this night, a fine time to go back into the shadowy past and see what these relics were all about.

Old "Sparky" had gone to bed. The two sparring partners who acted as men-about-house had gone to Lanesdale with Mort Tinkler, the cook. All alone, a cold night—a night for romance, and the touch of other days.

Jack piled the papers near the fire. He read the clippings—"Devil" Torgessen's clippings. Ten lines about the "Devil's" championship fight with Terry McCorker on a barge in the Hudson. One hundred and two rounds, for $500 a side. Jack laughed.

Here the tale of the "Devil's" fifty-three round battle with John Morgan, down on a dock in New York. One thousand dollars a side, and as much as $15,000 had been wagered on the result! Jack roared.

Ah, what was this? The story of "Devil's" marriage with Mary Templar, his boyhood sweetheart—his marriage in the old church in Lanesdale—the event that had sent the fiery "Devil" into retirement. For Mary had objected to his fighting, and he had become a farmer.

One hundred and two rounds for $500! Jack chuckled.

* * *

THE gale rocked the old homestead. It sounded as if it wanted to tear through the windows and take shelter here by the fireside. It was a bitter cold night. Jack gazed at the chair which had been vacated by Tailton, and was amazed to find it occupied.

The visitor was a strange looking man, apparently about six foot four inches in height, if a man's size could be judged as he sat. Funny looking side burns, a grim jaw; but those

A Christmas Story of the Ring; An Idyll of the Old Homestead

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

gray eyes had a twinkle in them. He wore an outlandish, long blue coat with brass buttons and a fancy red vest.

"So you are Jack Torgessen, the world's champion!" The visitor looked him over with a grin. Jack was getting sore. How had this strange character got into the house? Must be a stranded showman. Or maybe a plain "nut."

"Well, there is the Torgessen look about your jaw, and the Torgessen eyes—good head. Let's see your hands."

He knew not why, but Jack obeyed. The stranger's ham-like hands took those of the Champion. "Lady-like." The stranger spat into the fire, seemingly with disgust. "A world's champion, with hands like a scribe."

The stranger sat back. "I note that you have been reading about the history and the feats of a real fighter, 'Devil' Torgessen," he continued.

"I watched you as you read about that fight with McCorker, and the bloody scrap with Morgan on the dock, fifty-three rounds with bare knuckles—bones cracking, eyes gouged—wrestling, tugging, hauling, the mob getting in a kick and a punch here and there. You read and you laughed."

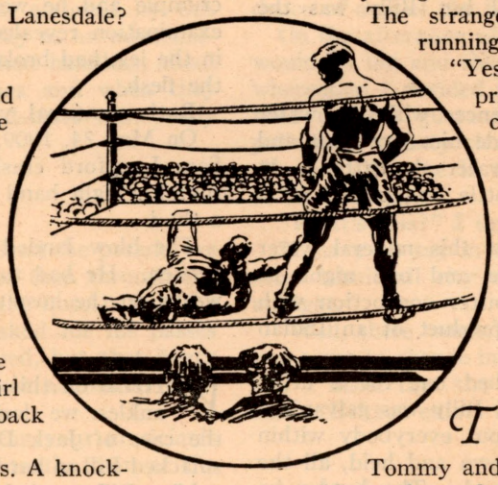
The visitor's face grew hard, stern lines. The old boy was getting sore about something. Gosh, where were the boys? Would they never return from Lanesdale?

* * *

THE stranger took an old-fashioned snuff box out of his pocket and gave his nostrils a treat.

"You haven't read enough, my boy. Those papers and books tell a great story," the old boy went on.

"Take that ninety-four round battle with Hainer down at Black Rock, Maryland. No money at stake, just the title. A fight because they hated each other like poison. A fight because that dirty blackguard had married a girl from Lanesdale, and then let her crawl back home.



"There weren't many rules in those days. A knock-down was a round. The fighters had their own mobs, and too often the man with the bigger crowd was saved from a beating because the boys tore down the ropes and got the intimidated referee to call it no contest.

"Fights were not legal. The battlers had to go from place to place, stopped by police and sheriffs, hunted like criminals. Why, when the 'Devil' defended the title against Mort Hyer, on Staten Island, they had been driven from pillar to post for a whole week!

"And then they were arrested. Hyer was badly hurt and the police held the 'Devil,' who got a six-month term in the Bridewell.

"They wore no gloves in those days. Smashing fighting, broken knuckles, swollen faces, torn bodies—no gloves, no fine indoor arenas, no purses, no public standing, no coddling, damn it!"

The old boy took some more snuff. Where were the boys? This was getting more than uncomfortable.

* * *

THE stranger rose. Yes, he was all of six feet, four. Where had he got that funny looking uniform with the brass buttons. A fine figure of a man, about 200 pounds, in fine shape, too. By jove, looked something like his own father. But it was just a trick of the shadows. This thing was making him see things.

The man with the brass buttons walked up and down the room. "Not that I am against the things that boxers, as they call them, enjoy now," the stranger chuckled. "It must be fine to have standing in society, to have everybody kowtow to you, to have money in the bank. You must get every bit of $5,000 for a fight."

Jack laughed. "Stranger, I turned down $50,000 for a fight with a second rater in New York, so I could be up here where my clan came from—and listen to you!"

The man with the brass buttons gasped. "Fifty thou—, did you say thousand? Ah, yes, $50,000 for a short bout with an overmatched fighter. Zounds! By old John Paul Jones!"

The stranger had to take more snuff. "But I'd leave it all now for the happiness that came to 'Devil' Torgessen, when he married Mary Templar, down in that white church in town," Jack went on.

"Theirs must have been an ideal life. My grandmother used to tell about it. He loved her better than anything else in the world. For her he threw away the title, his career—everything—to settle down in this very house."

The stranger stood in front of Jack with tears running down his face.

"Yes, I gave up everything—the title and the prizes—all for Mary. And in that very chair, she died. It was a night such as this, and when the gale howls in mid-December, I like to come back and wander around the old house, and think of Mary.

'In your time of glory, in the midst of your triumphs, never lose sight of the fact that money isn't life, and that love is everything. Sweet Mary."

* * *

THERE was a noise at the door and, much to Jack's disappointment, George and Tommy and the cook came stamping toward the fire.

"Great dance down in the fire-house, Jack. They all asked for you," Tinkler said. "What have you been doing, sleeping?"

"No, I was reading when I got a visitor. I want you to meet him."

Jack looked about the room, and looked in vain. Nobody in sight!

"Why, there was a fine looking fellow with sideburns, in a blue coat with brass buttons. Don't know how he got in, but he spent more than an hour telling me about the old days in the ring. Did you meet him going out?"

Tinkler laughed. "Say, Jack, you've been having a peach of a dream. That guy you think you saw, well, look here."

Tinkler picked up one of the old books, turned a few yellowed pages, and pointed to a picture. It was the stranger in brass buttons.

Underneath the picture he read, " 'Devil' Torgessen, heavy-weight champion, 1869-1871. Retired Unbeaten."

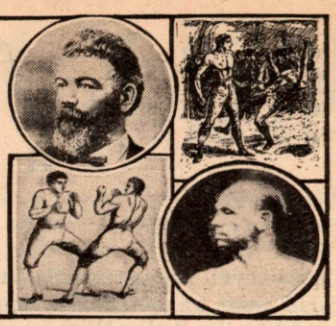
Jack sat back, alone, as the boys went to their rooms. Had it all been a dream?

The next morning Tailton was astounded. Jack slapped him on the back as he came down to breakfast to find the sun streaming in, reflected from the hard glistening snow.

" 'Sparky,' we are going back to New York this afternoon," Torgessen said. "I have been (*Continued on page* 46)

FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS



"AUSTRALIAN BILLY" MURPHY, one of the greatest punchers of his size in the history of the ring, was just as great a "character" as he was a pugilist.

Billy was a good tailor by trade, and as a fighter, he was even better.

He could certainly fight. He had a right hand so potent in sleep-producing that he was nicknamed "Little Dynamite," even long before he had set foot on the golden soil of California and established himself as a wonder by knocking out Johnny Griffin in four rounds and then, in 1890, taking the feather-weight championship from Spider Weir in 14 rounds.

Billy's early years had been lean ones and he remembered these when money began to pour in on him. He was a "nickel nurser" if ever there was one. Every penny he could spare, he sent back home. He later brought a brother here and he assumed the role of father, mother, trainer and manager of this chap.

After the brother had won his first purse in 'Frisco, Billy took his money, handed him a few cents and told him that the rest was to go back to his parents in New Zealand. The brother did not like this any too well but Billy was the master and that was all there was to it.

* * *

NOW Billy had had some experiences with the water at his training quarters that made him shy of it and he invariably used a bottled mineral water thereafter. At night when he would go to bed, the bottle was placed on a table near the bed within handy reach.

Bill's brother made up his mind that this mineral water was to be the medium of his revenge and one night he changed the legitimate contents for a bitter concoction with a kick second only to the well-known product of an Indian spa.

Waking during the night, Billy reached out for a drink which he drowsily gulped. In an instant Billy was galvanized into action and his screams brought about everybody within earshot to the room. He was pinned down and held, all the while shouting that he had been poisoned. The harder he yelled, the firmer he was held, while search was being made for a physician.

Arriving on the scene, the doctor smelled the bottle, then put a few drops of the contents on his tongue, smiled mysteriously, and remarked to the anxious onlookers: "He'll soon be all right."

Billy learned the next day that his brother had played the joke and he never forgave him. The two battled all over the place, with Billy handing his brother a terrific licking. Then Billy, humiliated, chased the lad from the camp and forced him to return to Australia.

Billy thereafter ceased to have faith in mineral water. The fluid that ran from ordinary faucets was henceforth good enough for him.

* * *

Believe It, or Not

MANY queer things have happened in the ring, some of which should find a place in Bob Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" book. I've seen several cases where a terrific right to the head broke an opponent's jaw, but there are two cases on record where a right to the head broke the ankle of the chap who received the wallop. In one, Sam Langford was the deliverer of a crack that broke the ankle of Iron Hague, and in the other, a blow by Sam McVey did likewise to the ankle of Colin Bell.

At Adelaide, on April 19, 1913, Bell was stopped by McVey in the sixteenth round and immediately set about for a return match. With the Australians backing his claim, a second tilt was arranged for December 27 of that same year at Sydney, New South Wales, and it was in that contest a right to the head broke Bell's ankle and ended the mill in the second round.

That bout took place at the Olympic Stadium, Newtown, a suburb of Sydney, and in the first round, Bell connected with a terrific right to McVey's head that sent the Negro down in a sitting position from which he just managed to escape a knockout.

In the second round, Sam, infuriated, rushed at his opponent, and they battled away at a furious rate at close range. Then McVey backed away and suddenly, unexpectedly, he returned to the fray and landed a solid wallop to Bell's forehead. Colin's right leg, just as the punch struck, twisted and then seemed to crumple and he went down. He was in agony, and a close examination revealed the fact that the tibia, the largest bone in the leg, had broken and that a portion was sticking through the flesh.

Rather unusual, yet true.

On May 24, 1909, at the National Sporting Club of London, Sam Langford crashed with Iron Hague, and in the fourth round, a right hand crash to the temple sent Hague down with a thud.

The blow landed with such force that Hague's ankle was broken. He had to be carried from the ring and spent many weeks on the hospital list.

* * *

WHILE on this subject of punches to the jaw and broken ankles, we don't have to go so far back, at that. Take the case of Jack Dempsey and the late Bill Brennan. Jack smacked Bill so hard "on the whiskers" that he broke Brennan's ankle. Bill toppled over sideways.

Still another "Believe It Or Not" yarn is that of an eye being blown from its socket by a lad who tried to clear his nasal passages after receiving a swollen eye in a ring battle. It is an axiom with good trainers never to permit their charge to blow his nose if one or both of the eyes is puffed, but in Australia, a lad known as Teddy Green, one of the best bantams ever unearthed in the Antipodes, went through such a weird experience. He blew his nose so hard that his right eye popped out of its socket and it required the deft hand of a surgeon to replace the organ.

A few years ago at the old Broadway A. C., I saw the same thing happen to a fighter named Norman Pierce, a Negro preliminary boy. He was fighting a boy called Chick Murray and was receiving a shellacking, especially about the eyes.

Chick kept peppering his opponent so often that the crowd called upon Charley White to halt proceedings, but Charley paid no heed to their calls.

In the fifth round, Pierce came out of his corner with both eyes well puffed, particularly the right. Just as the bell sounded, he blew his nose hard, and the right eye slipped out of place and the bout was terminated.

Those *Gate* Crashers

By Dan Morgan

UP in New England, in the old days, whenever a fighter of note was signed to appear in Boston or the immediate vicinity, the manager of the fighter who headlined the show invariably arranged for a little tour of the "sticks" to pick up some extra change. This tour always started the day following the fight, and included, in addition to the headliner, win or lose, his sparring mates and most of the preliminary boys.

The plan was to hire a music hall, give an exhibition and, where possible, a little extra entertainment in the way of vaudeville. The favorite New England stronghold for such an exhibition was a well-known music hall in Portsmouth, N. H.

Back in 1905, after Jimmy Briggs, a crack Massachusetts lightweight, had fought a fifteen round draw with Willie Lewis at Chelsea, Mass., it was decided by his manager to have him appear in an exhibition at Portsmouth and for the occasion almost all the boys who fought on the card were induced to join. A few days before the affair, a letter was received from a band-master of that city, offering the aid of his twenty-piece band in return for free admission for himself and colleagues at the show.

Naturally the promoters took advantage of this wonderful offer and arranged to have the band meet the boys at the station where barouches would take them, escorted by this band, through the business section of the city as an advertisement. This agreed upon, the fighters and their handlers, about thirty in the party, entrained from Chelsea and when they reached their destination, the barouches and band were ready to receive them.

* * *

WITH a policeman assigned to duty to lead the parade, we went through the business district and then through the center of the city and finally dispersed at the hotel where the fighters were to stay. The band-master asked for his passes and was informed that none would be issued, but that every musician who escorted the fighters would gain admission without any difficulty.

"All you fellows will need will be to wear your musician's coat or your cap and I'll give instructions to the man at the gate to pass you," said the promoter.

About half past seven that evening, the fighters came to the music hall and all went to their dressing rooms. About half an hour later the people began to make their appearance at the hall, and about every fourth man wore either a musician's hat or coat and was passed. Within a half hour it seemed that more than 100 musicians had been passed although only twenty were in the parade.

The gate keeper began to get suspicious when he noticed that one after another of the late arrivals among the musicians had no hat but wore a coat and carried a cornet under his arm. In consternation, he asked one of the attendants to call the promoter for whom he was working and told him that more than half the house consisted of dead-head musicians.

Just as the promoter reached the gate, another musician greeted the gate-keeper with a broad smile, but he was halted by the promoter.

"Who are you? You weren't in the parade," said the promoter.

"Sure I was. Don't you remember me with the cornet?"

"Yes, but how many fellows played the cornet?"

"Only me," replied the "musician."

"Well, if you're the cornet player, you better give an exhibition of your skill now," snapped back the promoter.

Whereupon the phoney musician, sheepishly realizing the game was up, quickly beat a retreat, but not before the promoter had grabbed the cornet and hurled it with such force to the ground that he broke it.

Then, turning into an alley adjoining the music hall, he located the "leak." The band-master had a clothesline running from a window on the balcony of the music hall to the alley, and no sooner had one of his friends passed into the hall than he relieved him of the coat and the cornet and attaching these to the line, he lowered them into the alley for another friend to use.

* * *

A FEW years ago I was asked to bring Jack Britton, then world's welterweight champion, to Cuba for a fight with another American lad. I was guaranteed $3,000 and two return trip tickets with the privilege of thirty per cent of the gate.

On the night of the fight, which was scheduled at the Almendares Ball Park in the outskirts of Havana, I sent Britton and his trainer to the dressing room, while I decided to hang around the gate to see that his interests were protected. When the gates were opened, there was a wild rush for the cheap bleacher seats which sold at an equivalent of twenty-five cents American money, but there was little evidence of any of the higher priced seats going.

On the afternoon of the fight I was informed that the battle would go big and that the advance sale had reached $12,000, whereupon I decided that I would rather have the percentage than the flat guarantee. But when I saw soldiers, sailors, policemen, county clerks, magistrates, firemen and even street cleaners all come in through the gate on their official passes, I called a halt.

"What's this?" I demanded of the promoter.

"I have no say in the matter," replied the promoter. "We must admit all city employees free. If we don't there'll be no fight."

"Well, there won't," I replied, hot under the collar, "unless you agree to change my contract so that we get the three grand and I insist that the money must be deposited in my hands before Britton enters the ring."

* * *

CONSTERNATION reigned for a few minutes. The promoter threatened me and when these threats wouldn't work, he tried to have me arrested for disturbing the peace.

This aroused my Irish and I told the promoter I would take the next boat out for Key West, but the promoter countered by informing me that he would have the immigration authorities hold up the passage on the ground that I was practicing fraud by refusing to carry out a contract.

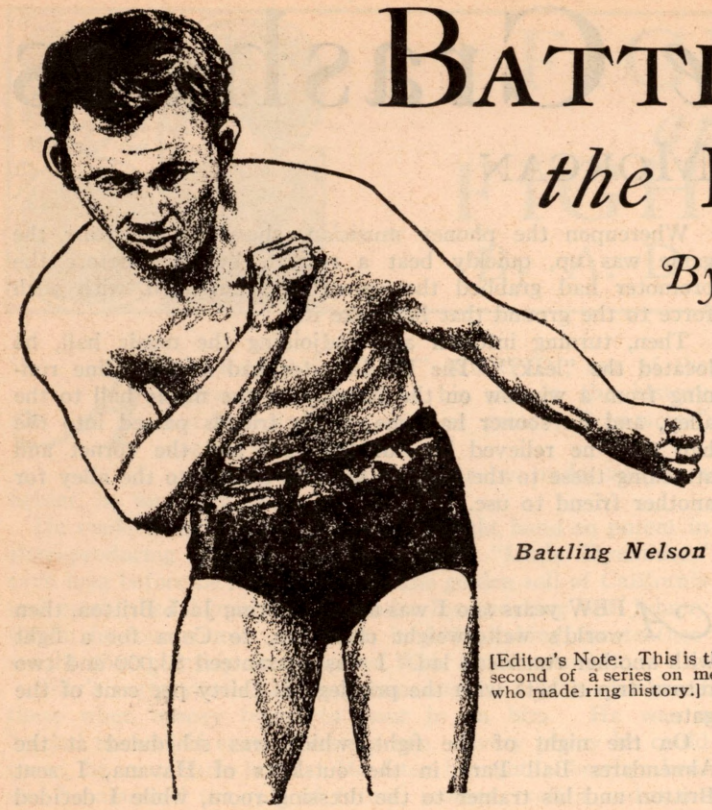
For a time it appeared there would be no fight, but after considerable argument, friends of both of us patched up the affair and the promoter paid me the $3,000 in cash after which Britton proceeded to the task of knocking out his man in the third round.

When the promoter counted the gate, he found that there was $4,762.50 in the house, yet a crowd of 14,000 had seen the fight. It seemed everyone in Havana was an official for just one night.

That bout was the last staged at the park and it was soon after that the promoter decided to follow the American system of issuing passes only to the newspapermen and to the heads of the various city departments, a system which is now in vogue in the Cuban capital.

BATTLING NELSON, *the* Durable Dane

By NAT FLEISCHER



Battling Nelson

[Editor's Note: This is the second of a series on men who made ring history.]

WHAT'S in a name?

Sometimes, not much but occasionally, there's a heap.

Battling Nelson—what memories that name revives!

If ability to take and give punishment, if endurance and aggressiveness, entitles a fighter to join the ranks of the ring immortals, the supermen of the roped square, then the young man who placed Hegewisch, Illinois, on the map, obtains the unanimous vote of the sports public.

When Oscar Battling Matthew Nelson was born, his dad must have had a premonition that his son would be a great scrapper, for, according to Bat, who is living a quiet life in the Middle West, his daddy told him that the reason he had named him Battling, was because he came into the world a fighting little demon. RING readers have often inquired how Nelson obtained the nickname Bat, but now they know that he was actually christined Oscar Battling Matthew.

This sturdy son of the Vikings, the Durable Dane, possessed ribs like the oak of the vessels in which his ancestors ranged the Seven Seas, and like his roaming ancestors, he was one of the most fearless men that ever entered a ring.

Bat says that he was born with a silver spoon, for he first saw the light of day on the Danish Independence Day and he won the world's lightweight championship from Joe Gans on the American Day of Independence in 1908. When Bat had his first view of the Statue of Liberty, he was a mere babe in the arms of his mother, but a few years later his family settled in the Illinois town which Nelson made famous. There were only about 300 inhabitants in Hegewisch when the Nelson family arrived, but in 1908, when he won the title, Hegewisch boasted 20,000 dyed-in-the-wool Nelson rooters.

* * *

THERE was never a more persistent fighter than Bat Nelson. With him it was a case of courage, perseverence, endurance, power and physical fitness that brought success. Many a hopeful aspirant to fistic fame wore himself out physically and mentally as he pounded away unsuccessfully at the Dane.

Nelson was not the smartest fighter by any means, yet he was not a fighter without ring brains. He was of the slugging type, yet he never was regarded as a terrific hitter in the same sense as were Mexican Joe Rivers, Terry McGovern, Stanley Ketchel and others. In almost all his fights he followed one system, pounding away at an opponent until his rival flopped, ofttimes, from mere exhaustion. And yet, Nelson is credited with scoring the quickest knockout on record.

It was in a fight with Billy Rossler at Harvey, Ill., on April 5, 1902, that the Dane landed the punch soporific on his opponent in two seconds. One punch and Rossler was stretched on the canvas, helpless and out. A left crashed to Rossler's jaw and the fight was over. The record punch was helped by the fact that the men did not shake hands. They came from their corners ready for the fray and Bat's punch beat that of his rival to the mark.

* * *

BOXING has met with many changes in the last twenty-five years, the most noteworthy of which is the elimination of the marathon bouts in which Nelson and Ad Wolgast figured. These gladiators go down in history as the last of the old endurance battlers. The days of the finish fights are over, but the names of both Nelson and Wolgast will live on forever in ring lore.

Bat, whose left half-scissors hook on the liver blasted Joe Gans' career and ended the Old Marster's reign as monarch of the lightweights, takes his place among the supermen of the ring because he displayed qualities which few of his contemporaries and few of those who followed him, carried with them into the roped square. He possessed in addition to his many assets, an immunity from punishment that was simply uncanny.

According to that great novelist, Jack London, who saw the Battler in several of his greatest fights, the Dane was a fighting animal. He possessed the brute strength of an animal and showed all the viciousness of a mountain lion. There was no let-up in his make-up. He pursued an opponent relentlessly until he conquered him either through the k. o. route or through physical exhaustion.

He was of the type who could not believe that there was a person alive who could excel him. He had an abundance of confidence and possessed an immense amount of energy, his system being described by that marvelous physical director of Harvard University, Dr. Sargent, as "a body full of nerves."

To this was attributed Nelson's success. Unlike the fighters of his period, he seemed to be a scrapper of the old school, the fellows of the bare-knuckle period. He was a wonder man, a fighting machine with a spark of vitality and aggressiveness that was almost superhuman. He simply took the heart out of the bravest and made them his easy prey.

* * *

A LIST of the famous of his day, whom Nelson conquered, is reason enough for placing him among the elite. Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Jimmy Britt, Aureilo Herrera and Joe Gans were among those who tasted the sting of defeat at the hands of this Viking Terror.

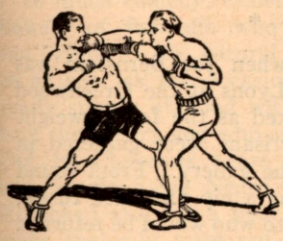
Battling Nelson, unlike many of the leaders of the profession to-day, never fought as an amateur. He began earning his living as a teamster in the ice industry, a work that developed him physically and primed him for the fight game. He made his start against an unknown in Wallace's traveling circus at Hammond, Ind. When the circus hit town, this "Great Unknown," through his manager, offered a dollar to any boy who could last three rounds against him. The Battler was eager to earn that dollar and he volunteered to turn the trick.

He went on the stage and handed (*Continued on page* 43)

BATTLE *on a* BARGE

How Jack Dorman, New York Referee, Won and Lost Knockout Tilts With Willie Hosey

By JOE HUMPHREYS



EVERY now and then there appears in the ring of Madison Square Garden in New York City, a referee who at one time took the rôle of a contestant in bouts that occupy a conspicious place in ring lore. Patsy Haley, Kid McPartland, Jack Dorman, Johnny Marto, Jack Denning, among others, were fistic stars of a bygone day. Often when I see one of the above named quintet officiate in a contest that receives the "Bronx cheers," I wonder what passes through his mind as he watched the boys over whom he now has charge, waltz and hold.

I saw all these officials in their most important battles. I watched them participate in contests in which there was nary a let up in action and for which the entire purse was no more than $1,000. Yet they fought, and fought viciously, because they were in their pugilistic prime in a period when American ringmen ranked supreme and when stalling and foul cries were almost unheard of.

Recently, when Jack Dorman appeared as third man in the Garden arena my thoughts went back to two of the greatest fights I'd ever seen in both of which Dorman was one of the contestants. They were the two battles between Jack and Willie Hosey, a great fighter who hailed from Albany. In their initial set-to, fought on a barge in the Harlem river, Dorman knocked out Hosey in the fourteenth round. He battered Hosey to a pulp in a vicious tilt that was witnessed by about 300 persons and didn't start until after midnight to avoid the attention of the police.

In their second encounter, a more bloody and vicious one than the first, the boys again fought on a barge, but this time about 15 miles down the river below Albany, on Sunday, July 15, 1905. For gameness and staying power, for courageousness and power to assimilate punishment, I know of few boys today who could class with these two. I have just started on my forty-first year as a fight announcer, and I can safely say that the two fights between Dorman and Hosey were among the ring classics of the last thirty years.

The way these boys fought round after round, each, on occasions, on the verge of a collapse, was enough to stir the blood of every one of the 400 fortunate ones who stole out on the river to see that battle. It was a revenge affair, with a heap of money wagered on the result, and a $500 purse to go to the winner. The fans expected a red-hot contest, and neither of the boys disappointed.

* * *

I WAS among those who journeyed from New York and Brooklyn to the scene of the encounter. It seemed that every sport had heard about the first battle, and decided not to miss the second. We journeyed in a body to Albany, but once we got there, special care was taken not to give the secret away, hence, we went down to the foot of State Street in bunches of threes and fours where a tug was waiting and when our crowd was aboard, the tug pulled anchor and headed for the barge, the scene of the bout. We traveled about fifteen miles before we saw our "arena," all decorated in bunting.

Once aboard the barge, there was little delay. The boat was fitted up with a ring and fifteen minutes after our arrival, Dorman and Hosey appeared, stripped for action. The referee announced that the boys had agreed to fight twenty rounds and for a purse of $500. Dorman had as his chief second, Prof. Billy Elmer, who later had a physical culture and boxing school on Broadway. The referee gave his instructions, tested the bell, tested the gloves and then started the boys on their wild fight.

For six rounds the boys fought at a whirlwind clip with neither having an advantage. They battled fiercely and both were well bruised.

In the seventh it looked like taps would be sounded for Dorman, who received a terrific right hook to the chin and almost knocked Jack out of the ring. As he fell backwards, he managed to catch the lower rope and, bracing himself, he kept to his feet and withstood a terrific attack until the bell came to his rescue.

He staggered when he came out of his corner, for the next round, but listening to the advice of Elmer, he took things cautiously for the next two sessions. In the tenth, following a mix-up, Hosey shot across another right and it hit the point of Dorman's chin and he went down like a log. He rolled over twice and when the referee had reached seven, Jack got to his knee and at nine was up.

* * *

DORMAN seemed leg weary. Hosey ran towards him. Jack grabbed him about the waist and held for dear life. He kept that grip through the round and then came out refreshed for the next session and through the fifteenth, the spectators were treated to a two-fisted, slam-bang hectic battle that had every one on edge.

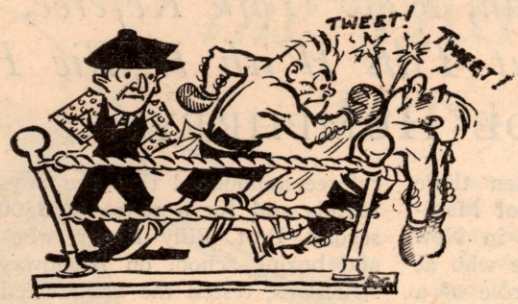
Dorman had come back with bells on. He was hammering Hosey unmercifully on the body and after a clinch drew back and let fly a right that connected flush on Willie's chin and he fell forward with a thud. Again it looked like the battle was over, but Hosey refused to stay down. He showed signs of life when the referee reached six, then got to one knee at eight and was up just as the referee was about to count him out. Dorman welted away with both hands, hammering away with tearing effect, but Hosey was still in the going when the gong sounded.

Dorman had turned the tide and the betting had shifted to his favor, 6 to 1, after this round, but those who offered it and were covered, found a big surprise awaiting them. Hosey, weak from the punishment meted out to him, came out for the sixteenth round scarcely able to stand. Yet, in less than one minute after the gong sounded, he was standing toe to toe with Dorman and fighting like a demon.

First one was staggered, then the other. Blows landed with force to each part of the body. It was give and take, take and give, with not a let-up by either. In the infighting Dorman was mostly on the receiving end, but at long range, Jack peppered Willie's face.

This lasted until the nineteenth round when Hosey walked out of his corner and caught Dorman asleep. Jack had scarcely gotten away from his chair when Hosey shot across a terrific right into the short ribs, the punch fairly taking the wind out of Dorman. He threw his hands down, doubled his body and began to sink. Just as was the case in the Dempsey-Sharkey bout, Hosey snapped over a right and a left to the chin in quick order as Dorman's knees were giving way, and Jack went down, dead to the world. He was carried to his corner and when he came to, he couldn't believe that he was the victim of a knockout punch. Thus ended one of the greatest barge battles ever staged in this country.

GIFT *of the* GAB



IT is akin to invading the precincts of an unknown world, to endeavor to estimate the influence or bearing of mob psychology on the judgement and verdict of the judges and referee in a ring contest. There is little neutrality on the part of the fight fan, for most often, before a fight is in progress, he already has made up his mind as to his favorite.

Nationality, color, race, size, pose and record, are only a few of the thousand elements that are sufficient to sway a fan's judgment and also affect the actions of some officials. Ofttimes, soon after a bout is under way, every move in the ring of the man of his choice, each blow that he lands, each side-step and counter, meets with vociferous approval while similar action on the part of the choice's adversary brings forth shouts of derision or complete silence.

It naturally follows that unless the bout is one-sided, the verdict of the referee, if contrary to the opinion of the partisan rooter, is greeted with hisses and boos and a clamor that will not cease until the ring is cleared. The confirmed fight fan is at his best or his worst when he scents a queerly staged fight or a burlesque. When such is on exhibition, he cannot be checked. Every epithet that enters into his mind is hurled at the unfortunate contenders. Not infrequently these shots are loaded with real wit and the recipient has need of a thick skin to render these sallies ineffective.

In the old days, probably more so than at present, I have seen the gallery gods give vent to their wrath with wise cracks that would make a hit on the vaudeville stage. Many of these remarks, even to this day, are so funny they gain roars of laughter from the ringsiders and prove a decided hit when a bout is dull and uninteresting. The gallery god gives vent to his likes and dislikes and takes advantage of every opportunity to hurl random shots at the principals.

* * *

THE gallery god was an unheard of element in the boxing field during the bare knuckle days. He was even an unknown quantity after the glove period got under way. The gallery god came into existence in New York during the Horton Law days and has increased in number annually. During the Horton Law period the promoters set aside gallery seats at fifty cents a head and in these was found an element of fight fan that came early, went home late and was the most enthusiastic of all the spectators. Most of the clubs had their bleachers or gallery in which the gallery god found himself at home.

To him the result of the principal scrap meant nothing compared to the genuineness of the battle. He came there to see a fair and square tilt and he intended to obtain the full value of his money or know the reason why. Whenever an exhibition was not all it should have been, he became vehement in his denunciation unless thoroughly surpressed by the special police or the house strong-arm men stationed in his vicinity.

I remember an occasion at the old Sharkey Club on Columbus Avenue when Leach Cross was in the ring with an Irish boy and Jim Buckley, with his good old Irish brogue, got into the ring at the end of the second round to upbraid some of the gallery gods who were affluent with their advice.

"If you mutts don't stop hurling your advice at the fighters," said Buckley in his best Irish. "I'll have you all thrown out. If you know yer boxin' so well, come down here and put on the gloves yerself."

Buckley was a tough one over whom to gain a decision and he carried the night until Leach was socked on the beak and a free-for-all got under way in the gallery which Buckley's aides quelled by turning out the lights and turning on the hose.

* * *

ON another occasion, when Joe Bernstein was billed against Dolly Lyons at the Greenwood A. C. of Brooklyn, for what was booked as the featherweight championship of the Bowery, the partisans were gathered in strong numbers on opposite sides of the gallery. From round one until the finish of the tenth, it was a nip and tuck tussle, with terrific milling and a toss-up as to who would be returned the winner. But starting with the eleventh, Lyons lost his pep. He appeared tired and Bernstein had him badly shaken. Lyons' cohorts became uneasy and one of his gallery followers, getting out of his seat, yelled down at the top of his voice:

"Dolly, Dolly, me mon, why don't youse go in and take a chance?"

Hardly had the flurry caused by this remark subsided, when a galleryite from the Bernstein section answered:

"Take a chance, did you say? Dolly would rather take a watch. Wouldn't you, Dolly?"

This brought forth roars of laughter, even Dolly, in his distress, showing a smile.

* * *

GOOD old Charley White, "Old Eagle-Eye," they called him, often came in for a few puns. White, it will be recalled, was as bald as a billiard ball. He was absolutely devoid of hirsute adornment on the top of his head, and whenever he became too zealous in getting between the principals when they were clinched, he was kidded by the gallery boys.

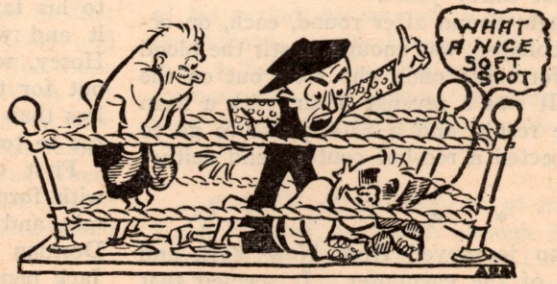
"Go get a hair cut," one would shout.

"Don't muss your hair, Charley," would come from another part of the house.

And still others would refer in various ways to Charley's billiard dome with the crowd enjoying the proceedings.

* * *

AT the old Lenox A. C., in New York City, Tom Sharkey was pitted against Kid McCoy in a battle that was replete with action when suddenly the Kid landed a terrific right to Sharkey's chest, right in the center of his tattooed ship. That was the signal for a round of gallery flings that kept the house in an uproar.



"Don't sink that ship, Kid," came the remark from a husky Irish voice, and just as he finished the sentence, a crash to the belly put Sharkey down.

Tom, the Sailor Boy, was full of fight and he arose, only to take another tumble from a crack on the chin. He remained down for a count of seven and then got to his feet and into a clinch.

"Hold that ship up, Kid," yelled a fellow in the bleachers, as the referee tried to pry the men apart.

They were separated and a short time later another crash sent the Sailor down for the third time and as he struck the canvas, a bird roosting far in the rear, noticing an anchor

Gallery Gods Prove Adept in Comedy Role—Old Time Fighters Well Supplied With Humorous Remarks

By KID MCPARTLAND

attached to the tatooed ship, yelled:

"Strike the anchor, Kid, and the boat will go down."

* * *

THERE is probably no branch in sports which supplies so much comedy, either in the ring or out, as boxing. The followers of fisticuffs who occupy the upper berths in an arena seem to be natural born comedians. They come to root or hoot as the occasion demands, and they always have a ready supply of good wit to keep the fires burning. And if it isn't the gallery god who supplies the laughter, it's the fighter.

Out in Cheyenne years ago, Sam Langford, then in his prime, fought a big Negro by the name of Nat Dewey. Sam was booked also for a bout on the Coast and he was anxious to take the only train out of Cheyenne that night for California, a train that left at 10.30. To do so, it would have been necessary for him to make short his bout with Dewey.

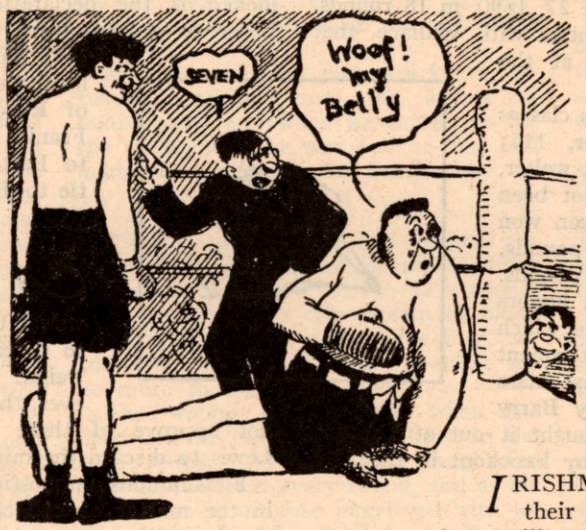
Coming out of the dressing room, Sam remarked to Joe Woodman, his manager: "Mr. Woodman, one round, and we go."

True to his prediction, he landed just two punches and Dewey hit the canvas with a thud. Dewey was fast asleep when the doleful decimal had been completed and when he finally did come to, he looked at the referee, who had carried him to his corner, and said:

"I'se ready boss."

"Ready! The fight's all over," replied the official.

"What you mean, ovah? I'se ain't get started yet!"



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ANOTHER Negro, "Parson" Allen by name, uesd to fight at the smaller clubs around New York in the Horton Law days and also was the deacon of a Harlem Methodist Church. He was quite popular with his people and every time he appeared on a bill, especially at Billy Newman's Long Acre Club and Buckley's Sharkey A. C., he brought quite a delegation of Harlemites with him.

On one occasion, the "Parson" came into the Long Acre ring to face another tough, broad-shouldered Negro, Buddy Hanks and, as was his custom, just before the referee gave the signal to start, the "Parson" got down on his knees and offered a prayer. The bell sounded and out rushed Hanks, and swinging his right almost from the level of the floor, he caught the "Parson" on the side of the chin and down and out went Allen.

The fight was over so quickly that some of the gallery gods taunted Allen while others came in with their share of comedy remarks. But it remained for a ringsider to pull the prize one as he remarked to the "parson," who was on his way to the dressing room:

"Well 'Parson,' the Lord didn't pay much attention to your prayer to-night, did he?"

"He shure did, man," replied the 'Parson.' "Brother, ah reckon you all doan' know what ah was done prayin' for. Ah knows what a tough baby this yeah nigger am, so I jes' ask the good Lord foh a soft spot to land on."

* * *

AL LIPPE, the veteran fight manager who handled some of the greatest battlers a few years ago and still has a good stable, took Kid Broad, famous New York character, to Butte in 1903 to meet Aurelio Herrera. Al was so certain that the Kid would beat the Mexican that he bet his bankroll on him.

After a round or two, Herrera got the range and then began a series of peppering lefts and rights. A right hook sent Broad down for a count of five and a left uppercut flopped him for a count of nine. When the Kid got his bearings, a bombardment was hurled at him that made him dizzy. Then suddenly came a right crash to the jaw and down went the Kid for keeps.

Next day, as Lippe and Broad were on their way to the railroad station to start for home, Al was exceedingly downcast.

"Why didn't you get up when Herrera popped you?" inquired Al. "Why didn't you think about me? You knew I had every cent on you, yet you let him knock you out!"

"Well, Al, I did think of you when I went down the first time," replied Broad. "And I had you in mind when I went down the second time, Al. But when my head banged the floor the last time, I forgot all about you until it was too late. Don't worry Al," wound up the Kid, "we'll get that dough back yet."

Out in Philadelphia, when Herr Plaacke, the Holland Giant, fought his comedy mill with Kid McCoy, the fans received a Dutch treat when the Holland Singers yoodled, "Yah, Doo Dee Dah Oh Ho," as Plaacke, sitting on the canvas, was counted out. Plaacke at the count of seven, looked up, and holding one hand to his stomach, chirped, *"woof,* mine belly!"

* * *

IRISHMEN have always been loyal to their fistic heroes, and this characteristic was never better illustrated than on the night when Peter Maher and Tom Sharkey met at the old Lenox Club in New York in 1897.

Race feeling, as always, was intense and one old fellow who had been a townsman of Maher in Galway took the prize. He sat in a balcony box overlooking the ring, waving an Irish flag, and telling the world in no uncertain tones what Maher was to do to Sharkey. He was so noisy that he became a pest and was told to keep quiet. This made him wilder than ever. He offered to bet all kinds of money that Maher would win in a single punch.

"Oi wurked wid him in Guinness' brewery and I know phwat he kin do wid those fists av his," the old chap insisted.

When the men got into the ring, Charley Harvey, the announcer, advanced to the center to introduce the contenders:

"In this corner we have Peter Maher of Galway, Ireland!"

When the cheers had subsided, he turned to the other corner and shouted:

"And over here is Tom Sharkey of Dundalk, Ireland."

The old Irishman in the box was silent for a moment. He seemed dumbfounded, but finally turned humbly to his neighbor and asked if he had heard correctly. Answered in the affirmative, the old gentleman settled down in his seat and resignedly said:

"So Sharkey comes from Ireland! Oh, well, if that's the case, I don't give a damn who wins. Sure, I thought Sharkey came from Australia."

IN THE HALL OF FAME

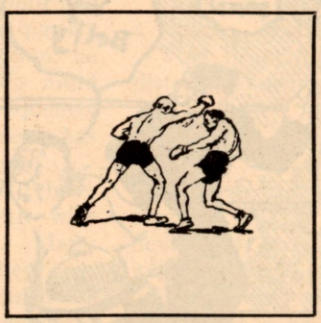
Fitzsimmons, Dixon, McGovern, Dundee, Tunney, Greb, Buff, Walker, Canzoneri, Carpentier, held more than one title—Ruby Robert leads field

By HALSEY STUART

THE fact that Tony Canzoneri won the title in two different classes—featherweight and lightweight—seems to have caused considerable astonishment among those who take an interest in boxing. Following the discovery of the sturdy Italian's feat, announcement was made that Robert Fitzsimmons was the only boxer to capture three titles, and that George Dixon, Johnny Dundee, Gene Tunney, Harry Greb, Johnny Buff and Mickey Walker had each won two titles.

The surprising feature of the above assertion is the omission of the name of Terry McGovern. If ever a boxer ignored class and weight in his career, McGovern was the man.

Dixon, who had won the bantam title in 1890 by a series of fights with the best bantams in America and England, made himself the world's champion in that year by stopping Nunc Wallace, British champion, June 27, 1890, in 18 rounds. Dixon scaled 112 pounds for the contest with Wallace, that being the bantam limit in England at the time.



In America the limits of the various classes were: Bantam, 105 pounds; feather, 115; light, 133; middle, 154. The flyweight, welter, light-heavy, and junior classes had not been devised at that time. Therefore, Dixon won the bantam title of America at 105 pounds, and the world's bantam title at 112 pounds.

In 1892 he abandoned the bantam honors and went after the featherweight title which he captured. Following Dixon's retirement as bantam champion, the title of that class lay dormant until 1894, when Jimmy Barry and Caspar Leon, rival claimants, fought it out at Lamont, Ill., Sept. 15, 1894, and Barry won by knockout in the 28th round, the weight being 112 pounds.

* * *

BARRY won the world's bantam title by stopping Walter Croot, the British titleholder, in a bout that lasted to the 20th round, the weight being 112 pounds. Croot died after the contest, which took place on December 6, 1897.

Barry retired from the ring in 1899, and the bantam title again lapsed. Terry McGovern, who had been rising rapidly in the fighting scale, claimed the bantam title, and beat nearly all the American contenders. McGovern got his chance at the world's bantam title on September 12, 1899, when Pedlar Palmer, the English titleholder, came to America for the express purpose of taking the championship away from Terrible Terry.

The bout took place at Tuckahoe and the weight agreed on was 116 pounds, but as it rained on the day set for the contest, the boys were not compelled to weigh a second time, and the chances are that each weighed fully 118 pounds. McGovern stopped Palmer in less than a round, which was the second defeat of English bantam champions at the hands of American titleholders.

Following his retirement as bantam champion, McGovern went in quest of the featherweight honors then held by George Dixon. It was some time before he obtained a match with Dixon, the contest being staged January 9, 1900, McGovern winning by knockout in the eighth round. The weight was 118 pounds, despite the fact that the accepted poundage at the time was 122 pounds.

Apparently Dixon's handlers thought McGovern would be weak at 118 pounds, but it turned out he never was more vigorous. Therefore, that was the second title won by McGovern. Yet he performed another wonderful deed when he stopped the lightweight champion of the world, Frank Erne, in three rounds.

It is true it was a handicap match, the weight being 128 pounds ringside, as against the 135 pounds then observed in that division. However, there is small doubt that McGovern would have won even at 135 pounds, for he was at top form at the time of the contest, July 16, 1900.

Under the circumstances, it is evident that a list of double championship winners would be incomplete without the name of Terry McGovern.

Another instance in which a deserving pugilist was overlooked is the declaration that Fitzsimmons was the only boxer to capture three pugilistic titles. Carpentier did that very thing. He won the middleweight, light heavyweight, and heavyweight championships of Europe, lost the middleweight crown to Frank Klaus, the light heavyweight honors to Battling Siki, and the heavyweight mantle to Jack Dempsey.

* * *

A LESS deserving three-title winner was Kid Lewis, of England. He held the welter title of his native land, and proceeded to defeat the middleweight and light heavyweight champions of Great Britian. However, the British Board of Boxing Control did not approve of these chain store methods and compelled Lewis to discard the middle and light heavy honors.

Fitzsimmons unquestionably was the undisputed titleholder in the matter of collecting championships, and in each case the opposition was very powerful. His three conquests were the middle, heavy and light heavy championships.

When Fitzsimmons arrived in America in 1890, at 29 years of age, he was a peculiar-looking mortal, owing to his tremendous shoulders and arms and his spindle-shaped legs.

The handlers of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, who never weighed more than 150 pounds, decided that the newcomer from Australia would be unable to make 154 pounds, the weight then in force for the middleweight class, and fight with any vigor. But Fitz registered 150½ pounds and battered Dempsey out in 13 rounds. That was title No. 1.

It was seven years later when Fitz got his chance at the second title, the heavyweight crown. He was then 36 years of age, at his peak, and he sent Corbett to a knockout after one of the most remarkable fights in history.

Six years later Fitz got his third title, the championship of the new light heavyweight class, which was in the possession of George Gardiner, a young Irishman who had settled in Boston, and who had a reputation as a clever, resourceful boxer. He was 26 years of age, and Fitz was 41. Gardiner had beaten Walcott in 20 rounds, knocked out Peter Maher and Jack Root, and won from Marvin Hart in 12 rounds. Fitz outpointed Gardiner in 20 rounds and thus chalked up his third title.

Joe Walcott won but a single title, but there is small doubt that he could have won half a dozen crowns had the holders not been backward about meeting him in the ring.

Pioneer Days in New York

(*Continued from page* 21)

in the first round, and the other was a twenty-three-round knockout of Gans by Elbows McFadden.

* * *

ONE of the most sensational battles at the Broadway was that between Peter Maher and Joe Choynski in 1896. Both were in fine form at the time, Choynski especially, boxing at his best and Maher hitting with crashing force. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, then a Police Commissioner, was present, and he was urged by certain moralists to prevent the encounter.

"Why should I?" he asked, "no law has been violated as yet."

Col. Roosevelt watched the contest very closely, and at the conclusion, with Choynski knocked cold as ice by Maher, the Colonel was asked what he thought of the combat.

"Bully fight," said he as he left the club house.

Joe Choynski was unlucky in his bouts at the Broadway club, for in the same year, 1900, he dropped a bout to Kid McCoy, the record stating that he was knocked out in the fourth round, although Joe should have won on a foul. Choynski had McCoy on the carpet in the fourth round and it looked as though the nimble Kid was done for, despite the fact that his seconds showered him with water from sponges and the referee was using more than ordinary deliberation in counting over the prostrate McCoy. Finally the Kid began to struggle to his feet and just as he straightened up, the bell ended the round.

As Choynski, who had been waiting for McCoy to get on his feet, heard the bell, he turned his back on the Kid and started for his corner. McCoy shot a right hander that caught Choynski behind the right ear and laid him flat on his face. Choynski's seconds dragged him to his corner and worked feverishly over him during the minute rest. But when the bell called him for the fifth round and he rose from his chair, his legs doubled under him and he was counted out in jig-time by the referee.

* * *

A SOMEWHAT similar incident marked the contest between Terry McGovern and Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid. This was staged on March 9, 1900. In the second round Gardner hung a hard one on McGovern's jaw, which sent Terry sprawling. In those days the man scoring a knockdown did not go to the farthest corner of the ring and wait till his fallen opponent arose. Therefore Oscar stood right close to where McGovern lay on the floor awaiting his rising in order to deliver a settling punch.

The first thing Terry saw when he finally opened his eyes were the stubby legs of Gardner. Terrible Terry (a title given him by the writer) clutched Gardner's legs and hung on for dear life. Gardner began waltzing about the ring trying to shake off McGovern and yelling to the referee:

"Make him leggo!"

But Terry clung to Gardner like a shipwrecked sailor to a spar and gradually pulled himself up hand over hand until he was on his feet, and he was hugging Gardner closely when the bell ended the round.

McGovern, a very powerful youth, recovered quickly from the effects of punishment, and when he came out for the third round he was full of vim and made short work of the Omaha boy.

* * *

THE Gans and Erne fight made at the Broadway took place March 23, 1900, and came to a close in the 12th round, when Gans, with a thin stream of blood trickling down the side of his face, assured the referee that he "couldn't see no more to fight that night."

The wound had resulted when the heads of the two fighters collided in the 12th round. As Gans had outpointed Erne in each and every round, and as his vision was in no wise interfered with by the cut on the side of his head, the suspicious spectators shook their heads. More mystification ensued when Erne dodged a bout arranged with Gans for Philadelphia, and also when Gans stopped Erne in the first round of a title bout at Fort Erie, Ont.

Unquestionably some of the most spectacular contests in the history of pugilism took place at the Lenox Club during the Horton Law. One never-to-be-forgotten affair was the bout between Jim Corbett and Tom Sharkey. This was staged on November 22, 1898, and Sharkey was declared the winner on a foul in the 9th round. The foul consisted of Con. McVey, Corbett's chief second, entering the ring during the ninth round and making an incoherent protest against alleged foul work by Sharkey. As the gallant Sailor had up to that time not laid a glove on Corbett, the foul work was not observable.

However, as McVey's action was a deliberate foul, there was nothing left for Honest John Kelly, the referee, to do but to disqualify Corbett. Honest John also declared all bets off.

Acting on the ruling, Kelly refused payment of a bet he had made with Nat Goodwin, the comedian. Yet nearly all who bet on Corbett, who was held at 10 to 7 to beat Sharkey, made good. And all who had an inkling previous to the battle, and laid $100 to win $70, profited handsomely.

There was so much talk of crookedness in this contest that Big Tim Sullivan called a meeting to investigate the scandal and it was held in the editorial rooms of the *Police Gazette*. In the course of his testimony, Sharkey assured Corbett that he "did not have a Chinaman's chance of winning the fight."

At the conclusion of the meeting, Big Tim announced that the aspersions cast on the honesty of the contest were unfounded.

The most deliberate fraud that blackened the record of the Lenox Club was the Peter Maher-Mike Morrissey affair. It was announced that Mike Morrissey, "champion of Ireland," would meet Peter Maher, in a battle to settle the question of the Irish championship. Morrissey was not a boxer at all, but a truck driver, who was lured into the affair with the promise of much money and no damage. With the first blow aimed by Maher, Morrissey fell to the ring floor and refused to get up. He was carried out of the ring to his dressing room. Not a penny was refunded to ticket buyers.

This aided in the repeal of the Horton Law in 1900.

(*Editor's Note*: *This is the first of a series on boxing in New York in the old days.*)

Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane

(*Continued from page* 38)

his opponent a terrific lacing and walked off with the dollar but minus his clothes, for someone had walked off with them while he was engaged in the mill. That bout lasted only one round and so elated was Nelson at his showing, he decided to enter on a ring career.

Bat's parents, who were at the circus, hadn't the faintest idea that their son would engage in a glove contest and when they saw him score the knockout, Bat's mother went into hysterics. However, that knockout had inoculated Bat with the fighting germ and it didn't take long for him to overcome his parents' objection to a ring career and before long he abandoned his other work to become a professional fighter.

A tribute which Joe Gans paid to Nelson in an interview with the Chicago *Tribune*, is a good ending for this yarn. Here it is:

> "Nelson is the best lightweight over a distance I ever saw. There are a few of us who could beat the Battler over the short route, but the long contests are the ones that decide championships and over these, Nelson is in a class all by himself. He is simply impervious to punishment. He is tough as nails, as game as they make 'em and the most determined, persistent fighter I've ever seen in action. He can take a world of beating and is absolutely peerless in distance fights."

That coming from one of the cleverest fighters of all time, is a tribute that should make Bat throw out his chest and hold his head high.

Old Grudges Died Hard

(*Continued from page* 23)

"And he'll be out here to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock," they told Corbett.

"And now you go back and tell that big four-flush that I'll be at the gate waiting for him, and make it pretty plain, too," yelled Corbett for the return message.

Ah, what a stage-setting, what possibilities!

* * *

IT all came about on schedule time and without the loss of a single detail. The mighty John L., then weighing around 275 pounds and waddling fat, but with all that old fighting spirit rampant, was flanked by a few friends.

These he brushed aside impatiently as he got out of the machine and strode towards the gate leading into Jeffries' quarters.

And he didn't slow up in the least as he glimpsed his ancient enemy leaning on the gate-post, exactly as he said he would be, puffing away vigorously at a big black cigar.

Corbett's lip curled into an ugly snarl as John L. came within easy hearing distance and they were able to exchange glares at short range.

"Well, John, go ahead and spit in my eye! You said you would and I'm here to see if you're game enough to try it!"

A hush and an angry surge as the belligerents seemed about to clash!

It would have been a terrible match—poor old churlish John L., just able to toddle about, against the still lithe and slender Corbett, boxing every day with Jeffries and still in wonderfully fine shape even for his 44 years of age. John L. then was 52.

* * *

FROM all sides they came swarming, adherents of both sides of the spluttering argument, and before Sullivan could bring about the torrid words that seemed to be fairly strangling him, the pair were shouldered apart just at the instant when a personal encounter seemed absolutely certain. John L.'s pals bustled him off to one side and the kindly, soft-spoken Joe Choynski and that sterling old pacifist, Martin "Farmer" Burns, also a Jeffries helper, dragged the explosive Corbett back towards the house and spoke soothing words.

Jeffries had gone fishing and heard and saw nothing of the squabble.

That was all. It was arranged the following day that John L. was to go back to the camp and that there would be a general reconciliation. John L., still thundering words of deprecation and threats of all sorts, hesitated but finally went grudgingly. When he arrived, he was badly outnumbered. The peacemakers got busy, the hand shaking began, pictures were snapped and a few corks instead of punches were all that popped that June day in the Nevada hills. Choynski, Jewish ambassador, was chief diplomat of peace and good will.

How deeply these incidents sank into John L.'s reaction never will be known. The grand old chap mellowed no little and it seemed that he had quite a different view of life. In fact, he often remarked, right up to the time of his death in February of 1918 that his Reno "outing" worked off a lot of steam for him and did him no end of good. From then on he seemed to be instilled with a new spirit of good will towards his fellow men.

Doesn't seem like the fighters of this day harbor grudges as did the old timers. Perhaps their fighting instincts are not as highly developed, leavened no doubt by the nice things that the good old American dollar can do towards smoothing out unnecessarily ruffled feathers.

Greeks in Wrestling

(*Continued from page* 31)

little exhibition of wrestling skill. There were no rules against fouls then because everything went and fouling was unheard of. Breaking arms, legs, neck or back, were all part of the game and the greater the damage to a person's body, the more thrilling and satisfactory the match.

And what a man this Milo was, if we are to accept historic data on wrestling of 2500 years ago! It is said of him, so strong was he, that he could hurl a 300-pound fellow with one hand for a distance of 20 feet. He tore trees out of the ground by the roots, could carry a chariot on his head with six men seated in it, could kill an ox by punching it between the eyes, could gain a strange hold on a bull and kill it without an effort after which he would eat the raw meat and that his appetite was such that an omelette of four dozen eggs failed to satisfy his wants.

Crowned heads feared him and the constabulary had its orders to keep out of his way. His whims were never interfered with, lest such interference would lead to wholesale slaughter. Such was the man who has inspired the world's champion wrestler of to-day.

* * *

LONDOS is only one of many great foreign wrestlers who have made good in this country. Incidentally, it was a Grecian, Antone Pierre, who for several years had made his home in Alsace-Lorraine, who first brought attention to the foreign gladiators by bringing to this country the great Yousoff. At the time the Sultan had a horde of wrestlers to entertain him in tournaments, and Yousoff was among them when Pierre discovered him.

It required considerable persuasion, but Pierre finally weaned Yousoff away from the Sultan and brought him here only to have the shrewd American managers steal the Turk from Pierre.

Yousoff's visit here started a new boom in wrestling in this country, and after his unfortunate drowning, many other foreigners made the trip. Therefore to Pierre, one time European Greco-Roman champion, belongs the credit for starting the interest in foreign wrestlers which to-day holds such a firm grip upon the American wrestling public.

Every decade a Grecian wrestler of prominence is produced, but it takes centuries to develop a world's champion. And Jim Londos is a real champion. Those who preceded him in making latter day mat fame were Demetrius Tofalos, who won the Olympic championship in 1904; John Maxos and Bill Demetral. Before them the outstanding Greek wrestler was "Greek" George, champion at Greco-Roman style who came to this country to wrestle William Muldoon, venerable member of the New York State Athletic Commission, who later became his wrestling partner.

* * *

"GREEK" GEORGE came here in the early '80s to wrestle Muldoon for the world's championship. After a series of warm-up or elimination bouts, the foreigner pronounced himself fit and ready to lift the crown from Muldoon's brow. This was not to be, for Muldoon, who had been wrestling while a soldier in the Civil War and followed up the art of grappling after that internal combat, proved superior in every department over the Greek invader.

Tofalos was the most versatile Greek wrestler who ever came to these shores. He divided his time between the wrestling mat and the stage. While on a vaudeville tour he met all comers in mat bouts on the stage, did strong man stunts and gave a concert performance.

More than one musical critic advised Tofalos, who possessed a fine tenor voice, to devote his talents exclusively to the concert stage, but the Greek's hobby was wrestling and having captured the Olympic championship, he sought bigger worlds to conquer.

Greek wrestling dates back to more than 2,500 years ago when the nobility as well as the peasants settled disputes by pinning their opponents to the mat. There is doubt in some quarters as to the origin of the sport, but historians have discovered that it has been indulged in since the primitive days of man. They base this deduction on the fact that no artificial implements are required and nature's weapons of arms, legs and hands are all that are necessary for one person to prove his superiority over another.

The Egyptians were the first to put the sport on a competitive basis and their challenges were hurled into Greece and Italy. Rules governing contests were drawn up out of which developed the Greco-Roman style. The catch-as-catch-can style speeded up the game to its present popularity and the applicaton of science has made it one of the major sports of the universe.

Whiskey Barrel Fights

(*Continued from page* 18)

driven into the ground just outside the leading sports emporium, known as the Buck Horn, and after ropes were tied around the posts to give the semblance of a ring, two empty barrels were taken from the ranch and placed in the center and on these the fighters, stripped to the waist and with bare fists, mounted for action.

In these barrel fights, each contestant put up a side bet of $10 in addition to which the winner would receive all the money taken in by passing the hat around the crowd. Five falls constituted a bout, the fellow scoring three knockdowns from the barrel being declared the winner.

NATURALLY there was no fistic science on view, but the encounters were full of vim and ofttimes one or both of the fighters passed out of the picture with a split head from a fall.

As the unsteady platform gave slight opportunity for the use of footwork, the combatants aimed for the face and usually struck out with terrific force straight from the shoulder. Sometimes one blow put a fellow off his perch, but often the men leaped at each other and, balancing with uncanny skill, would keep pounding away until both fell.

The betting was always high though the stakes were low and partisan feeling also ran high, particularly when the combatants were a civilian vs. a soldier.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 27)

Furthermore, it was illegal in New York to sign articles for a fight, no matter where the fight was to be held. We were informed by the authorities that there would be no signing in the ring. Our expected coup was a flop. We drew only 2,200 paid admissions.

It was a day or two later, however, that Jeffries and Johnson did sign the articles that finally brought them together at Reno, Nev. At the suggestion of Lou Houseman, who happened to be in New York, all the interested parties boarded a ferry boat and went to Hoboken, where the signing took place at Meyers' Hotel.

I hurried back to Chicago to attend to some routing through the middle and far West and the tour continued, with Jeff growling because the receipts were not meeting his expectations. One day I received a wire from Frazee summoning me to Toledo, where the show was booked for the following night. The wire warned me that unless I made a prompt appearance, the project would have to be abandoned.

I reached the Boody House in Toledo the next morning to find Frazee in despair. Jeff's surliness had increased and, added to it, was his worriment over the condition of Mrs. Jeffries, who was accompanying him on the tour. She was ill and was departing that night for Rochester, Minn., to undergo treatment by the Mayo brothers and Jeff had vowed that he would go with her and leave the show flat.

"Go upstairs and talk to him, Jack," pleaded Frazee. "You seem to be the only one who has any influence with him."

* * *

THE outset of my talk with Jeff was not very promising. He was worried, sick at heart and disgusted. He cursed himself roundly for having signed with us, railed at the rigors of the one-night stands and profanely compared the $1,000 a week he was getting—his percentage of the receipts having netted him a negligible sum—with a $2,500 a week he had got for a comfortable ten-week vaudeville tour for Morris.

"I'm through," he declared. "I'll give the show to-night but, when it's over, I'm going to Rochester with my wife."

"But you can't do that," I protested.

"Why can't I?" he demanded, his anger rising. "Who says I can't?"

"But, Jeff," I pointed out, "we've got you booked into Chicago. You've got to go that far, anyway, to save your face.

"Besides," I argued, "you're not a total loss. Mistakes have been made on this tour but there won't be any more of them. We booked you in towns where they don't 'go' for this kind of show. Now we'll head into better territory and I promise you we'll pay you as high as $10,000 a week."

I talked on and on. I stressed the importance of going through with the tour to save his own reputation, pleaded for a break for Frazee and myself, promised him over and over again that he'd reap as much as $10,000 a week. I talked convincingly about that $10,000 a week.

"All right," he said, at last. "You win. I'll go."

* * *

THE tour proceeded—Chicago, Milwaukee, Sioux City, Des Moines, Lincoln, McCook. The East, surfeited with entertainment, had been cold to us but the West, not yet honeycombed with movie palaces, was fair game for the enterprising showman and crowds flocked to see our performances.

In Denver we drew $22,000 at $2 top in the new auditorium. Frazee, who had returned to Chicago, had wanted us to show at a theater owned by George McCall a friend of his and ordered me by wire to cancel my engagement of the auditorium. I wired back threatening to quit unless my arrangements remained undisturbed and Frazee finally agreed.

We did ten times as well as we could have done in the theater. We pressed on to Boise City, to Baker, Oregon, and Pendleton, not failing to gross $10,000 a day in any town we played. Jeff was elated but his elation was as nothing compared to my own. Then we did well in Seattle.

We moved from Seattle to Victoria, Vancouver and Olympia, then back to Seattle. Only two bookings remained, Billings, Montana, and Duluth, Minnesota. As I had some business to attend to that would keep me in Seattle for a few days, I did not go eastward with the show but said good-by to Jeff at luncheon at the Hotel Savoy the day he was leaving.

"Jack," he said, in parting, "I'm grateful to you for two things. The first is that you persuaded me to go through with this tour when I wanted to quit. The second is that not once on the trip have you talked 'nigger' to me."

* * *

ONLY once on the trip, as a matter of fact, was there the slightest reference to Johnson in any conversation between us. That was the night we left Sioux City. I shared a drawing room with Jeff that night. We were lying in our berths reading, Jeff in the lower and I in the upper, when suddenly he crumpled his paper and threw it to the floor, swearing horribly. I leaned out of my berth.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

For a moment he continued to swear. Then he growled:

"There's an article in there about how the skunk" (his invariable term for Johnson) "can beat me. All I want is to get him into the ring and smash his black face!"

Naturally, I said nothing but returned to my reading.

The tour vindicated the judgment that had impelled me to plead so forcibly with Jeffries in Toledo. It lasted twelve weeks and five days and at its conclusion we paid Jeff $112,500.

I did not see the Jeffries-Johnson fight. I had intended to do so when it was scheduled for San Francisco but the complications following the refusal of the Governor of California to permit it to be held there seemed destined to be prolonged and I went to New York. I had booked passage with Dr. Roller on the *Carmania*, which was sailing for England on July 8, and heard the result of the fight in New York.

On my return from Europe I went to California and one night I was in The Ship, a restaurant in Venice, when the proprietor told me Jeff was dining there. I sought him out and he greeted me cordially. I could see the outcome of the fight still rankled in him and had heard that he seldom was seen in public, so, of course, I did not touch on his defeat at all.

After we had talked for some time, however, he spoke of it and what he said constituted his valedictory to the ring.

"Nobody who urged me to fight the nigger and assured me he would be easy picking for me, has any use for me now," he said bitterly. "But I've got the dough and they can all go to hell."

(*To Be Continued in Next Issue*)

The Torgessen Clan

(*Continued from page* 35)

selfish, without thinking. Just imagine how soft we have it. Plenty of dough, easy, short fights with pillows on your hands, fine arenas, and governors think I am doing 'em a favor when I shake their hands.

"This 'Devil' Torgessen—well, he was a greater fighter than I ever will think of being. He got five hundred for a hundred rounds, and then quit for love. He told me all about it last night. That is——"

Jack grew red in the face as Tailton stared at him, wild-eyed. "You haven't taken to nipping at the bottle, have you?" Tailton exjaculated. "The 'Devil' told you last night! What in heck is this all about anyway? Am I crazy, or are you?"

Jack laughed. "You wouldn't understand, 'Sparky.' But we are going back to New York. I'm going to take that fight, and I won't accept a cent. It's for the *Star's* annual Christmas Fund. It goes to the poor kids, and I turned them down so I could go home and take it easy."

"Turn down $50,000 and fight for nothing!" Tailton went out of the room shrieking like a maniac.

* * *

AND that's the "inside" of Jack Torgessen's fighting for the poor kids of New York without taking a cent of the $50,000 they wanted to guarantee him.

This story perhaps explains why Jack Torgessen gave up the world's title—why he retired. Why, to the amazement of the world, he quit, went back to Lanesdale, and married that Templar girl, sweet and fine and somewhat old fashioned.

It explains why, the following Christmas eve, he sat with his bride by the fireside at the old homestead and told her of the "Devil" and another Mary Templar.

And why, as the old church bell tolled the blessed hour, Jack took his wife in his arms, kissed her as the "Devil" had embraced the other Mary, and listened as the carol singers went down the snowy road: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Knockout Wallops

(*Continued from page* 29)

Before the knockout blow, a left to the jaw, neither had done anything of note. They were boxing so cautiously that a morning newspaper man, dictating a blow-by-blow story of the fight at this writer's elbow, had just sent along the word that both boys were settling themselves for a long fight when Canzoneri hit Singer in the mouth with a left hook that caught him off balance and drove him back on his heels.

Tony immediately drove another left home to the jaw, and Singer fell over backward, his head striking the floor with a resounding crash. Al tried to pull himself to his feet by grasping the ropes, but collapsed and was counted out. It was the opinion of Dr. William H. Walker of the Boxing Commission that Singer suffered more damage when his head struck the floor than from the punch itself.

* * *

OUT in California, a young Jewish heavyweight, Max Baer of Oakland, was putting together an impressive string of knockouts. He attracted national attention when he stopped K. O. Christner in the second round.

Then tragedy entered the picture. In August, Baer was matched with Frankie Campbell, a capable and extremely popular young heavyweight. It was a savage see-saw fight.

Campbell dropped Baer and skipped to a neutral corner. But there was no count, as Baer jumped to his feet immediately and attacked Campbell in the corner. A right to the jaw had Campbell out on his feet, but the ropes held him up and Baer continued to pound him savagely with both hands. At last Campbell slithered to the floor. He was dead.

Up from the Argentine came a lightweight, Justo Suarez of Buenos Aires, to write another sensational knockout into the history of 1930. Bruce Flowers, veteran colored lightweight from New Rochelle, was batted out by Suarez in the sixth round of a hectic brawl at the Queenboro Stadium in Long Island City.

Just two weeks earlier, in the same ring, Flowers himself had supplied an upset by stopping Tommy Grogan of Omaha. The victory over Flowers, who never before had been knocked out, sent the Argentinian's stock soaring sky high.

* * *

YOUNG STRIBLING contributed two slashing knockouts to the heavyweight records to advance himself to the position of leading contender. The Georgian tipped over Otto Von Porat in the first round in Chicago after going to England and sending Phil Scott into retirement by belting him out in the third frame.

Scott figured in two important knockouts, each time being on the receiving end. On February 27, at Miami, Fla., Phil was stopped by Jack Sharkey in the third round of a bout to determine who should meet Max Schmeling of Germany for the title.

The second battle of the itching palms turned out to be one of the most bizarre affairs in years and the argument as to whether Scott was knocked out legitimately or should have won on a foul is still going on.

Referee Lou Magnolia declared Sharkey the winner on a technical knockout when Scott, who had been on the floor once in the second and four times in the third, was unable to continue.

In the third, after Scott had turned Sharkey half around with a right to the jaw, the Bostonian went berserk and rushed the Briton, landing a right that dropped Scott for a count of three. Sharkey scored another knockdown with a body punch and then put Phil down once more with a left that looked low. The Briton failed to get up. Magnolia waved Sharkey to his corner, the general impression being that he was giving the fight to Phil on a foul.

After a delay of more than a minute, Scott was persuaded to come out and fight some more. Sharkey belted him into a corner, where he was helpless and again Magnolia sent Sharkey to his corner. Jack rushed out and cursed at Scott as he lay against the ropes in a neutral corner. Police jumped into the ring to restrain the Bostonian. After more delay, Magnolia gave the fight to Sharkey on a knockout.

* * *

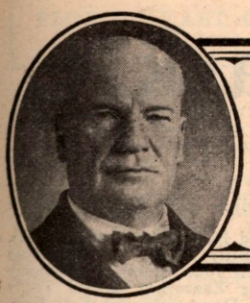
CALL over the country the customers were shocked intermittently to see favorites fall at the hands of long shots. Early in the year, after Knute Hansen had turned down a large purse for a bout with Primo Carnera, he was flattened by Ted Sandwina in a fight for which he received only a few hundred dollars. Sandwina suffered the same fate some months later when he was finished in the first round by a comparative unknown, Tony Galento.

Out in Chicago, King Levinsky, one of the rising stars of the year caused a sensation by belting out the sturdy veteran, Leo Lomski. In Holyoke, Connecticut, Leo (One-Punch) Williams, a gangling Negro light-heavy, put the crusher on George Courtney, who had come to town to pick up some easy money.

Tuffy Griffiths, pride of Chicago, ran into unexpected disaster in a Philadelphia ring when Jack Gagnon, a French-Canadian, batted him down. Marty Fox, highly touted young New York heavyweight, was put to sleep by Ralph Ficucello. The latter sprang another surprise by knocking out George Hoffman only more recently to be koed himself by Mateo Osa.

These are only a few of the knockouts of 1930, but enough to show that the element of uncertainty is still present whenever two gladiators step in to exchange punches.

Some of them were highly sensational, but there was none to equal the famous Dempsey-Firpo battle of 1923, in absorbing interest. Do you remember how Dempsey, knocked out of the ring and apparently out on his feet in the first round, came back to finish the Wild Bull of the Pampas in the second frame? Do you remember how—but that's another story, for another time.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Q.—What was the height of Tommy Ryan, Paul Berlenbach, Bill Papke, Sam Langford and Joe Walcott?

A.—In the order as named, 5 ft. 7¾ in., 5 ft. 10½ in., 5 ft. 8¾ in., 5 ft. 6½ in., 5 ft. 1½ in.

Q.—Is Mickey Walker a boxer or a fighter?

A.—Both. Not so clever as some other middleweights, but a very hard hitter.

Q.—What was the most Bob Moha weighed?

A.—160 pounds.

Q.—At what age does a man stop gaining weight?

A.—No set time. Depends largely on a man's health. Sickness or accidents will reduce weight at almost any period of life. An athlete who eases participation in contests with attendant training, will take on an astonishing amount of weight. Jack McAuliffe, retired lightweight champion, scaled 137 in 1892, at the age of 26. In retirement he now weighs 200 pounds. An athlete who continues to exercise after retiring from active participation in any branch of sport, should not gain much in weight. A non-athlete in good health, should not take on much weight after his 50th year. Failure to retain normal weight is usually due to illness.

An Admirer of THE RING.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, 6 ft. 4 in. tall, and weigh 160 pounds. What will be my weight when I am fully grown.

A.—6 ft. 4¼ in., 164 pounds.

Q.—Where can I obtain a book that records boxing from its infancy until the present time.

A.—There is no such book. The nearest approach is Alexander Johnston's History of Boxing called "Ten and Out," which is sold by THE RING for $3.50, and which gives only the highlights.

Reader, Nassau, N. P.

Q.—I am 16½ years old, weigh 120 pounds, 5 ft. 9 in tall. What would be my measurements as above when at the age of 21 years.

A.—130 pounds and 5 ft. 10¼ in. tall.

Q.—In the Question Box I notice that you say that W. L. (Young) Stribling is a close second to Jack Sharkey, then why is Stribling rated above Sharkey? Who would be the winner of a Stribling-Sharkey bout.

A.—Because the Question Box contains my opinions and the rating those of Eddie Borden.

T. McHale, Dunmore, Pa.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall, 14 years old and weigh 115 pounds. What will my weight and height be when I am full grown.

A.—Probably 5 ft. 10, and 175 pounds.

Q.—Give me the names of the champions that came from Scranton?

A.—George Chip, Pete Latzo.

E. Beavan, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Do you think Tuffy Griffiths can beat Schmeling or Sharkey?

A.—No.

A Reader, Kenora, Ont., Canada.

Q.—What was Stanley Ketchel's age at the time of his death?

A.—Twenty-three.

Q.—How do you harden the hands?

A.—Use wrist machine. Bare knuckle fighters soaked their hands in brine to toughen the skin. Unnecessary now that gloves are worn. Read Nat Fleischer's book, "Training for Boxers."

Milton S. Korn

Q.—Did Fidel La Barba fight in Australia before he came here to fight Chocolate?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Who is the greatest boxer in the featherweight division?

A.—At present time Fidel La Barba.

Q.—Recently the official timekeeper of the second Dempsey-Tunney fight made a statement that it was a 19 second count instead of 14. Is this true?

A.—In view of the many contradictory statements regarding the count, the question will join that other mystery: "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

Anton P. Stawcik, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Q.—What is the fighting style of Jimmy McLarnin?

A.—Purely a slugger and terrific hitter.

C. L. Powell, Mobile, Ala.

Q.—Who was, or is, the more scientific in their day, James Corbett or Tommy Loughran?

A.—Corbett.

J. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—I am 15 years old, weight 105 pounds. What class would I be in and what club should I join.

A.—Flyweight class. Join the nearest gym and learn how to box.

Bill Waltae.

Q.—Kindly advise if Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, is teaching boxing lessons in New York City, and if so, advise address of his gym.

A.—Yes. The Down Town Club, New York City.

Harry M. Barnes, Mass.

Q.—I am 16 years old, weigh 195 pounds, height 6 ft. 1 in., reach 72 in., neck, 15½ in., biceps, 14½ in., wrist, 7½ in., waist 32 in., thighs 21½ in., calf 16 in., ankle 11 in. About what will my measurements be at 21 years. I am rather thick boned.

A.—About 210 pounds, 6 ft. 2½ in., reach 74 in., neck 16 in., biceps 15½ in., wrist 8½ in., waist 34 in., thighs 23 in., calf 18 in., ankle 12 in.

Q.—Do you think I have good measurements for a boxer?

A.—Very fine.

E. A., Prince Rupert, B. C., Canada.

Q.—Who would win a fifteen round bout between "Young" Corbett and Jimmy McLarnin?

A.—McLarnin is my choice.

Q.—Who is the harder hitter?

A.—McLarnin.

Q.—Is Tommy Loughran out of running for the heavyweight title?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How would you rate Max Baer, Primo Carnera, Earl Mastro and Billy Townsend as future champions?

A.—Each still has a chance.

Q.—Which nationality has the most fighters?

A.—Jewish.

Q.—Who was the cleverer and more scientific boxer between James J. Corbett and "Young" Griffo.

A.—Corbett.

James Shaw, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—I'm 17 years old, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and weigh 138 pounds. Am I properly proportioned to become a fighter.

A.—I don't know about your build, but you are at the proper age.

Q.—Where can I locate a gymnasium and instructor in Montreal?

A.—Apply to Lawson Bampton, 4838 Park Ave., Montreal, Canada. He will give you ample information about the amateur clubs.

RING Reader, McAllen, Tex.

Q.—What chance would Mickey Walker have with Schmeling?

A.—Would make it interesting for the German, but would probably lose on points.

Q.—Is Hugh Nichols light heavyweight wrestling champion, and is Gus Hallio middleweight wrestling champion?

A.—The only official wrestling champion is Jim Londos, heavyweight title-holder. Wrestlers below heavyweight may claim titles, but lack official approval.

Q.—How do you rate Cowboy Teddy Waters, Pete Brown, George Poulous, all wrestlers.

A.—No records on which to base an opinion. Write to Jack Curley, Longacre Building, New York City.

Q.—Where did Fitzsimmons die and what was the cause of his death? Was he wealthy?

A.—Fitzsimmons died at Chicago on October 21, 1917, of pneumonia. He was not wealthy, as he made less money with his fists than any boxer approaching his ability.

Q.—Who is the middleweight champion strong man and how many pounds can he lift?

A.—No record of such an athlete. Write to Earl Liederman, 305 Broadway, New York City.

Q.—Who would win a Gus Martel-Al Singer contest and how many rounds?

A.—Martel likely to win. Very unwise to attempt to predict the number of rounds a contest may last. Martel is more than 50 years old but was a great fighter in his day.

Q.—Where can I get photographs of boxers, wrestlers, and strong men in action?

A.—Address Publisher of RING, 11 W. 42nd St.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of December provided more than the usual amount of upsets and surprises in the field of fistiana. The fans saw Battling Battalino defend his title successfully against the wizardry of Kid Chocolate; Carnera regain some of his lost prestige when he whipped Paulino Uzcudun in Barcelona; Johnny Risko coming back to life with a victory over Jim Maloney; Eddie Shea unexpectedly whipping Fidel LaBarba; Jackie Brady defeating Gorilla Jones; Ruby Bradley, a dark horse, winning over Frankie Genaro.

Other unusual incidents were: The draw between Dave Shade and Jack Hood in their return match; Stribling's victory over Tuffy Griffiths; Mickey Walker's one-round kayo of K. O. Christner and Ernie Schaaf's shade defeat of Max Baer in one of New York's greatest heavyweight thrillers of years; Larry Johnson moved into the heavyweight division; Harry Ebbets outgrew the middleweight class and jumped among the light-heavies; King Tut, too heavy for the junior-welters, advanced into the welterweight class; Jimmy Slavin came out of the 130-pound class and joined the feathers, and Joe Scalfaro dropped back from the featherweight class to the bantam.

In the heavyweight division, Young Stribling held the highest ranking with his clean-cut victory over Tuffy Griffiths. Stribling manages to keep busy while Sharkey and the rest of the rivals are resting. He is the most active of all prominent contenders.

George Godfrey, the enigma of the heavyweight class, kayoed Seal Harris in three rounds and drew with Bearcat Wright. Not a formidable record for one who is supposed to be the hidden menace of the heavyweight ranks. Carnera returned to the fold with his clean-cut victory over Paulino Uzcudun. Carnera also kayoed Reggie Meen in two rounds. Johnny Risko again displayed one of his reversals when he punched out a victory over Jim Maloney.

Schaaf loomed brilliantly with his victory over Max Baer and neither one of the boys lost any prestige. They did considerable to revive interest in the heavyweight class. Larry Johnson knocked out Jack Gagnon in the sixth round. Al Friedman went to various extremes during the month. He whipped Dick Daniels, drew with Emmett Rocco and lost the verdict to Con O'Kelly.

Stanley Poreda is another of the younger crop who will bear watching. He scored over Ted Sandwina decisively and shapes up nicely. Ralph Ficucello kayoed Buddy Howard in five rounds but stumbled over Mateo Osa, a Spaniard, who stopped him in three rounds. Ficucello looks very promising and Osa impressed greatly with his hitting powers. Al Fay won on a foul from Babe Hunt in the tenth round of their bout. Tony Galento kayoed Armando De Carlos in eight sessions.

Arthur De Kuh kayoed Big Boy Peterson in seven rounds but was beaten by Jack Renault. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Antonio Mata in the first round. K. O. Christner kayoed George Panka in six rounds.

Maxey Rosenbloom, reigning over the light-heavyweight brigade, fought seven rounds with Paul Swiderski when the latter was disqualified for not giving forth his best efforts. Maxey also whipped Patsy Pirrone. Tait Littman scored over Vincent Forgione. Joe Banovic scored over Billy Jones but was beaten by Bob Olin. Fred Lenhart whipped Leo Lomski but Leo returned to kayo Young Firpo. Roy Williams outpointed Tom Jones.

Al Gainer kayoed Jack Kelly in nine rounds. Tiger Thomas beat Roy Dunn. George Nichols kayoed Garfield Johnson and defeated Charley Belanger. Matt Adgie kayoed Johnny Roberts in four rounds and Mike Sullivan in two. Harry Ebbets knocked out Billy Franklin in two rounds.

Natie Brown and Frankie Cawley battled to a draw. Joe Anderson whipped Jack Willis. Mickey McFarland trimmed Willie Oster.

WHILE Mickey Walker is idle as a middleweight the contenders have had a fine opportunity to fight it out among themselves to select a suitable opponent for the champion. Mickey has confined his efforts to the heavyweight division. During the month he kayoed K. O. Christner in the first round while Dave Shade and Jack Hood repeated their drawn battle in another scrap, and Angel Cliville, another middleweight contender, whipped Pal Silvers and was held even by Vittorio Livan.

Vince Dundee has been given serious consideration as a worthy challenger of Walker's title. He kayod Dennis Golden in eight rounds and defeated Johnny Peppe. Frankie O'Brien kayoed Izzy Grove in one round. Frank Battaglia kayoed Eddie Dempsey in two rounds. Oddone Piazza defeated Willie Oster. Buck McTiernan scored over Sammy Baker. Allie Wolff turned in kayos over Ed Hultgren in five rounds and Steve Ketchell four heats.

While the inactivity of Tommy Freeman, welterweight titleholder, continues, Jackie Fields, former champion, seems to be making the most progress for recognition. During the month he stopped Bucky Lawless in five rounds and defeated Sam Bruce and Paul Pirrone. Lawless kayoed Gene Cardi in nine rounds. Bruce stopped Steve Welanin, five rounds. Babe Joe Gans defeated Babe Onderson. King Tut whipped My Sullivan. Jackie Brady outpointed Gorilla Jones.

Paulie Walker whipped Mike Payan and won on a foul from Sammy Jackson in eight rounds. Eddie Ran defeated Jack Purvis and Eddie Frisco. Andy DiVodi scored over Babe Marino. Tommy Kid Murphy stopped Murray Elkins in three rounds.

Very little action was noticed in the junior-welterweight class. Ralph Lenny, Jersey City youngster, has been making consistent progress and eclipsed himself during the month with victories over Bruce Flowers, Solly Ritz and a kayo over Sam Phillippo. Tommy Grogan outpointed Billy Wallace. Solly Schwartz bested Jimmy McNamara and Eddie Shapiro outpointed Eddie Provoe. Jay Macedon won the verdict over Herman Perlick. Jack Portney bested Bobby Mays and Hubert Gillis. Joe Glick drew with Jackie Shupack and Henry Perlick whipped Johnny Nelson.

THE leaders in the lightweight group seem to be biding their time and letting the second group have their fling. Tony Herrera scored over Eddie Anderson. Sammy Mandell was beaten by Maxie Strub and Steve Haliako. Wesley Ramey scored over Haliako, Johnny Bedini and Sammy Hackett. Lew Paluso was beaten by Johnny Lamar on the Pacific Coast.

Eddie Mack defeated Herman Ritterhouse and drew with Cecil Payne. Harry Dublinsky kayoed Joe Azzerella in four rounds and won on a foul from Mickey O'Neill in eight. Philly Griffin kayoed Lew Moscovitz in the second. Andy Callahan bested Louie Nemis. Harry Blitman kayoed Al Bryant in the third round.

Benny Bass enjoyed quite a spree last month. He won over Johnny Jadick, Lew Massey and Al Bryant. Massey kayoed Bud Mangini in eight rounds. Roger Bernard whipped Jackie Cohen, kayoed Steve Nugent in three rounds and drew with Benny Duke. Johnny Farr bested Freddy Miller. Al Foreman drew with Johnny Cuthbert in England.

Freddy Miller kayoed Babe Ruth in two rounds. Mike Dundee bested Billy Shaw. Johnny Datto kayoed Christy Hart in four rounds and Johnny Posky in one. Young Zazzerino kayoed Teddy Watson in four. Leo Dazzo whipped Koli Kolo, while Koli defeated Frankie Marchese.

The featherweight division received quite a bolstering in the point of sustained interest. Battalino retained his crown in a fifteen-round battle against Kid Chocolate and showed the fans that he is far from a "cheese champion." Eddie Shea stepped into the picture with his victory over Fidel La Barba. Shea also whipped Jackie Sharkey and LaBarba outpointed Bud Taylor.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending December 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Tommy Freeman	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Len Harvey	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
2—Young Stribling	Lew Scozza	Dave Shade	Jackie Fields	Billy Townsend
3—Tuffy Griffiths	Tait Littman	Harry Smith	Jimmy McLarnin	Tommy Grogan
4—Primo Carnera	Pete Latzo	Jack Hood	Young Jack Thompson	Joe Medill
5—George Godfrey	Bob Olin	Angel Cliville	Johnny Indrisano	Stanislaus Loayza
6—Johnny Risko	Joe Banovic	Vince Dundee	Baby Joe Gans	Ralph Lenny
7—Ernie Schaaf	George Courtney	Vittorio Livan	King Tut	Solly Schwartz
8—Tommy Loughran	Fred Lenhart	Rene De Vos	Jackie Brady	Joe Glick
9—Larry Johnson	Al Gainer	Ben Jeby	Paulie Walker	Jackie Shupack
10—Max Baer	George Nichols	Gorilla Jones	Sammy Jackson	Johnny Lamar

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Roger Bernard	Eddie Shea	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Johnny Farr	Fidel La Barba	Kid Francis	Frankie Kid Anslem
3—Justo Suarez	Al Foreman	Kid Chocolate	Joe Scalfaro	Phil Tobias
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Lew Massey	Earl Mastro	Archie Bell	Ruby Bradley
5—Tony Herrera	Freddy Miller	Tommy Paul	Pete Sanstol	Frankie Genaro
6—Wesley Ramey	Pete Nebo	Jimmy Slavin	Vidal Gregario	Art Giroux
7—Sammy Dorfman	Maurice Holtzer	Bud Taylor	Newsboy Brown	Steve Rocco
8—Steve Haliako	Mike Dundee	Bushy Graham	Domencio Bernasconi	Marty Gold
9—Johnny Jadick	Cecil Payne	Johnny Cuthbert	Dick Corbett	Happy Atherton
10—Maxie Strub	Johnny Datto	Nel Tarleton	Harry Fierro	Jackie Harmon

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Mickey Donato, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Bantamweight—Pee Wee Gale, Three Rivers, Michigan.

Featherweight—Phil Stark, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Junior lightweight—Sid Lampe, Baltimore, Md.

Lightweight—Tommy Reilly, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Junior-welterweight—Art Feeser, Lebanon, Pa.

Welterweight—Lefty Martler, Davenport, Iowa.

Middleweight—Jack Rosenberg, New York City.

Light-heavyweight—Mickey McFarland, Chicago, Illinois.

Heavyweight—Bud Doran, Chicago, Ill.

Earl Mastro kayoed Les Domingo in four rounds on the Coast. Tommy Paul defeated Midget Mike O'Dowd and Jackie Britton. Jimmy Slavin and Joe Scalfaro fought a draw. Nel Tarleton kayoed Rene Boitaert in eleven rounds. Phil Clairet in nine and defeated Tommy Dexter. Lew Feldman drew with Pete De Grasse and De Grasse was beaten by Mike Gelb. Teddy Baldock scored over Kid Pattendon.

Jackie Rodgers kayoed Soldier Dombrowski in three rounds. Hymie Wiseman outpointed Emil Paluso and kayoed Johnny Ciconi in four rounds. Terry Roth bested Peter Jackson. Martin Zuniga kayoed Marshall Couette and Bobby Grieves in one round each.

Vidal Gregario was about the most prominent bantam to display his wares. He kayoed Joe Marcienti in seven rounds. Petey Hayes whipped Joe Diefenbach and Juan Cruz. Cruz bested Willie Cubic and Howard Artt but was beaten by Peter Jackson. Carlos Flix bested Kid Socks and Jose Girones kayoed Bert Kirby in Spain. Frisco Grande outpointed Frenchy Bellanger. Johnny Gale drew with Sammy Levine and Pee Wee Gale bested Willie Pelligrini.

Midget Wolgast is going strong again after his enforced layoff. He defeated Willie Davies, Frankie Bauman and Al Todisco. Frankie Genaro was beaten by Ruby Bradley and kayoed Tony De La Cruz in three. Frankie Kid Anslem whipped Tommy Abobo. Art Giroux bested Tommy Palacio. Freddy Lattanzio was beaten by Bud Walley and Mickey Donato. Britt Gorman won from Fred Tenn.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES
By WILLIAM GALLICK

PALM BEACH POST 12, American Legion, opened the season at their new arena at West Palm Beach on Labor Day after remaining closed six weeks to rebuild the bleachers, etc. Seating at least a thousand more fans, and with much more comfort than formerly, the Legion is set for a busy season, and should be congratulated for having the genial Hugh Martin as matchmaker. Proof of the fact that good matches make a good club is furnished by the Legion's yearly statement—that this arena drew more money through the gates than any other Florida club.

Coral Gables Post 98, American Legion, recently opened their doors for the winter season with Toots Sullivan as matchmaker. Weekly shows will be promoted on Thursdays while the Miami arena downtown with Bobby Burke at the helm promotes each Monday.

There is rumors everywhere in the air as to a big shot for Miami this season. Some say Frank Bruen, until recently connected with the Garden, will promote a Stribling-Carnera bout while others still believe the Garden officials will attempt another big show with Campolo as opposition for Stribling. Anyway you figure it they are sure to have Stribling on one end of the show—for he is the greatest card possible to get in the Southland.

The writer advises all managers and fighters who have delayed until this late date—to come to Florida for the season—to wait until next September to come here for bouts—for there are more fighters here now than the promoters can possibly care for.

The Legion at West Palm Beach promoted one of the very few real Charity boxing shows. Every penny received from the sale of tickets was donated to the Empty Stocking Fund sponsored by the Salvation Army. the boxers donating their services in ten rattling good four-round bouts. Even the Legionnaires working at the arena and the newspaper scribes purchased their ducats for admission. The boxers donating their services to the matchmaker were Gordon Fortenberry, Bill Jordan, Jackie DeSainti, Joe Lockhart, Billy Avera, Marvin Kid Woods, Trenton Vaughn, Ban Thomas, James J. Russell, Packy Gardner, Joe Blanco, Herb Quarles, Dick Manthi, Young Morrison, Kid Earle, Battling Bill, Young Lucien, Red Hooks, Kid Hamilton and Young Jim Corbett.

Jack Bell, sports editor of the Miami *Herald*, sponsored a charity wrestling show at the Coral Gables Coliseum recently that netted more than a thousand dollars to the fund after paying the wrestlers.

Billy Avera and Joe Blanco, featherweight and lightweight, after a successful season in Connecticut and New Jersey have returned to West Palm Beach.

Roy Wallace, popular Indianapolis light heavy, is expected to top several shows in South Florida this season. Wallace always draws a crowd and pleases every time he enters the ring.

Jackie Purvis, welter battler from Indianapolis, lost a very close decision to Kid Dixie at West Palm Beach recently. The fans are still talking over the match and seem to be about evenly divided as to the winner.

Senator Harry Durant of Connecticut, spending the winter at Palm Beach, and a devout booster of boxing, has purchased the contract of Trenton Vaughn, promising Tampa schoolboy featherweight. The Senator already has Pete Sanstol, Al Rowe, Johnny Peitz and other well-known boys. These boys will show their wares in Florida rings this season, the Senator is bringing them down with their trainers for several weeks' stay.

Gordon Fortenberry, Cocoa, Florida, light-heavyweight seems to be the best prospect in this section of the south. In his last six fights he has knocked out the tough Mike Firpo, Earl Hudson, the Miami Cop, and Jackie Baker, brother of Sgt. Sammy, and has won decisions over Roy Bailey, Tony Dominguez and Bill Thaler.

Kid Dixie, Newark welter, trounced Jimmy Spivey, Columbus, Ga., in a sizzling ten-round fight at West Palm Beach recently. Later, the Newark Iron Man took the measure of Jose Estrada, tough Mexican battler, at West Palm Beach.

Michel Maurer, heavyweight German battler from the Stribling stable, after being out in front for six rounds in Florida's most sensational heavyweight fight with Frank Montagna, of Newark, was the victim of a terrific right punch that broke his jaw in two places. Fans are still talking about this battle, the climax threw the large crowd into a bedlam of hysterics.

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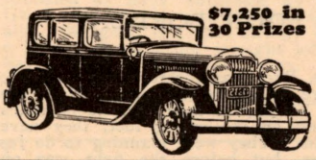
FIND 7 FACES

In this picture the silvery moon is shining through the trees and bushes and it makes some funny shadows. Some look like faces of people. Can you find at least 7? Some look straight at you, some are upside down, etc. Look sharp, and *mark each one* you find. If you find at least seven, clip the picture and send to me with your name and address and I'll send you complete easy plans.



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PAUL HARRIS

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Tommy Cello, crack lightweight met a tartar in Babe Herman, California, at Miami recently, emerging from the fray with a draw after winning over Bruno Ladarunni, Louie Kid Perez and Boots Antley. The last named bout was held in Jacksonville.

NEW ORLEANS FIGHT GOSSIP
By MARION J. MATRANGA

HERE is to you! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and good health, too.

The outstanding performers for the past twelve months down this section have been Ervin Berlier, lightweight; Jimmy King, middle; Nutzi Liuzza, flyweight; Tony Sciambra, bantam; Paul Quartararo, featherweight, and Matt Brock, lightweight.

The Crescent City is without a real top-notcher, but the above named pugilists have been consistent performers and crowd pleasers.

What seems to have the local fight fans by the ears is the sudden leap into prominence and popularity of the once unpopular "hit-run-and-hold" boxer that Ervin Berlier was six months ago.

This youngster has leaped from the six round ranks to the very top of the local pugilistic ladder, and that's 'sumpin.' He has beaten Phil McGraw, Steve Smith, Matt Brock, Johnny Cook, Joe "Kid" Peck, and others of like caliber, and that's 'sumpin', too. And by virtue of these victories. he is the best drawing card in town. He can box, hit fairly hard and feint cleverly. Watch this boy.

Jimmy King is fighting successfully in Brazil. He has had three fights within a month and has scored knockout victories in each. King is the only good middleweight fighter New Orleans has, and he is a good one at that.

Big Boy Peterson, who had hoped to replace Joe King as the Crescent City's star heavyweight, was outclassed and stopped by Arthur DeKuh. The kayo wrote finis to the Big Boy's local career.

The fight game here seems in a healthier condition than at any time in the past two years. The reason for this is because Martin Burke, capable and efficient, is the only promoter in the field. Much of the praise meant for Martin Burke is shared by Percy "Red" Walsh, his able assistant, whose job it is to match the preliminary fighters.

Amateur fight clubs are cropping up all over the city in much the same manner as miniature golf courses. There are about as many of them as there are miniature golf courses and gasoline filling stations. Why the yell about business depression?

Arthur Marullo continues to act in the role of wrestling impresario, and his shows, too, have been lucrative.

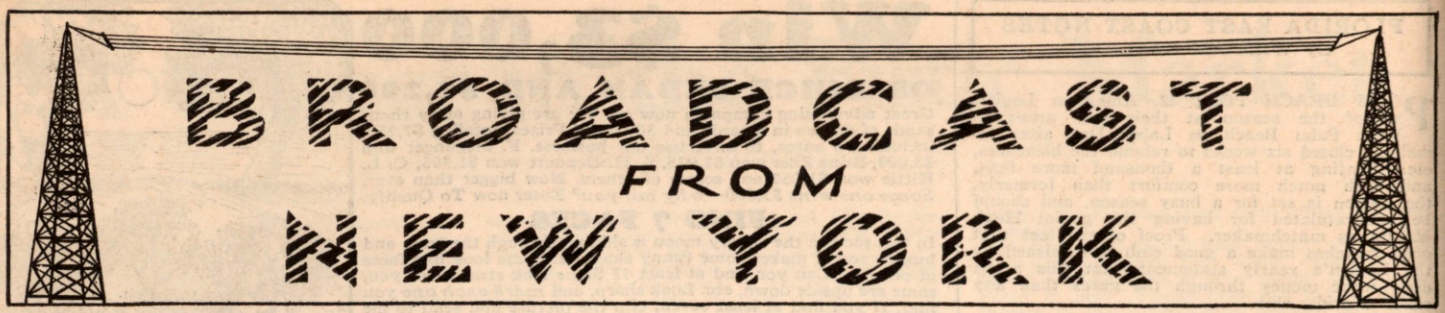
Jim Londos wrestled Gino Garibalda in a finish match here recently, and as all local wrestling contests usually go, the champ, the favorite, was victorious.

"Red" Dolan, rated in Collyer's Eye recently as tenth among the country's best referees, is the best in his line here.

Tony Canzoneri and Willie Stribling are local favorites.

Canzoneri's recent winning of the lightweight championship from Al Singer by a knockout in the first round was the cause of much rejoicing by Crescent City fight fans. Stribling comes in for his share, too. Orleanians are pulling hard for him to annex the heavyweight title.

A familiar face at the ringside is Peter Gullotta, known pugilistically as Pete Herman, twice bantamweight champion of the world, and to whom Canzoneri gives credit for his recent winning of the lightweight championship. Herman is partly blind.



By EDDIE BORDEN

THE recent Battalino-Chocolate scrap staged at the Garden for the New York Christmas Fund Benefit which was awarded to Battalino, will give you a fair idea on just how boxing bouts are scored in New York State.

Chocolate scored the cleaner blows, boxed brilliantly and flashed an array of bewildering punches that played havoc with Battalino's features. He did everything that could be expected from a winner yet lost the verdict because of Bat's aggressiveness.

Battalino was credited with being the aggressor. Fighting aggressively, courageously and resolutely throughout the fight, never taking a backward step, Battalino tore into Chocolate and banged away with force, yet his opponent inflicted the most damage. The decision, from my point of view, was wrong. The Cuban redeemed himself for the lamentable showing against La Barba and was entitled to a better break.

Battalino showed plenty of traits that qualify him for future consideration. He is far from an experienced warrior and the Chocolate fight did him a world of good. He was floored in the first round and his face was terribly battered but he never stopped trying and one cannot but help admire the pluck and tenacity of the featherweight champion who will be harder to lick in the future. It was a great scrap.

Mateo Osa, Spanish heavy, banged into the limelight with a devastating right hand punch that landed as Ralph Ficucello was coming off the ropes. Ficucello enjoyed a clear lead in the first two rounds but had the misfortune to drop his hands at the wrong time. Both boys looked like great prospects, Osa impressed favorably with his hitting powers and Ficucello with his all around fighting ability. Of the two, Ficucello should travel farther.

The ways that boxing commissions have of administering justice are funny and sometimes most ridiculous. Primo Carnera is suspended in New York State for his bout with Chevalier and all who oppose him are automatically suspended. That point is open to question.

Paulino Uzcudun tackled Carnera in Barcelona recently and fell under the ruling. He offended the majestic powers of New York and was placed on the suspension list. But the Commission went further. They suspended Lew Brix, who acted as a substitute for Billy Gibson in the role of manager, and also Whitey Bimstein, who was guilty of training Paulino for the scrap.

If anyone is broad enough to connect Whitey, the trainer, with Carnera and his activities then he is a long sighted person. Whitey is in the business of training fighters. It is his livelihood. Is it his affair that Carnera is under suspension? Just because the Giant Gondolier is under official ban should Whitey refuse to train Paulino, whom he has trained since joining the Gibson banner? That part of the order was all wrong.

Whitey has been associated with Gibson and Brix for many years and had he refused to train Paulino he would have been guilty of ingratitude. Such action by a boxing board is uncalled for.

What prestige Fidel La Barba gained with the Chocolate victory was relinquished by the deplorable manner in which he tackled Bud Taylor at the Garden. Any place but the Garden, the fight would have been stopped and declared no contest. The least said about the fight, the better. La Barba lost the official decision to Eddie Shea in Cleveland about ten days later but made a much better fight. It was a close fight but better still a good one.

The Cleveland *News* always manages to put together a scintillating program for the annual Christmas Fund show and Ed Bang exceeded himself with this year's efforts. In addition to Shea and La Barba he had Jackie Fields hammer out a decisive victory over Paul Pirrone and Johnny Farr batter out a decision over Ray Miller. They drew the biggest house in the history of the Public Auditorium and the show certainly merited it.

Heavyweights who really fight the entire distance and provide thrills, abundance of action and suspense in every move are rare. Two such unusual specimens were put on display at the Garden and after the fireworks were exploded in ten terrific, maddening rounds of constant fighting, Ernie Schaaf was given the decision over Max Baer.

Baer arrived here with a thunderous blaze of advance publicity. Touted as a talkative type like Sharkey who belittled the rest of his rivals and praised no one, Baer was forced to fight advance prejudice before he entered the ring. Fight fans are peculiar. They pick their own idols and if someone gets off on the wrong foot, they never cease riding him. They were planning to do just that with Baer, but before the fight was one minute old, the crowd was sold on him and they had plenty of good cause.

Baer is everything that was said about him. He is full of color. Surrounded with a perfect fighting physique, courageous and above all, a pleasing two-fisted fighter, he won the fans immediately. He takes chances mixing with opposition and is a deadly right hand puncher. He takes a good punch and is always in action. He is a trifle open and easy to hit but is dangerous every second.

Schaaf fought a smart, heady battle that would have whipped nine-tenths of the heavies of today. Coached by Jack Sharkey in the corner, he was forced to exert every bit of fighting skill at his command to stave off the dynamic, ever-punching Californian. It was dangerous for Schaaf every second of the way and he took some terrific punches around the body and many clean shots on the chin but his left hand was the weapon that threw Baer off his stride.

The sixth round was one of the greatest rounds ever seen between heavyweights. For the entire three rounds they threw crashing, dynamic, rock-piling right hand punches at each other and both were staggered several times but continued their maddening attack and the Garden was in an uproar. Nothing wild about the blows but well directed and every blow contained enough power to knock over a mule.

It was a great fight, boys. Let's have some more of Baer and Schaaf. Fights such as their last one will soon offer a healthy tonic to the fight game, particularly to the heavyweight division.

As we scored the fight, Schaaf won five rounds, Baer four and one about even. It was a fight that will be discussed for many months. There was no disgrace attached to the loser and no additional glory for the winner. It was just a fight that will do more to revive interest in the heavyweight division than all the Commissions in the world telling people just who is the logical contender for the crown and when the champion must fight. After all, it is John Doe who pays the freight.

Joe Netro has been enjoying an unusual degree of success with Jackie Brady, Syracuse welterweight, and has him fighting frequently. In his two latest bouts, Brady scored over Canada Lee and Gorilla Jones and those are no mean conquests. Netro is also handling Bushy Graham.

King Levinsky, colorful Jewish warrior from Chicago, was a visitor in New York for a few weeks and it was a relief to some of the boys at Stillman's Gym to see him depart. Levinsky is just a kid and is mischievous as the devil and created plenty of disturbance and unrest while here but it was all in fun—for him.

Tony Canzoneri, new holder of the lightweight crown, got the greatest thrill of a lifetime a short time ago and not through winning the title from Al Singer, either. It seems that Tony is an ardent admirer of Nancy Carroll, movie star, and thinks she is the greatest ever. As a reward for winning the lightweight title, Sammy Goldman, his manager, arranged an introduction and Tony succeeded in escorting her to one of the current Garden fights. Everything was in proper order, with Miss Carroll's husband, Jack Kirkland, acting as the chaperone. Anyone knowing Tony can understand the thrill he received. Who wouldn't?

Jack Kid Berg returned to New York accompanied by his parents, brother Wuzzy, Sol Gold and the latest English sensation to invade the boxing ranks here. This menace is Johnny Peters, a bantamweight. From all reports he is something more than a British fighter.

Frankie Minerva sends in a letter of complaint that last month's RING carried a result that he was a one-round knockout victim of Tony Leto. Frankie claims that he never did the fighting and Leto claims that he scored the knockout. It would greatly relieve the tension to see who is right and wrong.

Maurice Holtzer, French gladiator, who turned in a good victory over Bud Taylor on the Coast, will return East shortly, conditions being what they are out there.

Any time one is in difficulty down at the boxing commission it can always amicably be settled by Bert Stand, their genial secretary. Bert thrives on doing people favors, in addition to his regular duties which are many.

And while on the subject, let up not forget the genial Dan Skilling who has just been elevated to the high post of Deputy Commissioner. He is the immediate understudy of the commission as his duties make it necessary for him to supervise all hands in charge of the sport.

The fight fans in New York were tickled to see Daniel get the post as he is one of the best-liked fellows in boxing. Always a gentleman, a keen student of boxing and ever obliging, Daniel has made a host of friends. Good luck, Dan. The Boxing Commission has an asset in you.

A new southpaw menace has sprung into prominence with the appearance of Tony Morgano, a lanky 124-pounder, under the management of Boo Boo Hoff. Morgano is supposed to be a combination of Lew Tendler and Harry Blitman combined and is creating quite a furore in the quaker City.

Eddie Gordon, accompanied by a flock of mitt wielders, is around town seeking engagements with his assemblage of ring artists. He has Young Harry Wills, crack colored welterweight, Ray McIntyre and Battling Bulahan, feathers, Boye Peteie and Sergio Radam, bantams. Three of the bunch are Filipinos and they were always noted for their fist flinging ability. Gordon was formerly identified with the California Boxing Commission and thought well enough of the boys to bring them three thousand miles.

Judging by the splendid battle waged by Tuffy Griffiths against Young Stribling at the Chicago Stadium, it is evident that Tuffy belongs in the front rank of heavyweight contenders and will force his way into the select group very shortly.

Sammy Mandell's two successive defeats at the hands of Steve Haliako at Rochester and Maxie Strub in Erie should be convincing proof that Sammy has seen his best days and should retire. Sammy is too fine a type to remain in the game that quickly forgets what you used to be but remembers what you are today.

Benny Bass is coming along again. He is fighting in his old form. Two victories over Lew Massey and Johnny Jadick at the Philadelphia Arena managed to play to capacity and if Benny keeps up the good work he will help to revive the waning interest in his section. It is interesting to note that Massey, a legitimate featherweight, was forced to weigh over 130 pounds before he could meet Bass. The fight was a good one and it brought about another match for the junior-lightweight title.

Bill Miller has been heard from and is reclining on the sunny beaches of Florida for the winter. Bill is now campaigning the causes of the Rizzo Twins and he is after a match between the Perlick Twins and his boys which he claims will be the most unique novelty ever offered to the Florida fans. Bill wishes to be remembered to his friends in the East.

Many thanks for the holiday greetings sent by the many readers of this column.

Tom McArdle was so elated with the fine showing of Max Baer that he has induced Max and his mentors to remain in this vicinity over the holidays so that he can arrange for one or more bouts for the Garden in which the Coast star will be a participant.

Keep your eyes open on Phil Stark and Frankie Lazzeri who are proteges of Ray Arcel.

Al Lippe is much incensed over the decisions against his star Al Friedman in Boston. Lippe declares that he will boycott the Hub to get revenge.

Promoters and matchmakers—Boxers and Managers—Watch the next issue of THE RING. Jack Dempsey's ten best bouts for the year 1931 should be of considerable interest to you.

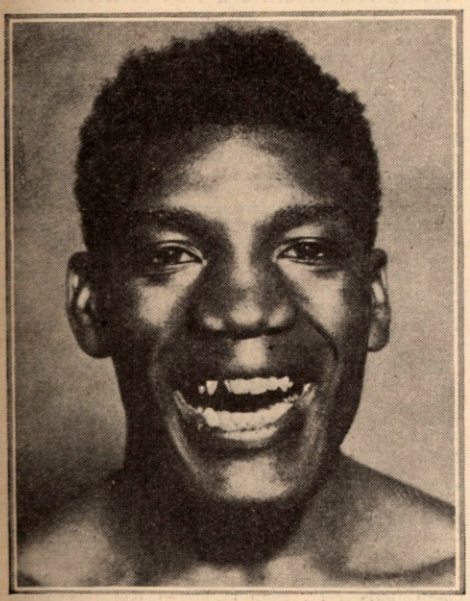
THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

AT its final meeting of 1930, the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission handed out a big sockful of reinstatements—the usual Christmas present to suspended fighters, managers, promoters, seconds, etc. There were 45 names in the list, including those of Harry Little and Jimmy Smith, just in time to let both of them take part in fistic shows at the Broadway and Cambria clubs. Harry Little boxed Lew Franklin, of New York, for a shot at Midget Wolgast at the Broadway early in January, while Smith came back to the Cambria for a windup against Johnny Peppe.

Tommy Freeman, the new welter champ, was among those reinstated. Tommy is still on the sidelines, in Hot Springs, Ark.

Boxing enjoyed a booming revival here toward the close of the last year. After months of misery, Pete Tyrrell put on two $20,000 sell-out shows at the Arena, Benny Bass being the big drawing card in both of them. Benny took on Lew Massey first and Johnny Jadick next. Both bouts were "naturals." He beat both of them, giving Jadick a trouncing.

Massey, who was once the featherweight champion of the New York National Guard, and lost the title because he came in for an armory fight four ounces overweight, made a splendid showing against Bass. He is being boosted now for a return match with Benny for the latter's junior lightweight championship.



Leo "One Punch" Williams, a great puncher

The title mixup was almost ruined, however, when Massey took on Bud Mangino, the Bound Brook, N. J., southpaw, at the Broadway. The fans thought it was "in the bag," so they stayed away and missed one of the most thrilling scraps seen in the South Philly club in months. Mangino, with a 7½-pound pull in the weights, punched holes through Massey in the first two rounds. Then Lew uncorked a wicked right in the third and knocked him dead.

It's a curious fact that Massey doesn't know how to fight left-handers, yet he knocked out the only two he ever met, Harry Blitman being the other. And these were the only two kayos he ever scored.

Sammy Hahn, who's been handling Boo Boo Hoff's fighters for the past year or more, has received, as the local "columists" phrase it, his unconditional release. Red Crowley is now in charge of the big stable, but it is freely predicted that Sammy will be back soon.

Philadelphia fans are amused by the transfer of Ernie Schaaf's contract from Phil Schlossberg to Johnny Buckley—entirely a Boston deal, but not without its local significance. When Ernie came here to fight Loughran seven or eight months ago, he was played up in the ballyhoo as a former shipmate of Jack Sharkey on the U.S.S. Denver. The story was that Sharkey once took advantage of Schaaf's callow youth in a shipboard exhibition and Ernie's life ambition since then was to take revenge. Now the boys, once shipmates, are also stablemates. What's to become of the revenge motif?

Rene DeVos can't get out of the jams in Pennsylvania. He was suspended for fouling Joe Anderson here in October and then reinstated. Now he is under suspension again for failing to honor a contract in Wilkes-Barre.

The amateurs aren't going strong in Philly right now. Hard times hit them harder than ever. It's their own fault, though. No sooner does a youngster show his head above water than somebody drags him out of the simon-pures and into pro competition, where he can't last long because of his extreme youth and inexperience. This is true in many, many cases. The preliminary ranks are full of former amateur stars, and the boys can drag down only $25 on an average for each appearance.

We have two hot prospects in our midst at present. They are Tony Falco and Tony Morgano, a couple of flashy lightweights. Falco, a splendid boxer with a wicked punch, is being groomed as Bass' successor as the ace of Phil Glassman's stable. He is being developed gradually. Morgano is a tall, stringy left-hander with a long and withering straight left. Both Tonys have built up large followings.

Billy Jones looks like the best light-heavyweight prospect in these parts. He is a good fighter.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

DANNY DEVLIN, Allentown's fighting Irishman, showed to advantage when he defeated Gaby Bagdad, of Persia, in a ten-rounder at Reading. The Irishman, who is handled by the clever Pat O'Donnell shapes up as one of the best prospects we have ever seen.

Art Feeser, Lebanon's scrappy youngster, boxed a draw with Lew Searles, in a ten rounder at Lebanon.

Jimmy Slavin, Wilkes-Barre light heavy, is now boxing for yours truly. Slavin impresses the writer as a very good prospect. He boxes well, punches hard and is a pleasing performer. Slavin is out with a challenge to Wally Sears, Matt Rice, Jimmy Herman, Mike Kushwara, or any other lad his weight.

Dick Rudegeair, flashy Lebanon welterweight, looked good in easily defeating Spib Styer, of Lancaster, at Lebanon. Jack Green, Manheim, and Joe Ficco, Lebanon, boxed a four-round draw.

Pat Igo, Shenandoah, outpointed Andy Allen, of Minersville, in a hard fought battle at Pottsvile.

Danny Dern, of Lebanon, was given a sound trouncing by Jackie Bender, of Girardville and was stopped in the third. Dern also was beaten by Jackie Allen, of Wilkes-Barre, in a six rounder at Hazelton.

Harry Lierbson, of Wilkes-Barre, outpointed Billy Coleman, of Tuscarora, at Hazelton.

Charlie Rieker, Lancaster's veteran handler of fighters, turns out for every show in this part of the state. Charlie is one of the smartest seconds in these parts.

The American Legion is again promoting amateur shows at Williamstown.

Ray Luckenbill, Lincoln light, is out with a defy to any 135-pounder. Luckenbill scored 68 Knockouts in seventy-some fights as an amateur.

Here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for everyone.

The names listed below represented the best boxers of Eastern Pennsylvania, and these choices are made on what the individuals accomplished during the year of 1930. Here they are:

Flyweight—Fat Shirey, Pottstown.

Bantamweight — Heinie Hart, Allentown; Fumbler Martin, Pottsville.

Featherweight — Eddie Leroy, Williamsport; Johnny Canzoneri, Allentown; Al. Mason, Tamaqua.

Junior Lightweight—Billy Coleman, Tuscorora.

Lightweight—Pat Igo, Shenandoah; Tommy Liberto, York; Eddie Tray, Easton. Hal Murray, Harrisburg.

Junior Welterweight—Art Feeser, Lebanon. Jack Bender, Girardville, Dick Rudegeair, Lebanon.

Welterweight—Dorey Shimar, Williamsport; Andy Allen, Minersville; Whitey Laubach, Williamsport; George Bender, Girardville; Frank Jenoco, Harrisburg; Sailor Matty, Shenandoah.

Middleweight—Danny Devlin, Allentown; Billy Algers, Reading; Mike Kushwara, Morea; Matt Rice, Gilberton.

Lightheavyweight—Wally Sears, Minersville; Jimmy Herman, Hazelton; Jack Kid Wolfe, Hazelton.

Heavyweight—Tony DeMao, Stoney Creek; Al. Swilp, Tamaqua.

You had might as well miss a championship fight as to miss the

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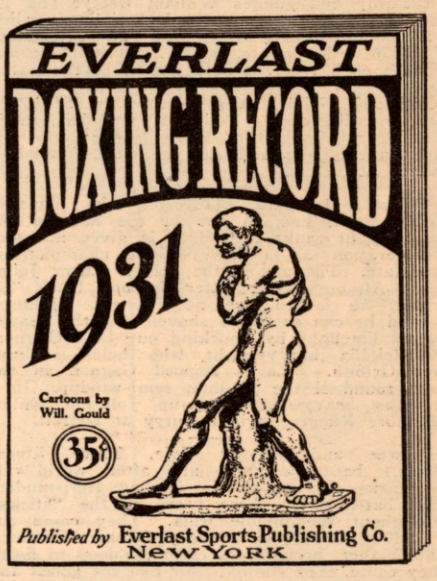

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NAME.....

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

AFTER a record number of prize fight upsets, Young Stribling, the Georgian heavyweight who was a 2 to 1 and 9 to 5 favorite over Tuffy Griffith before their ten-round contest at the Stadium recently, gave the sharpshooters a chance to cheer when he received the ten-round decision over his Chicago rival. It was the first time in weeks that a pre-battle choice really won over an opponent on the short-end of the betting odds. Referee Ed Purdy and Judges William Battye and Ed Klein were unanimous in their Stribling verdict.

Stadium officials announced an attendance of 15,570 and receipts, $88,297.16. Stribling and Griffith each received 25 per cent of the gate.

Although Griffith was defeated by Strib, he was not disgraced. Following the decision in the Georgian's favor Tuffy spoke into the radio microphone and said he wanted another chance at Willie.

"West Side Jack" O'Keefe, who manages Griffith, still has an ace in the hole in the heavyweight ranks if Griffith is given no more consideration as a heavyweight championship candidate. The ace in the hole is Larry Johnson. Although the latter is not black but brown, he is an ace nevertheless. Johnson showed he can easily be shoved into the heavyweight limelight by knocking out Jack Gagnon, Philadelphia heavyweight who holds a kayo over Griffith. Larry stopped Gagnon in the sixth round of the Stadium semi-windup. In a previous heavyweight mix-up Johnson chilled Salvatore Ruggerello in a hurry at Detroit.

Peewee and Johnny Gale, Three Rivers (Mich.) bantamweights, are after world-wide recognition as two of the leading 118-pounders after battling for three years in the "sticks" throughout the middle west. They came out of hiding when Jim Mullen, Chicago Coliseum matchmaker, brought 'em into the loop to fight. They came, they showed they had the goods and are ready for any of the chief bantamweights who are fearless enough to be dumped into the pit to do battle with them. Pewee and Johnny have their eyes on that vacant 118-pound throne and if they get an opportunity against any of the main bantamweights they will make the most of it. They both made a hit here and will do the same anywhere.

Something new in the way of a charity boxing show was staged by Promoter George Ferguson and Matchmaker Jim Mullen of the Coliseum boxing club when they held a monster production of sixty rounds and gave 50 per cent of the gross recipts, not a percentage of the profit, to the Democratic organization of Cook county, which sponsored the affair. The prices for this production were 50 cents to $3 and aside from the charity angle, the show was meritorious. Such ringmen as Paul Pantaleo, George Neron, Ted Ross, Gary Leach, Charlie Retzlaff, Antonio Mata, Baxter Calmes, Tuffy O'Dowd, Tony Cancela and Bobby LaSalle as well as Benny Duke, Martin Levandowski, Billy Gladstone, Marion Matuszak, Paul Schiffer, Harry Roberts, Brisk Kannell and Jackie Williams did the fighting.

"Bang," a Chicago boxing book edited by Billy Stevens, had this to say about Earl Mastro following Fidel LaBarba's win over Kid Chocolate:

"Chicago must realize sometimes that Earl Mastro is a real fighter . . . More so since LaBarba beat Chocolate . . . Nothing to those rumors that Earl was quitting Pian and Winch . . . Just a lot of guys' wishes."

One of the most sensible referees in this vicinity was uncovered in Oscar Richman, a new arbiter who was the third man in the ropes the night Henry Lenard met Joey Thomas at White City. In the eighth and final round, Thomas hit Lenard in the body and Henry went down claiming foul. Richman ordered Lenard to take a rest but the latter refused to do so and Oscar gave the match to Thomas on a technical K. O.

Eddie Stanton, Chicago fight pilot, is one of the real old-timers who never boasts of his glories of other years. He battled Jimmy Walsh, of Portland. Me., who was generally recognized as the bantamweight champ, about 20 years ago. He also fought Eddie Kelly, Buffalo's famous newsboy, at Niagara Falls 22 years past. Eddie is going along with some preliminary boxers but he has high hopes to develop at least one of them to take the place of Willie Green, a featherweight sensation about a decade ago, and a boy who was piloted by Stanton.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight boss, has been watching Mickey Walker's rise as a contender in the leading boxing division and has a hunch the present middle-weight title-holder will be heavyweight king in less than a year, providing Schmeling keeps his word and meets Walker here this June.

Johnson, Walker and Manager Jack Kearns were fanning about the day Johnson, then heavyweight champion, fought Stanley Ketchel, then middleweight boss, at Colma, California. Kearns mentioned the fact that Johnson was on the floor that day but Jack countered with: "Yes, I was but after I got up Ketchel was on the floor much longer than I was." Which is correct for Johnson stopped Ketchel in the twelfth frame.

Kearns has added Jackie Fields to his ring stable and announces he will try and get Tommy Freeman into the roped enclosure and give Fields an opportunity to win back his welterweight crown which he lost to Young Jack Thompson which the latter lost to Freeman. If unsuccessful in his quest for a welter title shot for Jackie, Kearns will be in all probability, if his Walker is successful as a heavyweight, pilot Fields into the 160-pound crown.

Just between you and me—Billy Stevens is formerly of Philadelphia and his right name is Willie Siegal . . . Bud Hammer, ex-Golden Gloves champ, is now Officer No. 234 of Gary, Ind., police force. . . . Jack (West Side) O'Keefe bought Natie Brown's contract from Stanton and "Shorty" Gilbert. . . . In 1929 Memphis probably broke the year's low money mark when it had a boxing show which drew $400 and in 1930 the Tennessee city probably broke the year's low money mark again when it had a fight production which drew $118. . . . Mushy Callahan's right monicker is Morris Scheer. . . . Other ringmen who have aliases as ring names are Dave Montrose (Newsboy Brown), Bert Pilkington (Tod Morgan) and Pete Quintana (Eddie Mack) . . . Tom S. Andrews, who will have his Sporting Annual on sale again this year, types his name to letters and just uses his initials as his signature.

Joe Miller, Buffalo boxing mentor, bulletins he has Johnny Brennan, a crack bantamweight and would like to get him started in Chicago. He claims Brennan has whipped such good little men as Emil Paluso, Willie Davies, Ernie Peters, Dave Adelman and Johnny Erickson.

Yes, that's why a recent local boxing show drew better than $88,000. That's why almost $3,000,000 was paid to watch Dempsey try to regain his title from Tunney at Soldier Field on the lake front some months past.

Maybe I'm wrong—Main event participator of foul in this state, forfeits his purse and only gets $25 per day training expenses and carfare. . . . Teddy Bodkins, who manages Mandell pilots Wesley Ramey who beat Halaiko and avenged Rockford Sammy. . . . Oklahoma will name state champions for the various classes. Be great if Illinois would do the same thing. It would greatly increase local interest. . . . Battling Williams' correct name is Charles Goldstein. . . . Prince Saunders knocked out Tommy Wilson. . . . A prelim boxer moved out of a two-bit flop-house because he said he had to battle nocturnal insects and he does not pay but gets paid to fight.

Willus Britt, well-known fisticuffing man, has been in the loop for the past few months looking younger than his 45 years of age. Britt is representing several big fight stables for western and eastern pilots in the middle west.

Ringside sights—Al Sweeney, who claims he is the youngest fight manager, at his typewriter pounding out his semi-monthly notes for The Fighter. . . . Howard Carr, owner of the Arcade gym, while looking over his Mineral Baths establishment below his swat emporium. He emphasizes the fact that the John F. Class System is Nature's Way to Health. . . . Eddie Borden's pleasing letters to RING correspondents. . . . Lou Calmer, ex-featherweight who is blind, at a South Side theater giving punching bag, shadow boxing and rope-skipping exhibitions. . . . Walcott Langford, colored middleweight who fought the best not so long ago, also blind and selling Christmas cards to the fisticuffia people.

Jack (South Side) O'Keefe talking about his Dick Sisk who has had 24 pro fights and won 'em all. . . . Babe Kellar, Toledo 126-pounder who Manager Art Cranston says has a winning streak of ten straight in local rings. . . . Mickey McFarland, lanky 165-pounder in the same stable with King Levinsky. He began as Levinsky's sparmate and wound up as King's stablemate. Senator Al Miller, who manages both of 'em. . . . Ernie Peters, whose one-year suspension was lifted by the N. B. A. after only four months, smoking cigarettes in the gymnasium. The Indian intends to make his own matches but will give Pian his customary cut. Sam's best manager in town. Peters is making a mistake in not making up. . . . William Morris of the New York Evening Post, one of the many fight scribes here for the Strib-Griff scrap. . . . Frankie Lyons, Stadium ticket seller. . . . Jack Fitzgerald talking about his newest addition to his stable, Jimmy Chase. . . . Tony Herrera's surname is Campbell and his mother is Spanish and his father is Scotch.

Battling Bozo, the Bad Boy from Birmingham, Ala., made an impressive Chicago bow against Harry Dillon, Canadian veteran. Ray Alvis booked Bozo for his first local start and might have bought his contract from a southern gentleman if the Battler behaved himself.

Personal nomination for the best fight of the month—The Peewee Gale-Willie Pellegrini five-rounder at the Coliseum under the banner of Ferguson, Mullen and Neal McKenzie.

Some of this and a little of that—Paul Schiffer is managed by Babe Barron and Izzy Kline and holds a decision over Steve Hess, among others. . . . There will be no 1931 Blue Book of Boxing but the 1932 issue will be out this summer or early fall. . . . Phil and Ted Ross' last name is Centracchi. . . . Ed Willard turned over Bobby O'Hara to Shorty Gilbert in Frisco and announces that O'Hara will be there indefinitely. . . . Ray Tramblie made a tremendous hit in Milwaukee arenas by trouncing Johnny Wagner, Sid Novak and Jimmy Evans, who holds a win over Eddie Ran. . . . Georgie Nate is not Jewish but Italian and will probably be seen here in the near future with one of the Gales. . . . Jerry Hefferman, former feather is teaching boxing at Loyola University on the North Side.

Eddie Shea, west side Italian featherweight challenger, is a real fighter and when he takes his foe seriously is a hard nut to crack, as LaBarba should know. Following Fidel's stunning feat of handing an artistic lacing to Chocolate, Shea took the spotlight right away from LaBarba by defeating the Californian. On the same card local ringworms were surprised to get word from Cleveland that Ray Miller lost to Johnny Farr, the sawed-off lightweight, as Charles Willis Dunkley is pleased to call Farr.

Do you remember when—Fighters didn't claim fouls. . . . Pian managed Kid Hogan and got him a fight at Peoria, Ill. The foe ran out and Pian subbed against Hogan and whipped the Kid. . . . 62 millionaires paid $100 each to see a private fight between John L. Sullivan and Herman Oelrichs. . . . Joe Gans K. O.'d Frank Erne in 1:46 at Fort Erie to regain his lightweight crown and beat Singers feat when Al stopped Mandell. But Canzoneri beat Gans feat when he knocked out Singer in 1:01 of the first round. . . . Cliff (Peanuts) Schieberl was fighting a colored boy and the latter was using his head quite frequently. Schieberl got mad and butted the colored boy right in the solar plexus and knocked him out. . . . Charles Porter, S. Potts Hall. John Patrick Brady, Norman Ross, Mike Meredith and Ed Derr were publicizing the Stadium. . . . Walcott Langford, 155 pounds, met Elisah Lee, 200 pounds, at Howard's Clark St. gym. . . . Fred Saddy trained Richie Mitchell. Fred is now with the Eagles club in Milwaukee. . . . Tex Rickard came along and started guaranteeing boxers. . . . King Levinsky was peddling fish. . . . Jack Renault was in the movies. . . . Von Porat was a personal guard for his majesty, the King of Norway.

What former fighters are doing now—Lou Bogash, Connecticut referee; Bryan Downey, here, managing Johnny Rich; Peter Maher, doing nothing in Philly; Frankie Burns, ring trainer in Oakland, Cal., Willie Jackson, selling paper and twine in New York; Lew Tendler, fight pilot in Philadelphia.

Dave Rosenberg, Salesman in New York; George (Knockout Brown) poolroom proprietor in Cicero, Ill.; Tim Callahan, wealthy and retired in Philly; Tillie (Kid) Herman, boxing instructor in Frisco; Jack McClelland, Auto repairs for city of Pittsburgh; Tommy Murphy, boxing instructor in New York; Willie Meehan, property man with traveling show.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

THE rating of Kansas boxers in their respective divisions on what they did in 1930, follows:

Heavies—Angus Snyder, Dodge City; Chester Paasch, Wichita; Arthur Harzman, Stafford; Fred Reese, Ft. Scott.

Light-heavies—Chick Rains, Dodge City; Milt Schooley, Wichita; Orville Harden, Wichita; Joe Kopfer, Clay Center.

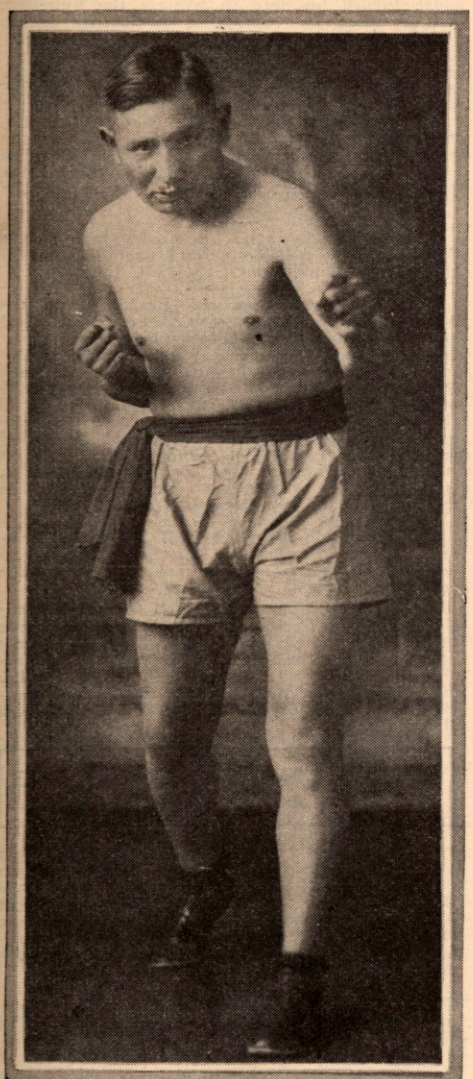
Middles—Walter Dunham, Ft. Scott; Billy Atkinson, Scammon; Johnny Wagner, Ft. Scott; Kansas (Kid) Easter, Chanute.

Welters—Kenny Hill, Wichita; Luther Ashford, Ft. Scott; Joe Guerrero, Wellington; George Price, Columbus.

Lightweights—Wildcat Monte, Wichita; Billy Proctor, Topeka; Kid Fuqua, Neodesha, Kansas.

Junior lightweights—Jackie Fell, Pittsburg; Fritz Forceman, Chanute; Windy Wilson, Pittsburg.

Featherweights — Steve Salina, Pittsburg; Tommy Smirl, Columbus; Young Hatcher, Cherryvale.



Benny Adams, Indian welterweight from Yates Center, Kan.

Wichita, Kans.—Wildcat Monte beat Joe Rivers in eight slashing rounds. Chick Rains won over Baxter Calmes. Baby Stribling beat Basil Chastain. Orville Harden beat Arthur Harzman. Clyde Chastain won from Duke Trammel. Kenny Hill defeated Joe Guerrero. Larry Cappo beat Kid Moco and Bobby Sample beat Mel Gahma.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Clyde Chastain outpointed Cowboy Art Dula. Luther Ashford shaded Roy Stevens. Kid Granite defeated Windy Wilson. Claude Rentfro and Sherrill James drew, Gene Hankens knocked out Tiger Velnick in two rounds. George Cox refereed all bouts.

Harold Ripple of Dodge City, Kansas, manager of Angus Snyder, the best heavyweight in the southwest, and Chick Rains, the foremost light-heavy, states both boys are ready for a strenuous campaign.

Topeka, Kans.—Angus Snyder all but annihilated big Jim St. Clair in two rounds. Baby Stribling defeated Hal McWilliams in eight rounds.

Loose and Drifting—Johnny Wagner has returned to his home at Ft. Scott . . . George Cox, who has refereed hundreds of boxing contests, acted as dentist for the first time in the Chastain-Dula bout. A smashing left to Dula's mouth broke loose several of his bridged-in teeth and Cox halted the bout and extracted them for him . . . Clyde Chastain broke a rib for Roy Stevens while working in the gym and a few weeks later Luther Ashford made it a pair by breaking another for Stevens . . . The 52-round charity benefit show staged at Wichita proved to be a great boxing program but the promoters were several hundred dollars in the red when the gate receipts were totaled, therefore charity suffered a loss . . . Jack Slattery lays claim to having the best stable of professional and amateur boxers in the state.

Sedalia, Mo.—Luther Ashford stopped Roy Stevens in the fifth. Stevens' rib was broken.

Mr. Ryan, promoter for the American Legion of Ft. Scott, states he intends starting the game there soon.

Springfield, Mo.—Clyde Chastain shaded Chick Rains. Milt Schooley and Chief Terrapin drew. Baby Stribling beat Basil Chastain.

Tulsa, Okla.—Babe Hunt lost on a foul in the tenth round to Al Fay.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

THE fighters are having their troubles along with the boxing promoters in St. Louis. Paul Swiderski's bout with Maxie Rosenbloom was stopped in the sixth round and declared no contest. Swiderski was suspended by the Missouri Commission and his purse forfeited to the State. On the same bill two bouts about reached the climax for sensational fights. In the first Sammy Offerman stopped Ray Alfano of East St. Louis in the tenth round of a lightweight skirmish that contained all the action a fight fan could want. In the second, Eddie Ran, of Polan, and Jackie Purvis, Indianapolis 144-pounder, battled ten rounds with Ran, gaining the newspaper verdict. Purvis was down five times for nine and each time rose to meet his hard-punching opponent toe to toe in an exchange of leather. Lou Terry, Missouri Lightweight Champion, easily whipped Freddy Havelock in another ten-rounder.

Sammy Offerman, a native St. Louisan, seems to have become the best drawing card here. Sammy boxed his first fight in St. Louis a few weeks ago after campaigning on both coasts for about five years. He won all three bouts he has appeared in, beating Ray Alfano and Johnny Franks in ten-rounders and stopping Alfano in their second meeting.

Al Stillman and Joe Lohman fought ten vicious rounds with two newspapers calling Lohman the victor and two giving the duke to Stillman. On the same card Ray Palmer and Johnny Kaiser, local featherweights, went ten rounds to a draw.

Jack Renault and Arthur DeKuh met in a ten-rounder at the Coliseum. It was a hard-fought heavyweight fracas with Renault gaining the newspaper award. Jack Barry, Chicago light-heavyweight, stopped Billy Atkinson, of Scammon, Kansas, in the 3rd round on this bill. Johnny Kaiser won from Roy Logsdon, of Litchfield, Ill., in another ten-rounder. Buddy Schlereth kayoed Johnny Debolt in the sixth round of an eight-rounder.

Sonny Hamilton, giant Texas heavyweight, has won three amateur starts by kayoes. He is six feet nine inches tall and weighs 230 pounds.

Ray Palmer surprised his friends but not himself when he boxed a draw with Johnny Kaiser, local featherweight idol. Palmer gave Kaiser as hard a battle as he has ever had and traded right hands with Johnny at every opportunity.

Lew Raymond has a classy lightweight who will show here soon. His name is Mickey Cohen and he has a win over Tommy Grogan.

Two issues back, Nat Fleischer wrote a great editorial. It challenged the mud throwers and back stabbers of the greatest sport in the world to make good their cries of fake. If ever the gauntlet was thrown down, Nat Fleischer threw it in that editorial. I have not learned of anyone collecting the money offered by Nat Fleischer to those to whom he directed his pointed remarks.

Fighters and managers wishing to book in here get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium at St. Louis, Mo.

See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

IN the words of the drill sergeant, it is a case of 'As you were' with Jack Hood and Dave Shade, because at the conclusion of their return contest at The Albert Hall, that famous and fearless referee, Moss De Young, refused to make any distinction between the pair and registered a draw. The decision as is now customary, caused some of the so-called experts to dip down deep into ink, and 'tell the world' that the referee had 'muzzed' the whole thing up. As I have often said before, the referee is in the best position to see what does, and what does not happen, and provided that his ability and integrity are undeniable, I think he deserves the congratulations of all fair-minded sportsmen for having made his choice.

Desmond Jeans acquitted himself wonderfully well in a preliminary on the Hood-Shade bill. His opponent, Tony Arpino, is one of the willing type and always ready to 'chance his arm' so there was a pair of 'em. It was a battle of a thousand blows, but the majority of those that landed came from Desmond's battery, and it is true to say that this little scrap was better value than many championship fights which I have seen.

Haydn Williams caused a surprise when he was awarded the decision over Alf Howard of Liverpool. Williams the fighting 'clown' received more credit on the score card, for what he would like to have done, than for what he actually did do. Howard was a trifle unlucky, but it was a real peach of a scrap.

The ever-busy Harry Mason journeyed to Scotland to 'wage war' with Steve McCall, Scottish middle-weight champion, who some little time ago, caused Len Harvey some considerable inconvenience. McCall would have a weight advantage when the pair 'ducked under,' and he eventually got a points decision over the 'tantalising' Harry.

Teddy Baldock and Kid Pattenden, old opponents, met over 15 rounds at the Blackfriars' Ring. They pulled a big house, but of the boxing, the least said, the better. Baldock showed everything he had up his 'sleeve,' and that was not much. Pattenden appears to have 'sold' everything he once had, except his pluck. The fight went the full 15 and Baldock received the decision, plus a muchly disfigured frontispiece.

Several of our champions and near champions have been figuring on the wages listed during the past month. Johnny Cuthbert, fresh from his title bout with Nel Tarleton, appeared at Leeds to oppose Kid Nicholson over a dozen rounds at an odd weight and won a comfortable and well-earned victory.

Johnny Peters, ex-schoolboy champion and now a serious menace to any bantam in the world, has left for New York, and will be amongst the personal belongings of Sol Goldie in the States.

Nel Tarleton is still very peeved over the draw decision which he received in the title bout with Cuthbery last month, and is very confident that if a return is arranged, he will be able to put the issue beyond doubt. He is 'hot' after the feathers title and then a clash with La Barba. Nel is a believer in that old saying "There's no fun like work," for since his bout with Cuthbert less than a month ago he stopped Rene Boitaert of France in the 11th round at Paddington, then at Liverpool he stopped Phil Clairet, another Frenchman, in the ninth, and a few days later defeated Percy Dexter at Hull. Convincing work this 'eh?

Dick Corbett who is everlastingly being sidestepped by Teddy Baldock, may accept an offer to go to South Africa and there oppose Willie Smith in a return bout. A case of bearding the lion in its own den.

I saw Carnera in Barcelona exactly seven days before he was due to meet Paolino, and I was amazed at the rapid improvement he had made since he left these shores a few months ago for America. He has gained more knowledge in the United States during that time than he would have done over here in 5 years, and he could not have amassed such a gigantic bank-roll in any other country but that of 'Uncle Sams.'

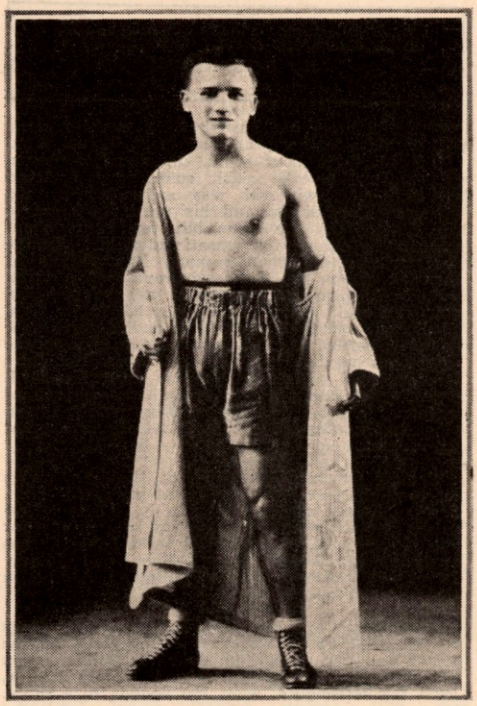
Benny Sharkey of Newcastle who came into the lime-light so suddenly through administering a sound thrashing to Teddy Balldock, met Billy Lewis at Hoxton Baths over 15 rounds with Sharkey winning by a shade.

Within a few days of Harry Mason's return from Scotland, he bobbed up in the ring at Shoreditch and beat Jack Hyams.

Frank Fowler of York, considered in some quarters as a possible heavyweight contender, came 'unstuck' upon two occasions within a space of ten days. At Newcastle-on-Tyne over the 15-round journey, he lost to Theo Sas, the Belgian Champion, and a few days later he lost at Leeds to George Slack of Doncaster.

Those heavy-weight 'infants,' Reggie Meen and Don Shortland, duly came to 'loggerheads' at Leicester and Meen succeeded in landing a K. O. in the ninth round. Later Meen clashed with Primo Carnera and was stopped in two rounds. Meen was badly whipped.

Welshmen in America, and everywhere else will be 'tickled to death' to hear that the old war-horse, Bill Beynon, keeps on 'doing it.' A few days ago he turned up at Aberavon and boxed a draw with Walt Saunders. Beynon has now turned the 40-year mark and his opponent upon this occasion is barely half that age. The veteran won the bantamweight championship of Great Britain 18 years ago and one ventures to ask whether boxers of the Beynon type ever die?



Bud Walley, Singapore flyweight now in New York

At Edmonton—Archie Sexton gained a points decision over Hans Weiser, (Germany), in 15 rounds. The loser proved a very worthy and dead-game opponent and it was a thousand pities that there had to be a loser. George Rose rather easily outpointed Victor Deckmyn (France) over 15 rounds.

At Paddington Baths—Promoter Fred Austin continues to serve up the right kind of fare and is accordingly rewarded with most liberal patronage.

At Liverpool, The Stadium—Nipper McFarlane, (Still unbeaten) outpointed Jacky Quinn (The Irish Champion) over 15 rounds of good clever boxing. Paddy Jones beat Dave Craig on a foul in round 5. Harold Higginson, the local lightweight star. gained a points decision over Jim Hunter, the Scottish champion over 15 rounds. Al Miller stopped Spud Murphy in round 11.

At Manchester—Harry Crossley and Len Johnson boxed a 15-round draw. Johnny King K. O'd Tommy Brown in the first. Both boys belong to Manchester and each is a contender for the flyweight title.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—Teddy Brown K. O.'d Douglas Parker in the 6th round. This contest was to settle the destination of the feather-weight championship of the North East Coast. George Willis won on points over Camille Desmet in a thrilling and stubborn fight.

Dave Barrie narrowly beat Jim Cowie over 15 rounds.

At the Ring—Blackfairs, Mick Hill easily outpointed Bert Freeman over 15 rounds and Glen Moody scored over Eddie Parker.

At Holborn Stadium—Jack Pettifer (The British Carnera) stopped Tom Berry, ex-cruiser-weight champion in the 3rd round.

At West Bromwich—Clarence Barton outpointed Hubert Jacques in 15 rounds. Tommy Dexter stopped Bert Taylor in the 14th round.

At Birmingham—Charley Baxter stopped Nipper Moore in the 15th round. Al Kenney outpointed Jim Clamp over the 15-round journey. George Porter and Jack Haynes boxed a 15-round draw.

In Scotland at Govan, The Stadium—A packed house turned up here to witness the flyweight bout between Jim Campbell, ex-Scottish champion, and Jack King of Manchester, a contender for the British title. King was compelled to 'cry off' the engagement at a late hour, and a fellow townsman of his, Fred Bebbibgton was sent to deputise. Bebbibgton proved to be a rare handful for the Scot, and at the close of the 15 rounds the referee awarded the decision to the native Campbell, but the verdict was badly received as a large portion of the crowd thought that the visitor had earned the 'bacon.'

Bobby Shields, the Scottish heavyweight champion, received the verdict over Bob Carvill in a dozen round bout.

At Glasgow, Premierland—Jim McHarg, the Scottish flyweight champion, beat Dod Oldfield over 12 rounds in a top-liner here.

A hurricane fight was that between Alistar McInroy of Dundee and Jack Hudson of Manchester, the bout went the full distance of 15 rounds without either man being unable to claim any advantage over the other, a draw was a fitting result and it pleased the crowd immensely. Mr. Jim Gilmour the manager is reaping a just reward for his enterprise, it is a frequent occurrence for crowds to be unable to gain admittance.

At Edinburgh, The Music Hall—Walter Lemmon and Sandy McEwan fought a hectic draw here. Gil Charles stopped Tommy Holt in the 3rd round.

In Ireland—The best fight staged in the Green Isle this year was that which took place at St. Mary's Hall Belfast, between Young Jack O'Brien and Carl Peterson. The exchanges were fast, clever and heavy, neither man asking any quarter. At the close of hostilities in the 15th round, O'Brien was given the decision.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS

By SAM HART

THE return match for the middleweight championship of Australia between Jack Haines and Ambrose Palmer resulted in a 15 round draw. In their first engagement Ambrose furnished a surprise by outpointing the champion. 15,000 fans, the biggest turnout since the palmy days of Les Darcey, saw the mill at the famous Sydney Stadium. It was a wonderful fight and a good decision. These two sterling performers have done boxing here a world of good as they have instilled the proper tonic into the game. It is the opinion of Australians that both Haines and Palmer rank among the first ten in their division in a world rating.

Tommy Fairhall successfully defended his welter crown by outpointing Wally Hancock at the new Leichhardt Stadium.

Billy Jones, former lightweight king, outpointed Herb Ackworth, and Russ Critcher knocked out Paul Ray.

Tony Tuzzolini, Los Angeles middleweight, in his Australian debut, stopped Frank Van in the fourteenth round. Tony made a hit here.

Russ Critcher scored another victory when he outpointed Len White, and Billy Jones won the lightweight title by beating Jimmy Kelso in 15 rounds.

Bobby Blay, Australia's best featherweight prospect, beat Champion Tommy Crowle in 15 rounds. Al Singleton, a fine prospect, outpointed Reg Bigby and Jerry Sullivan, former feather king, boxed a draw with Young Gildo, of Manila.

Gossip from European Rings

By SPARROW ROBINSON

THE principal boxing event in Europe during the year of 1930, was the meeting in Barcelona between Carnera and Paolino, which attracted a record gate attendance in the history of boxing in all European countries. The total paid admissions amounted to 81,964. In addition to same there were about 3,000 Spanish soldiers and several hundred sporting writers, which with other dead heads made the gross attendance exceed 90,000. Everything pertaining to the handling of the fight was taken care of in a masterly manner by the young American promoter, Jeff Dickson, who as far as Europe is concerned, is in a class by himself. Dickson had many difficulties to overcome before he finally was able to stage the contest. A few days before the original date, set for the holding riots broke out in Barcelona, and the governor refused to permit the fight to be held, thinking that a crowd of close to 100,000, which was likely to attend, might cause considerable disorder. For a week later date, however, permission was given to hold the fight under the protection of 3,000 Spanish soldiers, who were on hand with charged rifles ready for any trouble which might arrive. Everything passed off smoothly, however, and all the troops had to do was to watch the fight.

It must be admitted that Primo Carnera is a much improved boxer than when we saw him in London and Paris before going to the States. Not only as a boxer has he improved. His physical make-up has undergone a vast change. His torso which formerly was about square, now tapers down from his shoulders to the waist line, a marvelous transformation. He is an entirely changed man physically.

The decision which went to Carnera was a just one. My score card practically agreed with that of Referee Moss Deyong. There were only two rounds which could be credited to Paolino, which were the fourth and fifth, one of which Deyong called an even break.

Paolino was entitled to a lot of credit; he tried hard, and when trying to get through the long reach of Carnera's he was the receiver of some terrific punishment.

The Ring de Paris is the name of a new boxing club opened up in Paris by a combination of fight managers who were opposed to Jeff Dickson's methods.

The members are fighting between themselves as to which battlers should be used at the weekly entertainments, and after a few weeks several have left the organization and are knocking at Dickson's door to be readmitted.

Leon See, one of the managers of Primo Carnera, denies the report about the Italian giant being engaged to a London waitress. Nevertheless an announcement has been given out from Rome that the big boy is really engaged to Miss Tersini, whose parents have lived in England for many years.

Herzowitz, the Russian-French heavyweight boxer, who had been knocking opponents for goals in the early start of his bouts came to grief when meeting the former champion of Belgium, Fernand Delarge, in a ten-round bout held at the Salle Wagram arena. For two rounds the Belgian took an ocean of punishment, but the fast work put in by Herzo in the two rounds began to slow him up during the following sessions, and Delarge was a big winner on points.

Guy Bonagure, the clever featherweight, gave the Italian champion, Luigi Quadrini, a bad licking in a ten-round bout held at the Salle Wagram. The Frenchman accounted for seven of the ten rounds fought. It was a fine contest although somewhat one-sided.

At the Sports Palace, Berlin, light-heavyweight Pistulla, of Germany, defeated Limousin, the Belgian champion, in the ninth of a scheduled ten-round bout. At the same entertainment Dubbers defeated Herniche on points; Wagner outpointed Steif, and Siegfried and Steinbach fought a draw.

Nitram, who was a very promising middleweight a few years ago, in the supporting bout to the above two championship matches, had for an opponent Dubus of Belgium, whom he disposed of in the first round.

Marcel Thil, middleweight champion of France, defended successfully against challenger Gandon, in a twelve-round match held at the Ring de Paris.

Lightweight champion Vuillamy of France defended against challenger Dufour in a twelve-round bout at the Ring de Paris. The champion was much too clever for Dufor and he had little trouble retaining the title. At the same entertainment welterweight champion of France Raphel and challenger Girardin went twelve rounds to a draw. It was a very uninteresting affair.

Thil, who was former champion of Europe, is once again trying to annex title and he has challenged the holder, Bosisio, of Italy, for a title match.

Andre Beghin, of France, was defeated by Joe Batten, of England, in a twelve-round bout. The Britisher was an easy winner.

Bonaugure and Bobby Tassin fought twelve rounds to a draw decision at the Salle Wagram arena. Both were inside the featherweight limit. The bout which was a fast and clean one gave great satisfaction to a capacity house. At the entertainment flyweight Joe Mendiola, Philippo, defeated Apell in seven rounds when the referee called a halt to save Apell from further punishment.

The London and Berlin cops had a dual meet in Berlin. Six weights were contested, which resulted by the battlers of each side winning three bouts, making the competitions a draw.

While claims of fouls have practically come to an end in Europe, there are too many draw decisions. There is not such thing as a draw in boxing, or a dead-heat in some other kind of sport. One man either wins or loses. All boxing bouts of an International character should be decided by judges alone. The referees have enough work cut out for them seeing the rules are lived up to.

In International bouts the judges should not be from the countries that either of the contests should represent, but by strictly neutral officials, three of them, each of whom would have to name in his opinion a winner, so it would be impossible to have a draw decision.

GLOVES IN HALIFAX, N. S.

By VERNER A. BOWER

PROFESSIONAL bouts continue to be promoted in this district under the able direction of Fred Ramsey, popular and well known Labor official who puts on high grade shows in the Halifax Labor Temple.

"Gee" Ahern, well known sport writer and former editor of sports for the Halifax *Herald*, has entered the publishing field and is publishing and editing the Halifax Sunday *News*, a tabloid devoted largely to sport.

Jack MacKenna has joined the Halifax Harbor Commission Police.

Capt. Jim Cody of the Halifax Fire Fighters Association has taken the opportunity to announce to all the fans that the amateur bouts that proved so popular during the first two winters will be resumed again this season in the Halifax Labor Temple. Capt. Cody has probably done more for amateur boxing during the past three seasons than any other man in Eastern Canada.

At Dalhousie University the boxing club has resumed activity. Prominent among the boxers are Big Jim MacLeod, amateur Maritime heavyweight and Intercollegiate Champion; Dan Wallace, Intercollegiate light-heavyweight champion, Freddy Foresthall, and others.

Big Jim is now sergeant-major of the Dalhousie Officers' Training Corps while Dan Wallace is a Sergeant with the same unit. Dan also collected several sculling championships last summer.

Kings College, Acadia College and St. Francis Xavier College also have boxing teams.

Raymond Mitchell, former heavyweight champion of the Halifax Police and well known as a boxer over Eastern Canada, is at present chief of police in Shelburne, Nova Scotia.

The outlook for the boxing game in Nova Scotia is particularly promising. There are a goodly number of amateur clubs, a number of college clubs and at least three professional clubs, and innumerable novice organizations. In New Brunswick there exists a condition somewhat similar.

There is a persistent rumor that Tom Foley, veteran boxer and referee, as well as trainer for all of Eastern Canada, will depart shortly for Bermuda where he will operate a well known hotel. Mr. Foley is one of the best known figures in boxing here.

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See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

DESPITE the financial depression and rather mediocre boxing in spots during the year, the report of the State Boxing Commission points all the other way. That the year financially was the third largest since the legalization of the sport in this state must be viewed as a most encouraging sign both as regards boxing and the reported general poverty and unemployment which we are now hearing so much about. In short metre, the total receipts by the State for the year 1930 amount to $85,329.03. $52,361.79 was collected from the direct tax of 5 percent on club gates and $32,967.24 from license fees levied on clubs. managers, boxers, etc.

Boxing followers are looking forward with eagerness to the report of the special legislative committee on boxing and wrestling which body has completed its investigations. Just what its findings will be are a matter of conjecture but it has drifted through to the sidelines that the report will recommend changes in the personnel of the Boxing Commission, draw decisions; the assessment of club license fees on the basis of seating capacity rather than population, and other items.

With but two clubs now running in Boston —the Boston Garden and the Argonne A. A., the doings of the month largely concern these two organizations with Al Friedman, the Roslindale, Mass., heavy, who must rate close to Billy Stribling as the great American fistic traveler, largely in the limelight. In the latter part of November, Al Lippe's iron man tore the local skies wide open by his defeat of Dick Daniels of Minneapolis, Minn. The bout, an Argonne A. A. feature, went 10 full rounds. Because of wins over Risko, Hunt, Al Fay, Berlanger and others, Daniels went into the ring a top-heavy favorite.

Mike Collins and Daniels, his man Friday, were not satisfied. They sought a return bout, secured it and Daniels and Friedman were to have fought in Boston again on Dec. 15. Some trouble with his teeth caused Daniels to ask for a postponement and Eddie Mack secured Con O'Kelley of Ireland as a substitute. The attendance was very small. Friedman had O'Kelley out on his feet in the fifth round from a right smash to wind and won a majority of the rounds. There was a tumult when the award went to the beaten man—O'Kelley. Al Lippe, manager of Friedman, protested the decision to members of the Boxing Commission at the ringside and was informed that the judges had ruled against his protege because he had butted his opponent, the judges thereby taking upon themselves the duties of the referee.

This adverse decision, coupled with another earlier in the same show, when Marty Collins of Lippe's stable was declared the loser to Leslie Baker of Watertown after forcing the fighting and winning at least four rounds out of the six, had the veteran Philadelphia manager pawing the air.

Next to the affairs of Al Friedman, we come to those of Jim Maloney. Jamesy, as is known, gave everyone a jolt when he scored a victory here over Primo Carnera, a win to which he was clearly entitled. It made him a big card here and on the night of Dec. 15, when he took the ring with Johnny Risko of Cleveland, the bout attracted fully 11,000 spectators. Maloney found Risko in condition to fight with the result that Risko "copped" the award.

On this same card appeared Oddone Piazza, a middleweight, one of the Italian boxers of Phil Buccola's stable who has received frequent and well deserved mention. Piazza was pitted against Willie Oster, a husky U. S. Navy boy—a game, dangerous club fighter, and Piazza won.

On the foregoing card Dick Howell of Roxbury, now being handled by Harry Kelly, former trainer for Jack Sharkey, made a very good showing against Joe O'Donnell, a Roxbury welter. The latter had chalked up a long string of victories but found Howell too fast and too clever for him, losing the decision. Howell later clashed with Werther Arcells, at the Boston Arena, with Arcelli winning.

Al Lippe's new heavy, Pat Hayward of Philadelphia, has made two recent appearances here, and, in both cases came through. In each he gave a very good account for himself. First he whipped Joe Vincha, Jack Sharkey's protege, and later, Pat Perkins, a strong and willing South Boston heavy.

A new star has blossomed here within the month—Vernon Cormier of Worcester, a featherweight who on his two appearances had the fistic fans sitting up and taking notice. In Cormier's Boston debut he beat Pete Herman of Roxbury and later he beat Vincent Trescott of Cambridge, another of Greater Boston's best little men. This was another very fine contest.

While affairs pugilistic at the Boston Garden are beginning to look up, that organization has lost Alexander A. MacLean, the veteran matchmaker. A few days ago he turned in his formal resignation, a voluntary act, and William E. Ames, assistant matchmaker, has been appointed to the higher position.

Ames, though a native of London, England, has been a resident of the States since the World War. Originally a soccer player and later a mid-distance "pro" runner, he has interested himself in boxing and various athletic enterprises for fully 20 years. He has handled many well known ring performers himself. At one time he was associated with Hugh MacIntosh, the Australian.

Boston has a new fistic luminary in Tony Shucco, a North End Italian boy, as the result of his kayo win over Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford, now allied with the Buccola stable, at Providence, R. I. The pair had previously met in a Maine no-decision bout, both claiming the honors. Originally a big lightweight, he is now boxing in the 175-pounds class. Natural boxing skill and ring confidence has made him a formidable lad.

In addition to its other activities, the Boston Garden has decided to dabble in wrestling and has allied itself with Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia as its promoter of mat sport here for five years. This means the throwing of a wrench into the promotional activities of Paul Bowser, who, as an independent, has been staging mat tourneys here for years—the best this city has ever seen.

Jake Zeramby, the Lynn boy, who fought and whipped Andre Routis of France when the latter was the world's feather champion, and got neither the title nor very much money out of it—mostly experience, has returned to the sport which he quit in disgust at the time of his championship experience. At Salem, he tackled Johnny Hanlon, a Lynn lightweight with an unbroken string of 22 wins to his credit, and scored a victory.

Arthur Bloom, whose gym at 107 Cambridge street, Boston, rates as one of the best in New England, has a good boy under his wing in Terry Mitchell, a light heavy. In his last start, a scrap at the Boston Arena, Mitchell went in as a "sub" on short notice and scored a clean win over Pat Perkins, the South Boston heavy.

Whether Gus Sonnenberg, who recently lost his mat championship to Ed George out at Los Angeles. is all done with wrestling is a point many here are pondering. Following his successful defense of his title against Jack Sherry on a Boston mat, Gus folded up and was taken to his hotel a very sick chap. He has congestion of the lungs.

It must have been several days before London promoters, who sought the services of Jim Maloney as the opponent of Primo Carnera, recovered their speech after their receipt of a cable from Dan Carroll concerning their offer. "Glad to box Carnera for you, terms $75,000 and full expenses for four." This was another way of saying, "If Maloney boxes that big fellow again it won't be in London."

Michel Bonaglia, the Italian holder of the European light heavy title, now in Boston and a member of the Buccola stable, evidently does not plan to return home immediately. He has written to the European Boxing Federation that he plans to campaign as a heavyweight, therefore requests that body appoint a new "cruiser" champion.

Buster Price, the crack Lynn middleweight, who was coming along like a paint shop afire until he got one of his ribs cracked in a Boston ring, is going again after a layoff of about six weeks.

Arthur Bloom, he of the big gym at 107 Cambridge street, has a hopeful under his wing in a small colored boy who rejoices in the name of James "Baby" Tiger.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

NOTHING spectacular in the way of boxing has taken place during the past year, insofar as this section of the country is concerned. Cities of the size of Worcester and Springfield have suffered because of the unsatisfactory results of bouts that have taken place in the larger cities.

The lack of support from the sporting element has greatly handicapped promoters who have tried to stage shows which would boost the leather pushing industry. During the past few months however, conditions seem to have improved slightly. Worcester has staged a show a week for the last two months. Springfield and Holyoke ran regularly with an occasional card being held at Pittsfield andd North Adams. Gardner has run one show as far as is known to the writer. Southbridge founded a club that met with little success in the past three shows.

Wrestling on the other hand has drawn well. Largely because of the fact that the world's champion has shown his wares repeatedly. If present indications continue to hold true then perhaps boxing will soon return to its former successes.

Vernon Cormier scored a decisive hit in Boston as well as two popular victories when he bested Pete Herman and Vincent Trescott in two six rounders. Lou Brouillard in his invasion kayoed Larry Brignolia in the third round? This was Brignolia's first American appearance since his return from Australia.

Pat O'Flaherty of Boston came out second best with Jack Perry in a ten spot at Worcester. In two rousing battles Johnny Yagjian won and lost against Hughie King, left hook artist from Providence. Eddie Forrest scored over Rene Peloquin. Rene Peloquin scored over Harvey Peete in six. Joe Preston stopped Kid Kelley of Southbridge in the first. Vernon Cormier stopped Jimmy Rappaport of New York in eight. Joe Belair making his first appearance in these parts since his return from New York scored easily over Harry Alexanian. Aldo Nocchi participated in two skits with Percy Bousquet of Marlboro, winning both times. Johnny Villa won from Georgie Flate of Boston. Billy Gonyea stopped Johnny Devens of Fitchburg in the third. Mike Troy won from Bill Lozeau of Leominster. Rene Peloquin won from Tony Caprio. Harry Devine scored his first win in four starts over Bobby Mays of New Bedford.

At Holyoke—Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley, New England flyweight titleholder bested Frankie Genaro, World's champion in a non-title bout. The contest was over the ten-round route and was close and hotly contested all the way. The decision was popular.

Harry Scott of Atlantic City scored a technical knockout over Jerry Emard in the eighth round when Emard suffered a fractured left hand. In another ten Buster Nadeau of Chicopee won over Freddie Latanzi of New York.

Young Teddy of Holyoke flattened Jimmy McGuy of Springfield in the second. Joe Fournier cut the left eye of Gabrie Navos of Holyoke in the second and gained a technical knockout victory.

At Pittsfield—Johnny Delano of Boston scored an eight-round technical knockout victory over Billy Champany of North Adams in the eighth of a ten. Eddie Decker won on a foul in the fourth from Milt Sample of Adams.

Gus Sonnenberg successfully defended his title against Boris Demitroff, of Texas and Bulgaria, in two out of three falls. Jack Sherry went to a 45-minute draw with Lee Wykoff, former University of St. Louis fotball star. Axel Anderson tossed Ivan Podubny in short order. Jack Wagner won in two falls from Count Zarynoff after dropping the second. Wagner is the only one to defeat Zarynoff in Worcester outside of "Dynamite" Gus. Count Zarynoff won from Boris Demitroff in two out of three. Axel Anderson pinned Alex Grandovitch. Jack Wagner won from Andy Brown.

Red Dupre who has made a name for himself around Southern New England will now fight out of Worcester as a member of the "Four Aces." The others who compose the quartet are Johnny Yagiian, 133; Art "Spider" Bergeron, 127 and Joe Belair, 133.

Belair who has not appeared in a Worcester ring in two years returned from Gotham where be met with much success in winning from Frankie Carlton, Eddie Cerda and drawing with Andy Saviola in his major successes.

Any information desired by the readers of this column will be given for a stamped addressed envelope. Write to 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.

FROM DETROIT AND VICINITY

By RAY BOUSLOG

JACKIE FIELDS, former welterweight champion, established himself as the outstanding contender for Tommy Freeman's crown here when he knocked out Bucky Lawless in the fifth round. Fields, apparently in the same shape as when he dethroned Joe Dundee, the Baltimore Italian, never looked better.

Fifty cent boxing continues at Olympia and despite the Christmas letdown, more than 11,000 fans paid that many dollars to witness the Fields-Lawles show.

A new club is operating in Danceland at Detroit but will move to the old Armory, the scene of many great fights a decade ago. They staged two shows and blew money on both but conditions were handed the blame. In the first, Mike Dundee beat Billy Shaw and in the second, Jimmy Harvey of Lansing and Johnny Sili of Italy fought a draw.

Grand Rapids saw W. L. Stribling in action against Whitey Gorsline, the King of the Canebreaks, winning in three rounds. The attendance was around 2,000 people with $3,500 in the house.

Lansing staged a state lightweight championship tussle between Benny Duke and Roger Bernard. It was a draw in the ring but no draw at the gate.

Saginaw put on an old newsboys card with Ward Sparks beating Wilbur Chevalier in the feature. The house was jammed for the first time in a year.

Roger Bernard, fighting Jackie Cohen in Toledo at a benefit drew $9,000. Bernard won easily.

Now that the holidays have come and gone, boxing is expected to take on a new lease on life in Detroit and all over the state. Each city has some outstanding fighters that are drawing cards and with money more plentiful, the game should stage a comeback.

Here are a few of the better known Michigan fighters, with their home towns: Bay City—Sammy Caruso and Johnny Bangert, welterweights; Saginaw—Butch Otto, Walter Majeske, welters, and Benny McArthur, 140; Flint—Carl Thorn, 175, Mel Tipton, 150, Billie Moore, 135, Vince Horvath, 126, Jimmy Moore 160; Owosso—Benny Russick, 126; Rochester—Paul Spartan, 126; Niles—Butch Lyler, 135; Benton Harbor—Pee Wee and George Gale, 124; Pontiac—Leon Nichols, 160; Ray Van Hook, 145, Billy Bayes, 150; Martin Houck, 135; Russell Bradford, 135; Grand Rapids—Chet Roberts, 135, Lyle Bain, 160, Morrie Bowman, 140, Martin Levandoski, 175; Muskegon, Ruben Edmans, 147; Lansing—Howard McLain, 147, Jimmy Harvey, 120; Kalamazoo—Clai Morgan, 135, Billy Hall, 158, Herman and Henry Perlick, the famous twins, 135-140, Red Slater, 126; Mt. Clemens—Bob Davey, 160, Billy Bulley, 140, Jack December, 147, Johnny Riley, 118; Port Huron—Harry Robertson, Michigan's lightweight sensation.

The older he gets the better Ollie Bartlett, the little Minnesota Swede, fights. Ollie went to Cleveland and whipped Mickey Cohen in six wild rounds, flooring him twice. All of his Detroit fights have been classics.

Pee Wee Wilson, state bantamweight champion, is back in harness after an absence of six months due to a broken arm suffered when he tried to lift the state featherweight title from Billy Shaw. Another feather staging a comeback is Johnny Minella, who is back in shape again.

In Minella's first comeback start, he fought a draw with Joe Balazzola. This Balazzola looks like a Christmas present to the boxing game. He has color, punch and ability to take it. In more than 15 professional fights he has yet to meet defeat. He will get a chance at someone really worthy of him soon.

Phil McGraw, the Detroit Greek who gave New York fans some of the greatest fights they ever saw, is back in the game but this time as a manager. He imported Al Rivers from Denver and the western youth made good by trouncing Eddie Barron in his first Detroit start.

Marty Stone, after having his rise stopped by a knockout at the hands of Eddie Koppy, beat Don McLoud in his first start since.

Harry Tuthill, former Michigan, Army and Detroit Tiger trainer, is still going strong. A few weeks ago he worked more than 100 rounds of boxing and had three assignments in one week.

Patsy Suarez, popular little manager of Tony Cancela, is still in the hospital. Cancela has come along fast. In his last two starts he won at the Chicago Stadium and in Indianapolis, knocking out Harry Dillon, the Canadian, for the Hoosier fans. He will get a bout with Levinsky soon.

One of the ring's tragedies was enacted in Flint recently when Billy Hall, state middleweight boss, lost his crown to the aged Jimmy Moore, colored fighter who is making his home in the Vehic City. Hall looked listless and all he did was to hold up his hands. Moore was almost as bad but threw just enough punches to grab the duke. After the fight it was discovered that Hall had not slept for four days or since he had run down and killed a seven-year old girl in Chicago. He was exonerated from blame but insisted on going through with the fight rather than hurt the promoters. The show drew only $1600.

Leon Nichols, now living in Pontiac and under the management of Ted Wagner, looks like a coming fighter. He will be a light heavyweight in the next year. Still under 21, Nichols has had nearly 100 fights. He lacks a punch but that is being developed.

Charley Moore, popular Detroit manager, is now a benedict. He married Mrs. Thelma Ryan and spent his honeymoon in New York. Moore has a new fighter in Sammy Farber, who got his start in New York. Farber beat Frankie Murphy in his last time out.

Jimmy Brady has his heavyweight, Benny Touchstone, in form again.

Johnny Datto, always a favorite in Detroit, came back here recently and knocked out Johnny Posky of Windsor in just 90 seconds. He floored Posky four times.

Wrestling is climbing in the fans' esteem. Olympia staged a Sonnenberg-Stasiak match and it drew nearly $4,000 at fifty cents to $3. At Danceland ever Monday night, Adam Weismuller stages shows with the lighter boys featured. He is playing to packed houses.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH

By RAY FOUTTS

AT the Coliseum A. C. of Canton, Ohio, Maxie Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight champion, beat Patsy Perroni, but Maxie knew he was in a fight. Freddy Edwards, West Virginia's best welter, stopped Benny Burns. Tony Leone beat Carl Cavelli; Freddy Haverlack beat Jimmy Perry and Zeke Jones stopped Bud Harrison.

Promoters Ritz and Brown have resumed operations at Wheeling, West Va. At their first show Freddy Miller whipped Babe Ruth and a fortnight later, Amastasio Vanquerio beat Joe Dragon.

Promoter Ray Barnes, of Alliance, is packing 'em in at his amateur shows.

That the boys in the boxing game are always ready to aid charity, again was in evidence when Al Zill, Youngstown; Jack Laken and Mike McKinney, of Canton, and John Hernan, Motor Square Club of Pittsburgh, all staged shows for the unemployment committee on the same night.

James "Red" Mason, dean of Pittsburgh managers, is spending most of his time in Chicago trying to locate a fellow to take the place of the late Harry Greb. Jackie Wilson and Young Rudy are the only boys now in Mason's stable.

Teddy Yarosz, Monaca, Pa., has about the best record of any boxer in these parts. Yarosz has won thirty-three consecutive fights since turning pro., and is easily the class of the welterweights in the Pittsburgh district.

My ratings on boxers in the various classes in Pittsburgh district follows: Heavyweight—Emmett Rocco, George Panka; light-heavy—Patsy Perroni, Harry Williams; middleweight—Buck McTiernan, Harry Harris; welterweight—Teddy Yarosz, Freddy Edwards; lightweight—Battling Gizzy, Eddie Brannon; featherweight—Jackie Rogers, Johnny Dunn; bantamweight—Ross Fields. Jimmy Thomas; flyweight—Willie Davies, Anastasio Vanquerio.

Fighters and managers wishing information about the Pittsburgh district should get in touch with the writer at The Foutts Brothers Gym, East Liverpool, Ohio.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

HUGH NICHOLS, the Texas Cyclone and world's light heavyweight wrestling champion, successfully defended his laurels twice during the past month. Nichols turned back one foreign invader, Juan Humberto, of Spain, and George Sauer of Los Angeles, Calif. Both bouts were under the supervision of Millard Rauh, matchmaker for the Quality Club. Since Rauh has taken over the reins of the local club, wrestling fans in this section are always looking forward to high class entertainment and Millard gives it to them. In his match with Humberto, Nichols won two straight falls with his leg split. George Sauer turned back another foreign invader in Francisco Aguaya, Mexico, via a thirty-minute decision. Iota Shima, classy Jap welter, threw Buck Lipscomb. Buck Weaver, Indiana, won from Walter Achiu, Dayton.

Silent Olsen, Cincinnati light heavy, pinned Rev. Samuel Bowen, a Baptist minister from Huntington, W. Va., with a headlock and body pin in 5 minutes and 35 seconds. Buck Weaver, of Indiana University, won from Eddie Shaboo, former U. S. Navy champion, while Tetsura Higami, Jap welter, returned to local rings with a win over Joe Domar, from Texas.

The sensation of the local rings is little Iota Shima, the Jap welter who has met all opposition in this city and has been returned victorious. Shima met his acid test when he defeated Billy Thom, classy Indiana challenger.

In the other match of importance during the past month, George Sauer, Los Angeles, won a two of three fall non-title match from Gus Kallio, Finland, the world's middleweight champion.

Judging from the fan letters received by the scribe in regards to the mat game here in Southern Ohio, the grappling art still has a large slice in the heart of the modern fan. The scribe will answer all inquiries mailed him at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Please enclose a stamp for a prompt reply.

In the feature boxing matches of the month sponsored by the Cincinnati Parkway club under the direction of Herman and Maxwell Katz, Joe Anderson, of Covington, Ky., made his official debut in the light heavyweight class with a ten-round win over Cowboy Jack Willis, of San Antonio, Tex., and Charlie Cobb, of San Diego, Calif., punched out an easy victory over Bobby La Salle, of Los Angeles.

Paul Eviston, local middleweight, came through with another victory over the veteran, Norman Brown, of Indianapolis, Ind. Max Koshover beat Kid Wright. Freddie Murphy made his debut in the pro ranks with a one-round kayo over Eddie Asher. Ed Bennett shaded Don Nimmo, and Billy Baker beat John D. Joiner.

Bobby La Salle, the California "Bad Boy," untrained and in poor condition, was badly whipped by Charlie Cobb, of San Diego at Music Hall.

Mutt Morsch, veteran middleweight of this city, was handed a terrific beating by Punching Paul Eviston. Max Koshover floored Mike Devaney, of Dayton, for about six counts but could not put him away in six rounds. Eddie Bennett was disqualified in his bout with Don Nimmo, and Lou Glazer defeated Kid White in the curtain raiser.

Speaking of resemblances, style, etc., of the old timers—here's some for the books—Maxie Koshover's great little style which brings back the Benny Leonard class; Paul Eviston's great right and the striking resemblance to Kid McCoy, and Ed Bennett's likeness of Jack Dempsey.

And here's a tip—Watch this trio and play it across the board to win—Koshover-Eviston-Bennett!

Midget Mike O'Dowd, the veteran Columbus featherweight, won a close ten-round decision from Frankie Porto, of Pittsburgh, at Newark, Ohio. In the supporting matches, Nordi Smith, of Newark, beat Charlie Tarzan, Glassport, Pa., middleweight; Cyclone Driscoll beat Monk Ruland and Billy Monor kayoed Young Joe Rivers.

The results of the boxing show held at the Eagles Hall in Dayton follows: Carl Emrick, of Terre Haute, Ind., boxed a slow ten-round feature event with Homer Ronane, Newark, O.; Billy Hoon, Rock Island, Ill., easily trimmed Leo Knopp, Toledo, O.; Mike Devaney copped the nod from Harry Chapman; Mike Kelly outpointed Phil Flint, and Russ Combs and Sam Donisi drew.

Freddie Miller, Cincinnati junior lightweight, making his first appearance since his defeat by Johnny Farr in this city, traveled down to Louisville, Ky., where he knocked out Babe Ruth of that city in the second round.

Jimmie Gordon, veteran Middletown featherweight, has decided to make another comeback.

Charlie Belanger, Toronto, Canada, light heavyweight, fought a draw with Tiger Roy Williams, of Chicago, at Memorial Hall in Dayton, O. Eddie Dickey, a promising middleweight from Middlebury, scored a five-round knockout over Jules Strahl, of Indianapolis. Coleman Johns knocked out Johnny Gilmore and Sonny Darcy defeated Kid Clemmons.

It seems to be a race for Springfield middleweight supremacy whenever Tommy Glenn and Joe Walters are carded on the same night in the Reaper City. During the past month both boys appeared on the same card and both came through victorious, with Glenn knocking out Young Condi, of Dayton, and Walters beating Harry English.

Johnny Conley demonstrated his class in defeating Ernie Hemple, of Dayton; Don Campbell and Bun Clifford fought a draw; Mike Kelly beat Young Jenkins and Chief Tecumseh battled Wildcat Stevens to a draw.

Like good wine, Joe Lohman, the veteran Toledo, O., light heavyweight, goes on forever. During the past month Lohman boxed Al Stillman a ten-round draw in St. Louis and then journeyed to Lorain, O., where he took the measure of Nick Martin, Cleveland heavyweight, in a ten. Now that Joe Anderson is among the light heavies, why not pit Lohman against him to decide who is the state champion in this class.

Texas Tanner, a colored middleweight from Georgia, is anxious to show in these parts as also is Tiger Kelly, a Canadian junior welterweight. Both of these boys can be booked through the scribe.

Information in Southern Ohio rings will be given by writing to the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

At Dayton, Jimmy Neal, Cincinnati welter, beat Joe Chaney, of Baltimore, Md. Manuel Castro, of Mexico City, knocked out Mike Kelly, of Dayton; Earl Baker outpointed Young Wilder; Russ Combs defeated Carl Morris; Ernest Kirchner and Tommy Cristy fought a draw.

At Morrow, O., DeWitt Bowsher, Morrow, defeated Kid White, Middletown, in eight rounds; Kid Williams trimmed Billy Combs; Bobby Bateman banged out a six-round victory over Kid Saylor; George Simms knocked out Fighting Kid Harris in the third session.

The results of the show which was held at Millord, O., under the direction of the American Legion, follows: Johnny Mack, Cinci heavyweight, knocked out Tommy Billiards, Philadelphia; Teddie Graham stopped Otis Williams; Kid Philhower beat Joe Taylor; Sammy Sweet beat Art Worley; Kid Katzie trimmed Young Palmo; Tiger Lyons copped over Clem Meiners; Si Nebbs beat Battling Holt, and Spike Stribling knocked out Chet Harris.

Byron Foutts, of East Liverpool, O., bulletins that he has the next welterweight champion in his Monaca battler, Ted Yarosz.

Frankie Porto, Pittsburgh veteran, formerly of East Liverpool, O., knocked out Jess Duke, DuBoise, in the fifth round.

Mutt Morsch, Cincinnati middleweight, ran into a tartar over in Pittsburgh when he met Jack Tracey, of Louisville, Ky. The Kentuckian knocked out the Queen City iron man in the fifth round.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

A GATHERING of 11,225 spectators paid $38,668 to see Ed Bang's Xmas benefit show go over the top. It was the largest crowd that was ever packed into the Public Auditorium. In the main event Eddie Shea of Chicago upset the dope by halting the rise of Fidel Labarba. Patsy Haley, of New York, the referee, gave the decision and Cleveland newspapermen all disagreed with the veteran official.

In another ten, Jackie Fields had no trouble defeating Paul Pirrone, as Jackie was entirely too smart for his opponent. Pirrone showed plenty of gameness, but took a good walloping.

Game little Ray Miller, going into the ring seven pounds over weight, and with a broken rib, put up a great fight with Johnny Farr, but lost a close verdict.

In the best fight of the night, Mickey Cohen of Cleveland lost to Ollie Bartlett of Detroit, although many thought otherwise.

Midget Mike O'Dowd, Columbus featherweight, won a close decision over Frankie Porto of Pittsburgh at Newark.

Walter Taylor is suing the Cleveland Commission to reinstate him as boxing promoter here in Cleveland.

Ray Newton defeated Mickey Leone of Buffalo at Mansfield, Ohio.

Harold Krill fought a hot draw with Mike Kellar and Jimmy Dunn's youngster, Marshall Croquette, was stopped in the first by LaBarba's sparring partner, Martin Zuniga.

Tommy Freeman, welter champion, is still under the care of Dr. Stough at Hot Springs. It surely has been a tough break for Tommy and his manager. Freeman is now on his way to the Pacific coast for scheduled fights.

K. O. Christner, who fell out of the ring in his fight with Mickey Walker at Chicago, the following week scored a knockout at Pittsburgh over George Panka in the sixth.

Jimmy Dunn has sent Joey Goodman down to Florida for several bouts. Joe Lewis is also planning on a trip to Florida with Paul Pirrone and Louie Disantis, former amateur champion, who is now boxing as a pro.

Eddie Meade is doing well at his gym in Jerry Sach's former health emporium—and has a number of high class boxers training there.

Tommy Kid Murphy, who knocked out Murray Elkins of New York in the third round at Trenton, N. J., on Monday night, is anxious to box Bucky Lawless or Paul Pirrone. Kid Murphy has defated Pirrone, and boxed a draw with Johnny Indisrano, beat Frankie and Johnny Hayes—and is going very good right now.

Franklin Lewis is still shouting for small clubs in Cleveland to get going so new talent can be developed. It looks like he will win his point and that small clubs will start operating in Cleveland. At present all shows here are run at the Public Auditorium.

Paul Hamilton is still running his gymnasium. He keeps a large stable of boxers busy.

Charley O'Connell has given Frankie Simms a good rest but now is anxious to start him with Emmett Rocco, or Johnny Risko.

Benny Ray, formerly with the Olympic Detroit, is going into Toledo promoting.

Al Zill put on a Xmas fund show at Youngstown which drew a capacity house. Emmett Rocco defeated Frankie Wine in the feature. Johnny Kusic beat Pinkie Kauffman in the other ten.

Phil Zwick, who has scored two knockouts out of three starts at Philadelphia, defeated Joe Marcientie of New York recently. Tom McArdle has promised to give Zwick a shot at the Garden.

Rosy Rosales is being kept busy. He is attending strictly to business and is out for a record of fights in 1931.

Joey Gund, flyweight, former amateur champ, has turned pro.

Johnny Risko is back in his old time form as was shown by his fine victory over Jimmy Maloney.

Louis Jallos, Cleveland Golden Glove amateur champ, stole the show at Grand Rapids, winning two bouts in one evening over Chester Wolster and Iriving Wepman, two of Michigan's best simon-pures.

Joe Lohman, Toledo, defeated Nick Martin of Cleveland at Lorain.

Duke Barry has a wonderful little flyweight in Hercedro Montello and another corking little fighter in Genera Pinto. Both are sweeping the Middle West.

Emmett Rocco, of Newcastle, Al Zill's promising heavyweight now boxing out of Youngstown, held Al Friedman of Boston to a draw at Pittsburgh.

Jack Weinert, 1929 Golden Gloves champ in the light heavyweight class, knocked out Chuck McCarty in the second round in the Amigo show at Oak Pythian Temple.

Icky Mesnick, featherweight, kayoed Danny Schalk. Stan Yeager, middleweight, beat Willie Rich, and Henry Palmeri, leight heavy, knocked out Len Parks in the first round.

Billy Powers, boxing promoter, is after Tommy Freeman to box Charley Cobb of 'Frisco at Cincinnati, but Tommy was unable to accept same.

Joe Pangello, Galion, won a ten-round decision over Homer Ronan, Newark, at Bucyrus. Nordie Smith, Newark, knocked out Earl Sims, Logan, Ohio, and K.O. Maskey, Bucyrus, drew with Ray Ganshaw at Newark.

Mose Donley came back from Rochester all smiles as his Filipino wonder boy, Johnny Datto, knocked out Christy Hart in the fourth. Mose is now gunning for another shot at Eddie Shea.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY fistic fans were overjoyed with the fine showing made by Tuffy Griffiths in his bout with W. L.

In a six-round bout at the K. C. gymnasium, Ernie North, Waterloo, Ia., junior-lightweight, shaded Baby Tiger Flowers of Omaha. Kid Ray Schenck, of Waterloo, outboxed Kenny Austin, of Central City, Neb., and Young Corbett, of Omaha, beat Jimmy Thompson.

Jimmy Johnson, local lightweight, who is improving in jumps, stopped the Tough Kid Lloyd, of Waterloo, in the first round, and Harold Rogers, of Sioux City, shaded Whitey Dale.

Norfolk, Neb.—The Elks Lodge held a four day "Powder River Celebration", which included a number of fine boxing exhibitions, in which Ray Mann, Ray Winsor, Harold Rogers, and Buddy Rogers, all of Sioux City, gave exhibitions.

Atlantic, Ia.—The fast fading Kid Carr, Sioux City middleweight, took a ten-round whipping at the hands of Glenn Allen, "The Atlantic Assassin."

The Sportsman's Club gym, 415½ Pearl St., Sioux City, of which Bobby Paul is master of ceremonies, wants pictures of all boxers. So get busy; mail them in. It may mean business for your manager.

I have had so many letters regarding Tuffy Griffiths during the past month, that I am unable to answer them all personally, so herewith is a few highlights on his career: Born, Macy, Neb., March 27, 1907; educated, Pender and Walthill, Neb., grade schools, Central High School, Sioux City, Trinity College, Sioux City. Starred in all athletics at Trinity College. Began fistic career under tutelage of his brother, Buzz Griffiths. First fight—June 24th, 1922, at the old Cudahy A. C., Sioux City. Just bought a new $10,000 home for his parents in Sioux City.

At the Auditorium, Al Bork, of Nashua, Ia., lost a sixer to Britt Gorman, Minneapolis bantam. Babe Barnes drew with Freddy Penn, Omaha, bantam. Roy Boyd, Anita, Ia., light-heavyweight, upset the dope when he knocked out the veteran Farmer Krueger of Sioux City in the third. Young Tuffy Griffiths, of Kingsley and Sioux City, won from a rival namesake hailing from Central City, Neb., in a fast four rounder.

Decatur, Neb.—Louie Zack, Sioux City heavyweight, stopped Louis Dunkak, of Otoe, Neb., in the second.

Local promoters should bear in mind that unless they give the youngsters a chance to show their wares, they are going to find another shortage on local talent. One or two managers getting all their boys on the same card should be stopped.

Sam Sacco, tough Sioux City junior-lightweight, was recently seriously injured in an auto accident.

What other city in Iowa, or in fact, west of Chicago, can claim such boxing stars as Newsboy Brown, Tuffy Griffiths, King Tut, Teddy Sandwina, and a number of others. Considering the size of Sioux City, we think this is a pretty good record.

Last Minute Sparks—Fred Spaulding, well known and popular Sioux City referee, was at the ringside of the Griffiths-Stribling bout. Twenty-two boxers are working out daily at the Sportsman Club gym. Sailor Burke, local lightweight, is on the bench with scarlet fever. Joe Kelly, former matchmaker at Riverview Park, is going over in a big way with his shows at Mason City, Ia. Managers and boxers can send their publicity matter to the writer, 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia., or the Sportsman Club gym, 415½ Pearl Street, Sioux City. The best prospect for the month looks like Jimmy Johnson, lightweight. Pictures of Sioux City boxers can be bought from THE RING. Ted Zanfes, former boxer and now a policeman, ranks with the best as a referee. Omaha, Neb., is enjoying a fairly good boxing season.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

LEFTY MARTLER, the "Belgium Assassin," Duke Barry's welterweight, hung up his ninth consecutive kayo victory when he stopped Barney Jorden, of Waterloo.

"Doug" Fairbanks, clever "boy" promoter, came through with another corking show at Iowa City, when he flashed Bert Viscioni, of East Moline, Ill., against Al Bork, Nashua, Ia. Viscioni won.

Harvey Carothers, Moline, Ill., welter, scored his second victory over Orley Thornington, from Cedar Rapids, at Iowa City. Gust Anderson, veteran welter of Moline, shaded Mixer Millis, of Cedar Rapids, on the same card.

Dave Fidler at Des Moines, gave Hymie Wiseman the acid test, and the clever Wiseman came through with a point victory over Emil Paluso, of Salt Lake City, in ten frames. In another "ten," Lefty Louie Mays, of Des Moines, outpointed Jack McCarthy, of Chicago.

Despite reports to the contrary, Duke Barry, publisher of The Blue Book of Boxing, will NOT issue a 1931 edition of that directory . . . Barry will publish a 1932 edition late in September of the coming year . . . Frank Duffy, Davenport cigar store proprietor, has opened a gym in the basement of his store . . . Red Henghan, Davenport boxing promoter, is featuring wrestling . . . Ralph Alexander, Waterloo fighter and matchmaker, and Henaghan, of Davenport, will feature wrestling at Waterloo.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LIGHTIG

HARRY DUBLINSKY came to the front as latest favorite. In his last three starts he has beaten Freddie Tompkins, Mickey O'Neill and Joe Azzarella.

Dave Maier is on the shelf with a broken finger.

Tait Littman pounded out an unimpressive win over Vincent Forgione in ten rounds. Littman clinched and held repeatedly.

Gus De Salva returned after a long layoff and took a lacing from Dick Sisk.

Johnny Lombardo continued his string of K. O.'s by putting one on Ted Carr.

Karl Ogren, N. Y.-Chi Golden Glove champ defeated Don Warden in three rounds.

Franklin Cheeck returned to the ring with a very impressive eight-round victory over Jackie Stewart of Chicago.

George Godfrey knocked out Seal Harris in the fourth.

Johnny Dettlaff knocked out Ted Algiers in the third.

Lance Algers and Joe Kubeak went four rounds to a draw.

Boxers coming to Milwaukee are invited to train at the Ace Boxing Club, Tommy Neary's and Pinky Mitchells' gymnasiums.

Fred Saddy took Milwaukee Eagle team to Kansas City and came back with 5 victories out of six. The only loser was Julius Cohen.

Len Bernstein scored a third-round knockout over Buddy Kerely.

Eddie Black and Ero Hoffman have combined stables and boast of some of the best amateurs in the state.

Julius Fidler is improving with every start.

Boxers or managers wishing information in regards to boxing in Wisconsin, can get it by communicating with writer at 722 W. Lloyd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

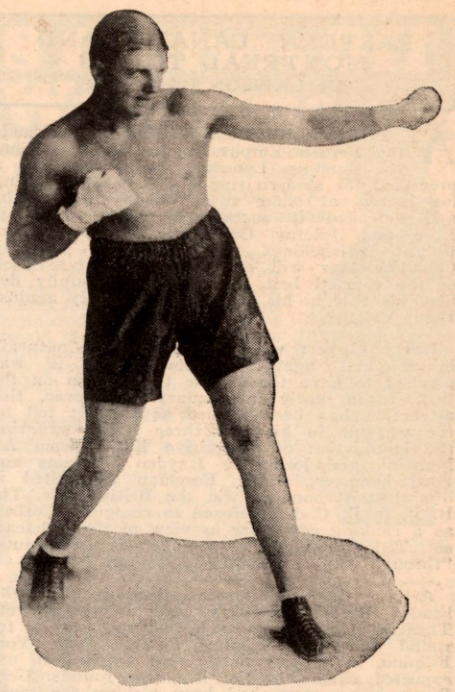
KING TUT, Minneapolis' blonde tornado, settled the question of his superiority over My Sullivan, St. Paul's fighting harp, in the most convincing manner in ten torrid stanzas.

Frankie Battaglia, Minneapolis' newly adopted welter, made short work of Eddie Dempsey, of Philadelphia, by dropping the eastern fighter with a murderous clip on the chin in the second heat.

Jimmy Evans, hailing from the coast, came through with another impressive win over Tommy Herman, veteran Philadelphia middleweight.

Johnny O'Hara, St. Paul's lightheavy, put the rollers under Swede Carlson, Minneapolis, in 45 seconds.

Billy McCabe, classy St. Paul lightweight, made excellent use of his boxing skill and experience to outpoint Walter Hobart, of Minneapolis.



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See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, Montreal's pride who holds the British Empire Lightweight title and the famous Lonsdale Belt, has set a precedent for modern ring champions by putting his laurels at stake twice inside two months and defended it successfully against George Rose and Johnny Cuthbert, British featherweight titleholders. The deadly punching Canadian star will earn permanent possession of the coveted belt should he successfully defend his title in his next bout, probably against Dom Volante.

Harry Corbett would have been a "natural" in England against Foreman and it was planned to have them raise the curtain on the 1931 season, early in January. However, this attraction has been spoiled as Corbett fell by the wayside in his last three bouts, suffering the humiliation of a decisive K. O. from Alf Mancini, and losing to Hayden Williams and Fred Webster, whom Foreman dynamited in less than a round to win the British title. The B. B. of B. C. has refused to recognize Corbett as a ranking contender in view of these defeats so Ted Broadribb's protege is apparently "through" as a topnotch performer.

Arthur Giroux, Canada's leading flyweight, headed Rosario Delisle's card at the Gayety Theatre. Giroux punched his way to a ten round win over Tommy Palacio, New York Filipino, in a spicy battle that reached an unexpected climax in the last few rounds. Gene Brosseau's protege had been picking the tough little Filipino to pieces for more than seven rounds and it appeared to be just a question of time before the latter would be floored for keeps when the little brown-skinned ring warrior suddenly unloosed a long left hook that put Arthur down for "nine." Arising in a groggy condition, Giroux proceeded to smash his foe hither and yon but the Filipino slugged back and the fight ended in a glorious melee of flying leather. Giroux proved that he can take as well as give it.

Raymond Lirzin, classy local featherweight, will meet Tony Dillulo, Lucien Racicot's speedy and clever protege, in the final of the Provincial Featherweight Championship tourney being promoted by "Rosy" Delisle. Dillulo beat Adellard Pigeon in the eight round semi-final, to qualify to meet Lirzin, who had drawn a bye.

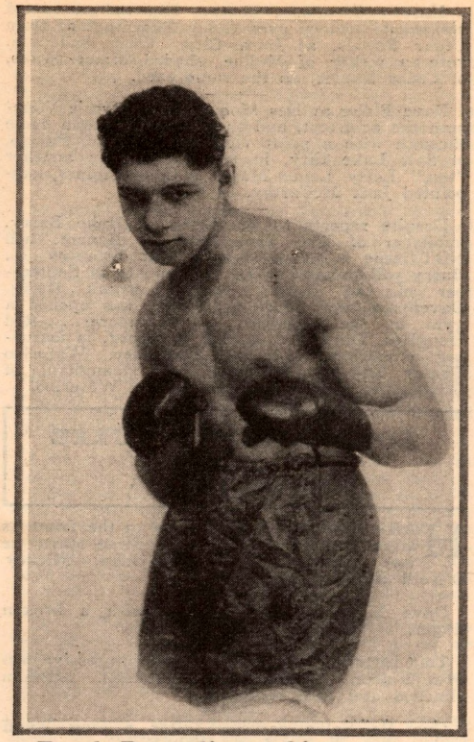
Benny Brostoff, Izzy Levine's hard hitting New York feather star, has been going great guns around Quebec lately. He knocked out Leo Kid Roy in ten rounds after slipping the sleep punch on Ralph MacNaughton, Quebec star, in one round. Both of these bouts were in Quebec, and Brostoff has made himself a favorite there. Benny tackled Young Lebrun at Sherbrooke but a promising battle was spoiled when Lebrun butted with his head and lost the fight on a foul in the fourth round. Brostoff and Levine are making their headquarters in Montreal for the winter as is Jack Rogers, who is again promoting at Quebec City.

The Montreal Boxing Commission named four Canadian ring stars as their selections for world's champions for the N. B. A.'s new list of titleholders for 1931. Dr. Gaston Demers, their efficient chairman, voted that the heavyweight title be declared vacant. They selected their world's champions as follows: Flyweight, Arthur Giroux; Bantam, Pete Sanstol; Feather, Kid Chocolate; Jr. Lightweight, Al Foreman; Lightweight, Tony Canzoneri; Jr.-Welter, Jack Berg; Welter, Jimmy McLarnin; Middle, Mickey Walker; Lightheavy, Maxey Rosenbloom.

Jimmie McKimmie, the Leo P. Flynn of Canadian fight managers, has been keeping his stable busy despite the "hard times" alibis of other and less fortunate pilots. Johnny Rousseau, his brilliant lightheavy ace, and Barney "Babyface" O'Connell, his tricky little Irish featherweight star, have been going great guns around Vermont and Northern New York. McKimmie reports that his flyweight ace, Timmy Butts, and Wilf Carufel, clever lightie, are coming along like forest fires.

The feature ten rounder scheduled at Coaticook, Que., ended in the third when Young Montreal, Sherbrooke welter, kayoed Jack Bresse, local favorite. Kid Lapointe, Sherbrooke Pee Wee, stopped his hometown flyweight rival, Billy Lessard, in the fourth. Ray Donaldson, Sherbrooke, bowled over Kid St. Sauveur, Coaticook, in three stanzas while Bob Roy flattened Jack Lamontagne in two cantos.

Your correspondent has been let in on a little secret concerning the coming spring season in Montreal, but believes that the time is ripe to let it out for what it is worth. It comes from a reliable source that the Bronfman Brothers, Sam and Allan, will be the guiding lights in the promotorial field at the Forum next spring and summer.



Frank Battaglia, corking prospect from Winnipeg

FLASHES FROM OLD QUEBEC

By PEE AHE EMM

THE Canadian Gymnasium under the capable management of Luger Lamontague, staged three great shows during the past month. The fights were held before capacity houses. His Worship Mayor Lavigeur attended the last bill and was so much impressed with the great work of Luger that he offered him the use of the new Agricultural palace, a million dollar building, for his future shows. It may be stated that the Mayor himself is an ex-wrestler.

Johnny Lefevre, the clowning featherweight, won an easy decision over Larry Rouseau.

Young Maurice Couteau scored an easy victory over Vic. Miller.

Al. Couteau, brother of the former, won a close decision from "Irish Kid" Mitchell, a game kid.

Young Burns, that fast and furious lad, slashed his way to a decision over Don Loiselle of Chaleur Bay.

Young St. Laurent, won on a technical K. O. over Pete Mingay in the third round.

Lucien Patry, the slugging welter, scored a victory over Rene Cantin, a promising youngster.

Young Leblanc, amateur flyweight champion, scored a knockout over George Bolduc in the third.

Geo. Bergeron was defeated by Maurice Larivee in a close contest.

Roger Cantin staged a comeback by defeating Mar Barry in a very fast and exciting contest. It was Cantin's first fight since his defeat by Young Leblanc.

Gerard Patry won a decision from Young Harry Wills, the Black Panther.

The best fight of the month, a real boxing classic, between Billy Green, professional flyweight champion, and Young Leblanc, amateur champion ended in a sensational draw.

Al Couteau won the Canadian Gymnasium prize from Young St. Laurent. Both Battlers left science aside and tore at it.

Young Leblanc, Young Mitchell, Young Walsh, Duke Henry and ten others have entered "The Ring Amateur Elimination Contest," open to every amateur in Quebec City. All big clubs will enter full teams.

The best prospects of the month were: Young Lamothe, Young Leblanc, Billy Green, Al. Couteau, Young Burns.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

LIKE many other large cities, Toronto ran off a big charity show during the month of December, a Poppy Fund entertainment, sponsored by the Ontario Athletic Commission, and a card combined of boxing and wrestling with a fine turn-out.

In the feature bout of the evening, Pinky Kaufman of New York beat Jack Horner of St. Louis in 10 rounds. Kaufman substituted for Sammy Mandell. Horner was dropped several times in the early rounds, and twice in the ninth.

In the semi-final, a wild slugging set-to, Tommy "Red" Bragan halted Jimmy Burns of Scotland. The braw laddie from the land o' wheatcakes gave the Toronto gamester a nice larruping for three rounds then wilted under Bragan's attack in the fourth and the bout was stopped.

In the wrestling bouts, Freddy Meyers of Chicago won the decision over George Vassell of New York in 45 minutes. Joe Malceweiz took two out of three falls over Al Baffert of Montreal, to win the final bout of the evening.

The Shamrock Club of Toronto headlined "Frenchy" Bellanger of Toronto, who has been a consistent loser this year, against Frisco Grande, and the Toronto flyweight against lost.

A newcomer in Johnny Colangelo, of Rochester, upset the dope in the semi-final by punching out a victory over "Chuck" Feldman.

Malcolm Mathison of Toronto won a six-round point verdict over Tommy McBeigh, formerly of Vancouver. Billy Aryton, who is well on the way to a successful come-back campaign, took the honors in six rounds from Johnny Moran of Pittsburgh. Ossie Bodkin of Toronto knocked out Joe Boler of Buffalo, and Young Stroppa of Winnipeg knocked out Fred Reeves of Buffalo.

Jack Peppin of Winnipeg is now making matches for the Canadian Legion Club at Winnipeg.

Probably the most promising boxer in the dominion today is Laurie Peppin, a middleweight, of Winnipeg, and a brother of the Canadian Legion matchmaker. Laurie is a lusty punching 21-year-old fellow, with a fine future.

Jack Peppin's last enterprise for the Prairie City customers was a ten-round battle for the western Canada heavyweight title between Steve Trojack, former football star, and Angus McDonald of Prince George, B. C., with Trojack winning.

Benny Brostoff of New York is evidently making himself quite a record in eastern Canada. Benjamin met Young Lebrun of Sherbrooke at Sherbrooke and was winning handily when he was fouled in the fourth round and was awarded the decision.

Another great middleweight prospect is looming on the boxing horizon in Frank Battaglia of Winnipeg. Frankie scored his greatest success and most impressive victory when he toddled over to St. Paul, Minn., and knocked out Eddie Dempsey in the second.

Jack Corcoran, Toronto promoter of the Queensbury Club, put on a great show at Massey Hall before a capacity crowd. In the feature ten rounder, Jackie Phillips, the Canadian welterweight champion, dropped a mighty close verdict to Jack Horner of St. Louis.

Dick Sharpe, the English middleweight, and "Chuck" Long of California were having a ding-dong battle when a shot from the Orange State's boy split the rugged English lad's eye, forcing the referee to halt the bout.

"Red" Bragan of Toronto beat Seaman Smart in a torrid tilt. Tommy Bland, lanky Toronto lightweight, won an unpopular decision over Al Harding of Winnipeg, a courageous young fellow, and Bobby Lawrence of Toronto continued his winning ways by scoring over Young Stroppa of Winnipeg.

Below is the list of official Canadian champions and, in the writer's opinion, the leading contenders in the respective classes:

112 lbs.—Steve Rocco, Art Giroux, "Frenchy" Bellanger, champion.

118 lbs.—Joe Villeneuve, Johnny Goodrich, Malcolm Mathison.

126 lbs.—Jackie Johnstone, Ossie Bodkin, Leo Kid Roy, champion.

135 lbs.—Al Foreman, Cosmo Caszano.

147 lbs.—Jackie Phillips, Billy Towsend, Ronnie Headley.

160 lbs.—Laurie Peppin, Frank Battaglia, Dick Sharpe.

175 lbs.—Charlie Belanger, Harry Dillon, Del Fontaine.

Heavy.—Larry Gains, Steve Trojack, Angus McDonald.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA enjoyed a profitable year in 1930, one of the greatest years in the history of Cuban boxing. Luis Parga, matchmaker supreme, deserves plenty of praise for the great work he accomplished.

Kid Chocolate's failure to bring back the featherweight title was a surprise to Cuban fandom. But we are all confident that the Kid will yet prove his superiority over the present flock of featherweights.

Tommy Lenahan, crack featherweight from Kentucky, is here for fights.

Felix Enriquez, alias "Cuban Al Brown" stopped Raael Blanco in the 4th round. Enriquez is a good performer and will soon reach the top. Paulino Diezuez lost to Angel Montano; Riccardo Ayala kayoed Emilio Romero in one; Cesar Diaz won on a foul over Manuel Menendez and Carlos Rios was beaten by Lazaro Diaz in six.

Mario Valdes won the nod over Guillermo Gonzalez in six; Antonio Hevia kayoed Silvio Martinez in the first; Tomas Valdes knocked out Carlos Valdes in one; and Mario Asan defeated Kid Macias in four.

Fillo Echavarria, Spanish flyweight, drew in six with Divino Ruedo. Both boys fought like little bulls and received the plaudits of the huge crowd. Echaviarria is a promising lad and has a big following.

Jose Gandon, Cuba's best prospect in the lightweight division, scored a three-round knockout over Candido Garcia.

Julian Mirave, Australian welterweight champion, stopped Felix Ramos in two rounds. Mirave is an aggressive, hard-hitting boy and can take plenty. Pancho Villa lost a four-rounder to Juan Morales; Avelino Vallina outpointed Enrique Irizar; and Valentin Pedroso won over Emilio Diaz.

Jose Gandon again proved that he is the master of the lightweights here by knocking out Castor Fernandez in the fourth round. Gandon has gained lots of prestige, and the promoters actually fight over his services.

Castor Fernandez has asked for a return bout and deserves it as he is a great performer. Luis Bardales drew with Mario Toledo. Felix Martinez drew with Baby Buick; Valentin Pedroso defeated Mario Hernandez in six.

Jose Maria Mestre deserves mention this month. Mastre is the official doorman at the Arena Polar, and it is estimated that he has never missed a day during the last ten years. He's always on the job.

Battling Llano, Spanish welterweight, drew with Sonny Boy from Panama. It was a whale of a fight. Joaquin Jorge defeated Carlos Rios in six; Cesal Perez lost a close one to Candido Garcia; Jose Canseco was beaten by Jose Castro; Toribio Ferro easily beat Jacinto Junco.

Alberto Fonticelli, crack Argentine flyweight, drew with Angel Macias in a hectic six-rounder. Avelino Barrera and Juan Arce drew in four; Felix Martinez won over Baby Jardines; Eladio Travieso kayoed Kid Montano in three rounds.

Johnny Cruz is hard training for his coming tilt with Vidal Gregorio of Spain. Gregorio is now under the management of Pincho Gutierrez. Cruz is a sterling performer.

Sonny Boy, of Panama, put up a good fight but was outpunched by Francisco Rodriguez, Cuban army scrapper. Cesar Perez won over Emilio Puente in four; Felix Ramos beat Evelio Mustelier by a T.K.O in the second. Joaquin Jorge kayoed Julio Valdez in the first, and Valentin Pedroso turned the trick on Emilio Diaz in the opening round.

Ramon Perez, Cuba's only toe-headed welterweight, has just returned from a three-year invasion of Florida where he has piled up a long chain of victories.

Boxers and managers desiring information regarding bouts, are kindly asked to include photographs, writing to Mr. Luis Parga, Manzana de Gomez 251, Havana, Cuba.

OWING to a lack of space, boxing notes from several sections of the world have been eliminated from this issue but will be resumed in the next number. The February RING being the annual "Rating" issue, it was deemed advisable to use more pictures than ordinarily.

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club stages its regular weekly boxing shows every Friday night.

Tod Smith, of Atlanta, a fine prospect, won a decision from Tony Diaz. Tod gave away 12 pounds to the Cuban and also had a bad right hand.

Whit Webb has informed me that he is now under the management of Lou Jackson, of Sarasota, Fla.

I hear Pinky May is about to stage a comeback. If he does, look out all you bantams and feathers.

Whit Webb lost a decision to Bulldog Downs, of Savannah. It was a great fight. Ed Alexander is handling Downs and is open to offers. Alexander is one of the south's best known managers.

Joe Knight, of Cairo, has certainly come to the front and is having a hard time finding opponents in the light-heavy class. He is in a class with Stribling, Manuel and several other southern fighters that have gone to the top.

Joe Knight gave K. O. Joe King a neat beating in 10 rounds.

What a whale of a fight Bob Godwin and Joe Knight would make! It would bring big money to any promoter in the east.

Savannah is anxious to see Young Manuel perform here. His manager, Doc Meyers, wants to show him here so I guess they will match him before long.

Kid Baisden drew with Bulldog Downs; Pat Flaherty beat Payton Thomson, and Jimmie Tuten and Young Babe McCorgary drew in good bouts here.

Lukie Tenner writes from Charlotte that he has a real boy in Al Massey, a light-heavy. Al kayoed Buster Newberry in 42 seconds.

BOXING IN PORTO RICO
By MIKE SANTIN

EL INDIO, Mayaguez welter, has begun to look as a real comer. In his first professional fight, a few weeks ago, he beat the veteran Ramon Verdejo, and later he flattened Atilano Duo, another veteran of Porto Rican rings.

Pete Petrolle, brother of the more illustrious Billy, is now in Porto Rico for a few fights.

Local fans went wild when they read of the victory of Cliville over Rene Devos, Belgian contender. Cliville, who hails from Mayaguez, is a sort of glorified Jack Dempsey to Porto Rican fans. He was the biggest drawing card in Porto Rico prior to going to the U. S.

There is a regular old-time feud between Pete Pratts and Ernesto Dalmau, Mayaguez flyweights, who since the time they were amateurs, have been going to it hammer and tongs every time they meet in the ring. The fans are assured of a toe to toe slugging match every time they get together. They have fought each other four times, and, on each occasion, the decision has failed to please the fans.

The official champions of Porto Rico are: Flyweight—Jose Lago; bantamweight—Felipe Andrade; featherweight—Koli Kolo; lightweight—Al Clemens; welterweight—Atilio Sabatino; middleweight—Angel Fajard Clivilles. There are no light-heavies or heavies worth mentioning.

Drop me a line at P. O. Box 455, Mayaguez, P. R., if you desire information on Porto Rican boxing and inclose two-cent stamp for answer.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

THINGS around Memphis are in a decided slump, one show here in two months altho the boys are getting work in other cities.

Eddie Kid Wolf leads with four in the past month. Eddie seems to be regaining his old form, winning regularly.

Luther Orr is another youngster to be reckoned with among the middles. His latest K. O. win over Young Joe Dundee at Helena, Arkansaw, was done in a business-like fashion.

The last show here with the champion, Mickey Walker, boxing three boys in an exhibition drew a fair house. Mickey demonstrated that he is a real champion. On the same card Billy Maclin lost his first decision in three years to Piggie Williams of Jackson Tenn.

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MIDDLE TENNESSEE
By HILL HARRISON

BOXING in Nashville is showing some signs of improvement. At Jim Graham's last show, 6,000 fans turned out to see Johnnie Flyn, 150, knock out Sailor Brooks, 150. Jack Dempsey was the referee. On the same card Toots Mooneghan of Nashville drew with Chigger Buntin of Murfessboro.

At Murfessboro, Tennessee, Chigger Buntin, 130, of the State Teacher's College, knocked out Louis Alidallah of Louisville.

At Waverly, Tennessee, Toots Mooneghan of Nashville stopped Joe Davis of Greenwood, Miss., in the second round. In 56 fights, Mooneghan has scored 41 knockouts. He is a hard puncher.

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CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

EDDIE MOORE, Bridgeport middle, stopped Tommy Dunn and Buddy Saunders. Kayo Morgan, Stamford bantam took decisions from Billy Avero and Lou Piquette.

Mike Esposito won a popular decision over Jules Sombathy of Bridgeport. Nick Petite, Bridgeport lightweight, stopped Rocky Rayo of Hartford and Young Mulligan of Norwalk, then beat Frankie Smith, but the referee guessed wrong.

Tommy Brown of Norwalk lost a tough fight to Frankie Smith. Frankie Smith was given a decision over Frankie Cinque of White Plains.

Willie Angelo, Stamford middleweight came out of retirement to win over Oscar Pultz, Knockout Gilbert Payne, T. N. T. Gibbons and Jack Bogar. Rudy Marshall, state's best colored middleweight, won in eight rounds over Willie Angelo.

Kayo Morgan, Stamford bantam, stopped Eddie Zeigler, of New York in the first.

Tony Esposito, of Stamford, lost a hard fight to Phil Baker, of Norwalk. Joe K. O D'Andrea won over Ernie Palmer and Lou Piquette and knocked out Jimmy Carlo of N. Y. in seven rounds.

Silent Barrett lost to Al Traymore in four rounds. Joe Oliver of New Haven, stopped Al Traymore of Norwalk. Billy Bridges won over Jimmy Scott of Bridgeport in eight rounds.

Willie Lewis, Stamford lightweight stopped Billy Bridges of New Canaan in one minute and fourteen seconds of the first round.

T. N. T. Gibbons, fighting eight rounds with Oscar Pultz, of N. Y., fell out of the ring and injured his knee so badly he was unable to continue.

Tommy Brown, of Norwalk, stopped Merton Simon of N. Y. Teddy Hayes, won on a technical knockout over Billy Sumter. Battling Nelson, of Norwalk, stopped One Round Hogan, of Stamford, in the first.

The Stamford Jewish Center, is all set to start amateur boxing, under the direction of Izzy Cohen.

Harry Peatt and Joe Pickel have branched out as the co-managers of Willie Lewis, one of the best junior-welters in Connecticut.

Al Gainor, New Haven light-heavy continues to pile up wins, his latest victim being Jack Kelly, of Waterbury, via the K. O. route.

Danbury opens up for fights once again after a lay-off of one year. Norwalk National Guard and K. of C. started off, but folded up again after one show.

My ratings of Connecticut boxers for 1930 follows:

Flyweights — Jackie Harmon, Waterbury; Georgie Paulin, Bridgeport; Jimmy Paternostro, Hartford.

Bantamweights — Kayo Morgan, Stamford; Pinkey Silverberg, Ansonia; Al Beauregard, Taftville.

Featerweights — Bat Battalino, Hartford; Steve Smith, Bridgeport; Mike Esposito, Stamford.

Junior Lightweights—Mickey Genaro, Waterbury; Nick Petite, Bridgeport; Jules Sombathy, Bridgeport.

Lightweights—Bobby Mays, New London; Kid Kaplan, Hartford; Eddie Lord, Waterbury.

Junior Welterweights—Pinkey Kaufman, Hartford; Willie Lewis, Stamford; Irish Jimmy O'Brien, Bridgeport.

Welterweights—Lucien Brouilliard, Taftville; Eddie Moore, Bridgeport; Pete August, Bridgeport.

Middleweights — Frankie O'Brien, Hartford; Rudy Marshall, Stamford; Leo Larrivee, Waterbury.

Light Heavyweight—Al Gainer, New Haven; Jack Kelly. Waterbury; Joe Smith, Hartford.

Heavyweights—Buddy Howard, New Haven; Big Kid Chocolate, New Haven; Larry James, Derby.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

THE new year promises lively pugilistic doings in this state. Professional boxing shows have been inaugurated at the Joyland Ballroom in Woonsocket under the direction of Jim Kiley, and in Providence, at the Auditorium. Matchmaker Sam Price announces that weekly cards will be in order at that club.

Price staged a bang-up popular-priced Christmas Basket Fund show at the Auditorium last month with local products sharing the spotlight. In the ten-round feature, Billy Lynch, Providence lightweight favorite, gained a one-sided verdict over his major rival, Pancho Villa of New Bedford. Tony Shucco of Boston stopped Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford, a hard-belting light-heavyweight, in the fifth chapter. Tony Catalano, Providence junior-lightweight, won brilliantly from Albion Holden of Attelboro; Paris Apice of Providence, got the duke over his home-town featherweight rival, Hughie King, and Bert Sciarra, stocky Providence bantam, drew with Joey O'Connell, Fall River.

The headliner at Woonsocket was won by that promising Fall River junior-welterweight, Tommy King, over Leo Ledoux of Worcester in eight frames.

The semi-windup also of eight innings, saw Eddie Holmes, Providence lad, win the palm over Baby Jack Renault of Cambridge.

Young Montreal, veteran Providence mittster, who was licking champions long before most of the present-day contenders ever stepped into a ring, is seriously considering another fling at the sport.

The amateur shows in Providence are a thing of the past now. The Providence A. C., which turned out two national champions in Paris Apice and Albion Holden during the 1929 season, has decided to drop plans for the present.

Commissioner Edw. C. Foster's idea of allowing the referee to handle the decisions alone in this state has seemed to make quite a hit with the boxing fans. Since the inception of this ruling, the verdicts have been above board.

Tony Shucco, young Boston light-heavy, scored a ten-strike in this sector by his sterling knockout victory over Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

WITH a weight advantage of ten pounds, Vince Dundee had more than his share of trouble in winning over Joe Reno, Trenton welter, in a ten-rounder at the Laurel A. C. in Newark.

Willie Smith, dusky lightweight of Trenton, put two more victories under his belt. He knocked out Johnny Petrino in three heats at Somerville and beat Eddie Barton of Long Branch.

Young Terry of Trenton has outgrown the welterweight class and is now boxing among the middles. His first victim in the heavier class was Frankie Stevens of Scranton, who he stopped in the seventh round.

Al Bryant of Newark won the referee's decision over Jimmy Rivers of Trenton in eight rounds.

Lew Miller scored a knockout in the fourth over Charlie Mitchell. Both are of Trenton. Bucky Chambers and Mickey Narvey put on a fast four-round draw.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welter, is now in Los Angeles, and from all reports, is making good. He knocked out Sammy Aguirre in one round and won on a foul from Young Jackson in the fourth.

At a charity show run by the City Commission of Newark, Young Terry of Trenton and Joey La Grey of Perth Amboy boxed a six-round draw. The referee's decision was unpopular, the crowd favoring Terry.

The Tommy Murphy and Murray Elkins go was billed as a boxing contest, but it turned out to be a butting contest, with both doing their share. Elkins was stopped in the third.

Frankie Stevens of Scranton won from Henri Mellin of France in a splendid mill, and Mario Campi of Newark beat Jackie Riley of Burlington in six.

Joe Reno, Trenton welter, and Mickey Tress of the U. S. Navy put on a great bout for eight rounds at Asbury Park. The referee called it a draw but the fans favored Reno. Frankie Fratto of Trenton won over Bob Ice Cream of Long Branch in the semi-final.

Geo. Levy is the best looking prospect turned out in Trenton in many years. With less than ten fights under his belt, he is already a great favorite with Trenton, Lakewood, and Asbury Park fans. Joe Reno, veteran of many ring battles, is handling Levy and is doing a good job of it. Only one of Levy's opponents, Angel Lucia, lasted the limit.

Geo. Sacco of Trenton and Andy Saccowitz of Red Bank drew in a fast eight-rounder at Lakewood. Sid Roth of Trenton knocked out Joe Chapman of Red Bank in three heats. Petey Ross of Trenton and Jack Hopp of Long Branch fought a hot draw and Bucky Chamber of Trenton stopped Joe Maletto of Red Bank in two rounds. Billy Dillin of Trenton scored a knockout over Jimmy Gans of Perth Amboy in the first round. If Dillin would take boxing seriously he might develop into a good fighter.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

FEW Westerly boxers swung into action during the past month. Joe Russo, state middleweight champion, led the pack by beating Al Palladino, of New York, in a gruelling eight-round bout at New London. The bout was so close that Al Weill, matchmaker of the New London Arena, rematched the boys.

Johnny De Stephano, formerly of East Hampton, Mass., but who is now making Westerly his residence, joined the Salimeno-Linn stable, and in his first fight under his new management, the light-heavyweight beat Jack Patruso, of Waterbury.

On the same card which was staged at New London, Hookie Jackson, Westerly middleweight, avenged a defeat at the hands of Tom Hartley, of the Watch Hill Coast Guard, when he kayoed the sailor in the third.

Billy Euelle, of Westerly, was stopped by Carmen Knapp, of New Haven, in two heats.

Julio Rossi scored a five round knockout over Mickey Blaine, of Plainfield, at Taftville.

Sal Comforte stopped the winning streak of Al Snooks Lacy, of Norwich.

Tom Salimeno, manager of Big Boy Burlap, heavyweight champion of Rhode Island, is seeking a bout in Cuba with the heavyweight title holder of that isle.

Below is listed the writer's ratings of fighters in Western Rhode Island for the past year: Heavyweight—Big Boy Burlap; light-heavyweight—Johnny De Stephano; middleweight—Joe Russo; welterweight—Hookie Jackson; lightweight—Kid Debartolo; featherweight—Young Rochette; bantamweight—Young Lizzio.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

EVIDENTLY Jim Slattery doesn't relish another setto with his rugged fellow townsman, Lou Scozza. Lou has been challenging "Slats" to a return go for 10 or 15 rounds with nary a reply from the Irishman. Buffalo wants another Slattery-Scozza match. It is something that would draw a bumper house. The boys ought to get together.

Tommy Paul battered Bushey Graham around the ring at the Crescent A. C. and won hands down. Graham presented a sorry looking sight after the battle. Paul later fought Midget Mike O'Dowd at Erie and had a lot more trouble. The fight was a sizzler for action.

Steve Halaiko, who hammered Sammy Mandell, former champion, at Rochester, ran into a surprise party himself when he tackled Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, sparring partner to Mandell. Ramey beat Halaiko in a great fight.

The Crescent Athletic Club is lining up some high class attractions for the 1931 season.

Sam Bruce fought a draw with Abe Lichtenstein at the Queensberry Club's show here.

Jackie Fields won from Bruce in ten rounds, outboxing the Memphis Negro in a good bout. Fields continued on to Cleveland and Detroit, whipping Paul Pirrone in Cleveland for the Cleveland News benefit show and knocking out Bucky Lawless at the Detroit Olympia.

Yamie Katz, young Jewish lightweight, continues to win. His last victories were over Johnny Datto and Vincent Sanchez and a red hot draw with Steve Smith.

A fine opportunity awaits good boxers without managers to locate in this section. New faces will go over big in Buffalo. Write Hugh Shannon, matchmaker, Crescent A. C., 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

K. O. CHRISTNER, the Akron rubber man, headed a charity show at Motor Square Garden. Youthful George Panka of Homestead served as Christner's victim. He was dropped into dreamland in the sixth.

In the semi-final, Ted Yarosz gained the nod over the tough Young Rudy. It was Yarosz's 35th straight victory.

Buck McTiernan, Pittsburgh's premier middleweight, easily whipped Sgt. Sammy Baker in Motor Square Garden several weeks before the Christner-Panka mishap.

McTiernan is fighting out of the same stable as Panka. He is going better and better while his heavyweight stablemate is on the downgrade.

Al Friedman and Emmett Rocco fought a draw at Motor Square. The Ellwood City Italian really won the bout only to get a draw when judges disagreed. It was one of the fastest bouts for heavies seen here in some time.

Ray Erbele, former local fight announcer, is running mitt shows at Aliquippa. At his opening show, Nick Polis of Aliquippa stopped Charley Tarzan of Rochester, Pa., in 23 seconds. Frankie Porto, veteran featherweight, won from Bobby Delford in the semi-final.

The Jolly Bowl in New Castle will run again under its changed name—Castle Bowl. Ed Fritz is the matchmaker.

Jules D. Beck, Garden matchmaker, is arranging several good cards.

Johnny Warner, local bantam, won over Joey Dragon of Cinci at McKeesport. Nick Perlick, attempting a comeback after a three-year lay-off, was stopped by Frankie Novak in six rounds. They are heavies.

Jackie Rodgers, Negro, and Pittsburgh's best bet in the featherweight ranks, scored a knockout over Soldier Drombowski of Detroit in the third at Moose Temple.

Mose Butch, Jack London's bantam prize, fought a six-round draw with Johnny Sili of Detroit. Mose Butch is one lad who bears watching.

Emmett Rocco, who has been winning with regularity in Pittsburgh rings, continued his winning streak at the expense of Frankie Wine whom Rocco easily defeated at Youngstown, Ohio.

My ranking of local boys, based on what they have done during 1930 are as follows: Heavyweight: George Panka; Light-heavy: Indian Tiger West; Middleweight: Buck McTiernan; Welterweight: Ted Yarosz; Lightweight: Battling Gizzy; Featherweight: Jackie Rodgers; Bantam: Mose Butch; Flyweight: Willie Davies.

NOTES FROM ERIE, PA.
By LEW KROHN

IT was a sight for sore eyes to again see a packed house such as witnessed the Mandell-Max Strub bout that Jack Barry promoted. Every nook and corner in the Auditorium was crowded. Strub won the decision, though it was close. The fact that Mandell hit the canvas twice, just about decided the fight.

Jackie Brady twice surprised the fans in Erie, first by defeating Canada Lee of New York City and two weeks later receiving the decision over Gorilla Jones of Akron, O.

Jack O'Neill, formerly a sparring partner of Johnny Risko and now making Erie his home, made a great hit in his two appearances for Keystone A. C. He easily beat Jimmy Hogan of Erie and then K. O.'d Jack Scales of Syracuse in the first round. O'Neil is a great showman.

Patsy Severo, clever little featherweight from Meadville, Pa., went down to Little Rock, Ark., and knocked out Patsy Cline in four rounds, then came back to Erie and easily defeated Jackie Ward from Cleveland.

Larry Dayton of Buffalo scored two great hits in Erie. He secured the decision from Mike Lucas of Cleveland in a great bout, then beat Honey Boy Shimar of Williamsport, Pa., in a toe to toe slugging match.

Ray Collins, 135 pounds, is the most improved fighter in this district.

Three gymnasiums are going full blast—Billy Purdy's, Frank "Red" Duffy's and Duke Denning's.

The amateur show promoted by the General Electric Foremen Assn. for the benefit of "The coal fund for the unemployed" was a huge success. Fred Tate was the moving spirit. Tate is one of the best boosters for boxing Erie has had in many moons.

Roy Miller, 163 pounder from Ypsilanti, after knocking out Matty Mathews of Kenosha, Wis., and Mickey Balabon of Buffalo, was beat in a dandy 10-round bout by Jimmy Taylor of Cleveland. Then Taylor bit off more than he could chew and was outclassed by Lynn Jordan of Akron, O., from Suey Welch's stable.

Jimmy Dean, (jr. lightweight) colored star is having a tough time getting opponents to meet him. Here is another Kid Chocolate.

The Gem City A. C. with Jack Barry as promoter and the Keystone A. C. with Lew Krohn promoting are running every week alternately.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK
By TERRY J. BATTLES

THE outstanding feature of the month for Upper New York was the victory that Steve Halaiko, flashy Auburn lightweight, scored over Sammy Mandell, former lightweight king, at Rochester.

Yamie Katz, Bert Finch's lightweight star, easily defeated Vincent Sanchez, of Cuba. Joe Doctor, Buffalo heavyweight, outpointed John Ohlah, of Lackawanna. Johnny Datto, of Cleveland, knocked out Joe Mandell of Philadelphia, in the fifth, and Matty Matheson, Buffalo, stopped Scotty Ferguson, St. Catherine's, in the fourth round.

Earl Lane made his professional debut by knocking out Frank Czaster, of Buffalo, in the first round. Johnny Helstein, Buffalo featherweight, was outpointed by Gilbert Costillo, of Cuba, at Scranton, Pa.

Tommy Ryan has resigned as manager of the Crescent Gym, and will devote his entire time in managing his stable of fighters. Bobby Rosenberger succeeded Ryan.

The much-postponed Tommy Paul-Bushy Graham bout finally took place with Paul the winner.

Frankie Garcia, 127, of Utica, won from Billy Kowalik, 130, of Lackawanna.

Virgil Kinkade, Buffalo middleweight, lost to Dick Sharpe, of England, at Toronto. In the semi-final, Joe Meyers, of Rochester, was outpointed by Jackie Johnston, of Toronto.

Buffalo fight fans were given quite a surprise when Chuck Feldman, Toronto lightweight, beat George Parker, of Buffalo, in six rounds.

At Rochester Steve Halaiko beat Jackie Pilkington, of New York, in ten rounds.

If a vote was to be taken as to who was the most pleasing fighter in this district, Matty Matheson would draw more votes than all the other pugs put together.

Frisco Grande, Buffalo, won from Frenchy Belanger, Canadian flyweight champion, at Toronto.

Tommy Moore, Jamestown fight manager, brought Augie Carlson to Buffalo in hopes of breaking Joe Doctor's winning streak. But Doctor made short work of him, knocking Carlson out in the first round.

Garfield Johnson, 175, was stopped in the ninth by George Nichols.

At Rochester, Joe Lillich, heavyweight champion of Rochester, beat Johnny Freeman of Salamanca. In a return fight a week later, Freeman turned the tables.

Joe Trippe, Mount Morris welterweight, won the decision over Jimmy Kelly at Pittsburgh.

At Rochester, Matty Michaels, of Buffalo, lost to Johnny Colangelo, Miami welter. Duncan McTavish, of Buffalo, drew with Johnny Bedini, of Rochester, and Red McClelland, Rochester, outpointed Victor Wise, Erie.

At Rochester, Mike Marcell and Ray Rollinson fought six rounds to a draw.

The writer seeks the co-operation of promoters, managers and boxers in making this column a worthy one. Also boxers seeking work in this vicinity, will do well by getting in touch with the writer, at 432 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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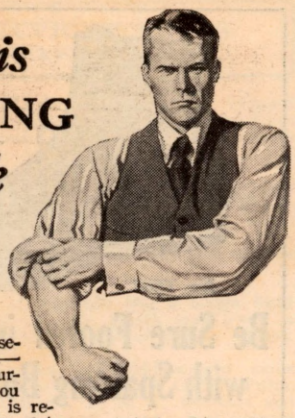

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IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISKE

BOXING is a racket as it now exists.

This bold indictment of boxing comes from none other than James Woods, chairman of the California Boxing Commission, in an editorial especially written for the Blue Book of Sports.

Mr. Woods' contribution contained dynamite in verbal form and the boxing rialto of this little community is still groggy from its hefty wallops.

Mr. Woods charged the game to be infested with racketeers and advised that the law be voted out so that it could be rearranged and voted in again under a form that would eliminate the undesirables and questionable characters.

Boxing's best minds questioned the diplomacy of Woods' editorial. As Athletic Commissioner they felt he should exercise some authority in his own office if he felt boxing bad enough to be voted out.

Boxing men everywhere have held meetings with the Woods editorial the chief subject of debate and it is highly possible that the Commissioner may be called upon for proof and to explain his editorial in detail.

The Governor's committee investigating boxing conditions in this State has concluded a six-weeks' session. Hundreds of witnesses have been questioned with reams of testimony the result. Now the committee goes into retirement . . . and retirement only means more work.

The seven members must read and study more than 300 pages of testimony . . . then go into a huddle and write their own opinions of what is wrong with boxing and how conditions may be remedied. It will take considerable time for the committee to compile the voluminous report which they will submit and as this issue of THE RING is being rushed to press, Governor Young has only a few days to remain in office.

Whether the new Governor, Mr. Rolph, will take time to study the committee's findings is a question. Anyway it will remain as a souvenir of the big blast in California boxing.

As this is being written it looks as though Mr. Rolph will take office without hang-overs of the out-going administration appointments saddled upon him. If this be the case, next month this correspondent can give readers of THE RING the news of the appointments of a Boxing Commission by a Governor, who unlike his predecessor, is a lover of boxing and a ringside spectator at all important bouts.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

ON George Moore's card, Fred Lenhart won a questionable decision from Leo Lomski, Aberdeen Assassin. Red Barber, 162, Seattle, and Swede Nelson, 159, Vernonia, fought a draw. Pat O'Day, 132, Albina, chilled Homer Sweeney, 133, in three. Tommy Pratt, 163, ex-amateur middleweight champion of the Pacific Coast, beat Jiggs Dossey, 160.

For Ralph Gruman, Abie Israel, Portland flyweight, took a close decision from Angelo Fuste, California midget, in six. Johnny Hansen, Portland welterweight, kayoed Mike Griffo, Seattle, in one. Mickey Dolan, Portland lightweight, beat Don Smith, Los Angeles, in six. Bobby Mars, Filipino flyweight, knocked out Johnny Johnson, Seattle, in three.

With Moore sponsoring, Young Firpo, Burke, Idaho, stopped Herman Ratzlaff, Minot, N. D., in ten. Denny Lenhart, San Jose, won over Orville Darr, Spokane. Frankie Warnecke, Portland, stopped Young Peter Jackson, Portland, in four. Tommy Pratt, Portland, chilled Scoot Holling in two.

Jumbled Gems— Collie Stoops refereed the Lomski-Lenhart bout . . . Boxing is doing its bit in the Northwest for Charity . . . Mickey Dolan and Ray Morgan received slight cuts in an automobile accident near Salem . . . The good attractions draw the customers, hard times or not. For instance, a larger crowd saw Firpo finish Ratzlaff than any card for a couple of years . . . A year ago Ratzlaff came here unknown, now he's a real shot . . . Mack Lillard is now matchmaking at Marshfield . . . Abe Matin, famed manager, died near Portland on November 26.

At Klamath Falls—Joe Calder, Aberdeen Filipino, defeated Benny Dotson, Klamath Falls.

At Salem—Joe Marcus, Portland, lightweight, decisioned Teddy Fox, Salem.

At Eugene—Mickey Dolan chilled Kid Mahoney, Eureka, Cal., in four. Chuck Borden, 149, Eugene, and Brownie Buskirk, 154, Pendleton, drew.

At Tillamook—Al Straub, Portland middleweight, kayoed Clark Johnson, Tillamook pride, in four.

At Klamath Falls—Mickey Dolan beat Don Smith.

At Klamath Falls—Dolan, substituting for Tod Morgan, drew with Kim Albertson.

At Marshfield—Dolan and Joe Coffman, Portland, drew before a packed house.

At Seattle—Eddie Gross, sensational Seattle heavyweight, defeated Del Wolfe, Bellingham, in four. Cyclone Thompson, Yakima heavyweight, beat Art Mayer, Portland. Dode Bercot, Whidby Island middleweight, drew with Paul Delaney, of Spokane.

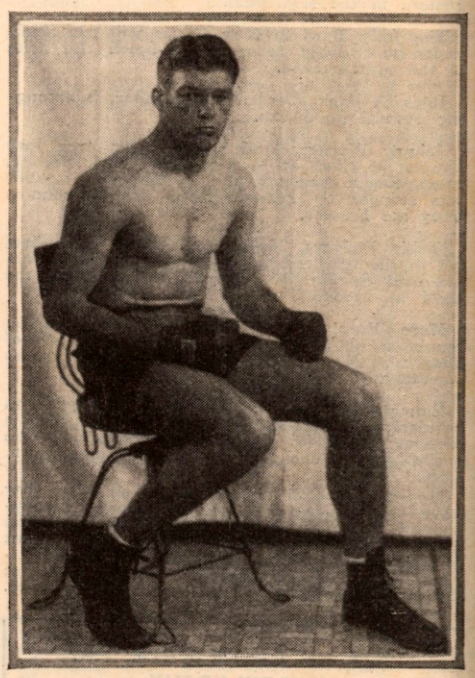
Frank Sawyer, Vancouver heavy, chilled Claude Davis, Bellingham, in one; Eddie Gross stopped Red Ringley, Bellingham, in two.

In the heavyweight tournament in Seattle at present, Eddie Gross is the outstanding performer.

A Tacoma—Jimmy Britt, Bellingham, defeated Joe Townsend, Vancouver; Bruno Bertucci, Tacoma, won the nod over Ray Woods, Seattle.

Tony Portillo, Los Angeles welterweight, and Freddie Steele, Tacoma, drew in six. Jimmy Britt shaded Johnny Bray, Chehalis, in six. Neil Kilbane, Tacoma welterweight, drew with Paul Delaney.

At Bellingham—Frisco McGale, Seattle Negro, beat Cliff Brock, Bellingham middleweight, in six.



Bobby Godwin, Daytona Beach, Fla., middleweight

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, Jr.

AMATEUR boxing has stolen the show in Spokane. Each Friday, Will Maylon promotes a card at the American Athletic Club's gym on Bernard street. The cards are composed of three-rounders with from 10 to 15 bouts on a card. Each show seems to get better. At the last few cards, fans have been turned away because of the small seating capacity of the gym. The fans always get lots of thrills.

Young Firpo spent a few days in his native territory, the Coeur d'Alene district, previous to his bout with Ratslaff in Portland. Guido worked out at the Y.M.C.A. in Kellogg for the Portland bout.

At Power City, Washington, Mickey Trad, Spokane 142-pounder, earned a draw with Martin Lee in a hair-raising bout. Walt King, Spokane slugger, won a close decision from Billy Wells of Wenatchee.

Boxing activities started at Gonzaga University with a card composed of eight three-rounders. Frankie Holland, who is the instructor, plans to send his boys against teams from the U. of Idaho and Washington State.

Don Fraser, Spokane Scot, punched out a six-round decision over Billy Wells at Yakima on a benefit card.

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